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PHOTOPLAY

AUGUST

Exclusive:
THE SECRET HOME LIFE OF
ROSSANO BRAZZI

SOMEBODY
UP THERE LIKES
PAUL
NEWMAN

THE CRAZY KID
WHO MADE GOOD—
VICTORIA
SHAW



Paul Newman's
Most



Victoria Shaw
Perfect Lady



HOTTEST
NEWCOMER
SHEREE
NORTH

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P 2
AUG 30 1955

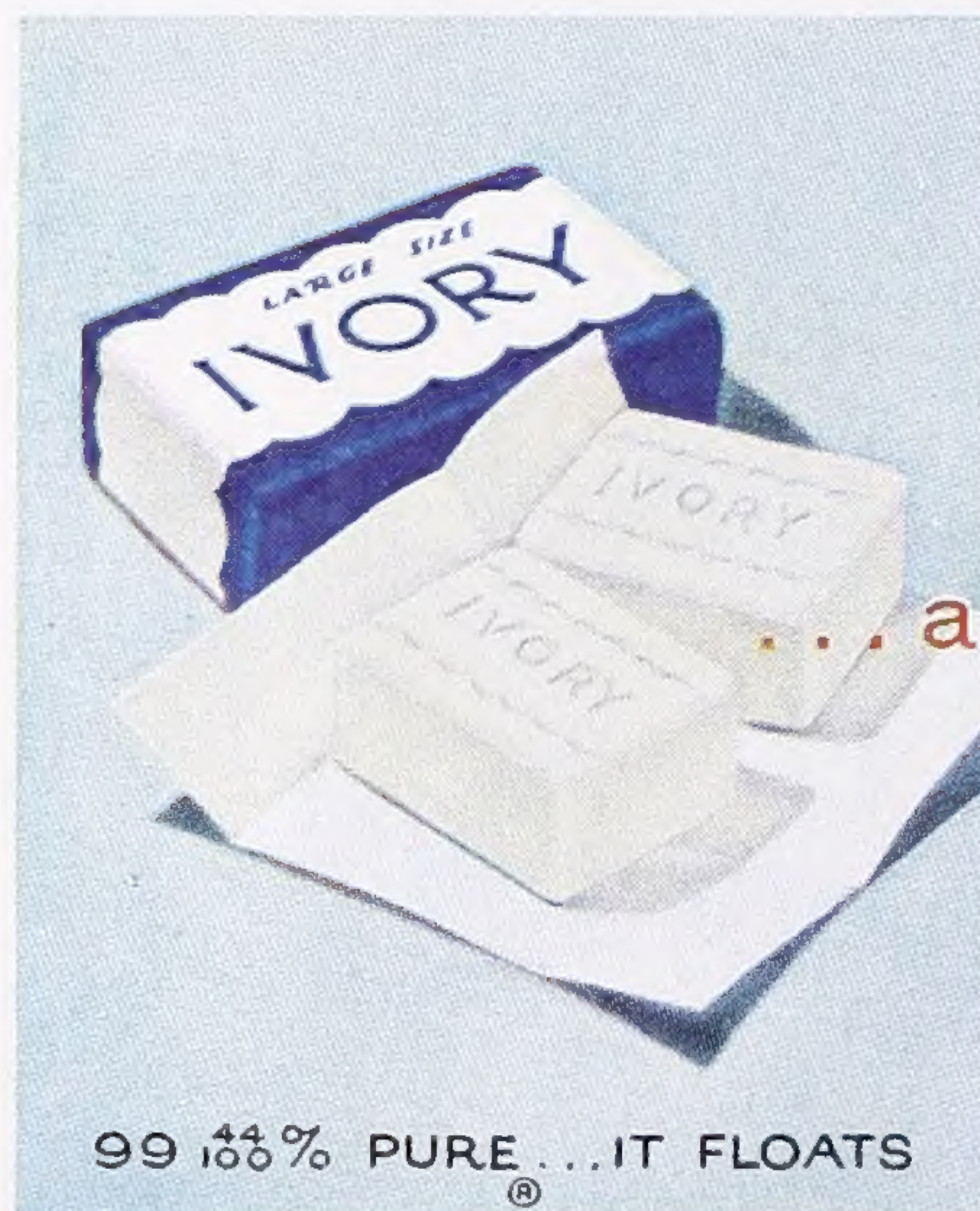
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PHOTOGRAPH BY RICHARD AVEDON

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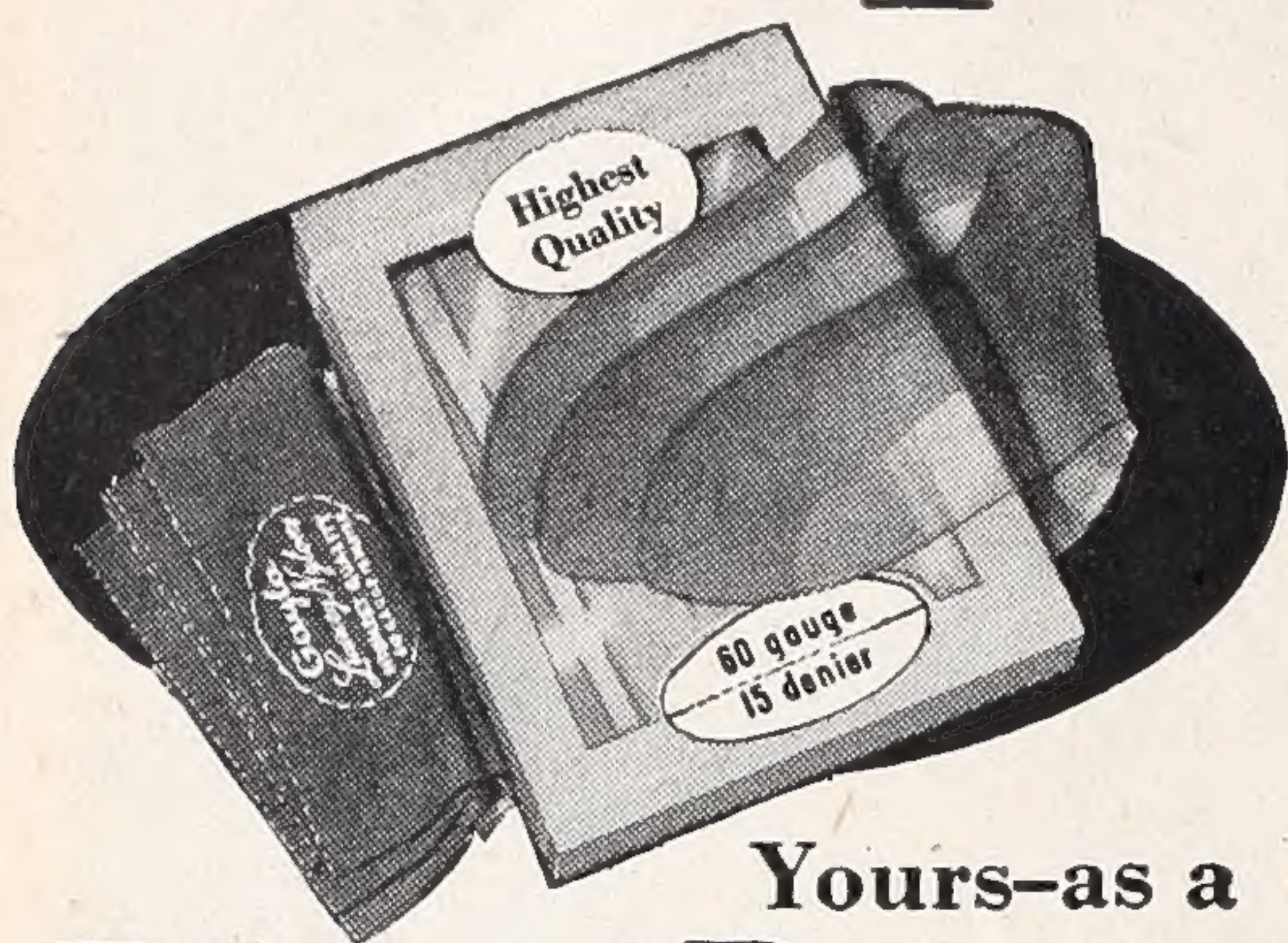


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PHOTOPLAY

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August 1956

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Cover: Color portrait of Sheree North, star of 20th's "The Best Things in Life Are Free," by Powolny. Swimsuit by Cole of California; Sal Mineo, in Warners' "Giant", M-G-M's "Somebody Up There Likes Me" and A.A.'s "Crime in the Streets," by Warners; Deborah Kerr, in 20th's "The King and I", Paramount's "The Proud and Profane" and M-G-M's "Tea and Sympathy," by Mitchell. Other color picture credits on page 107.

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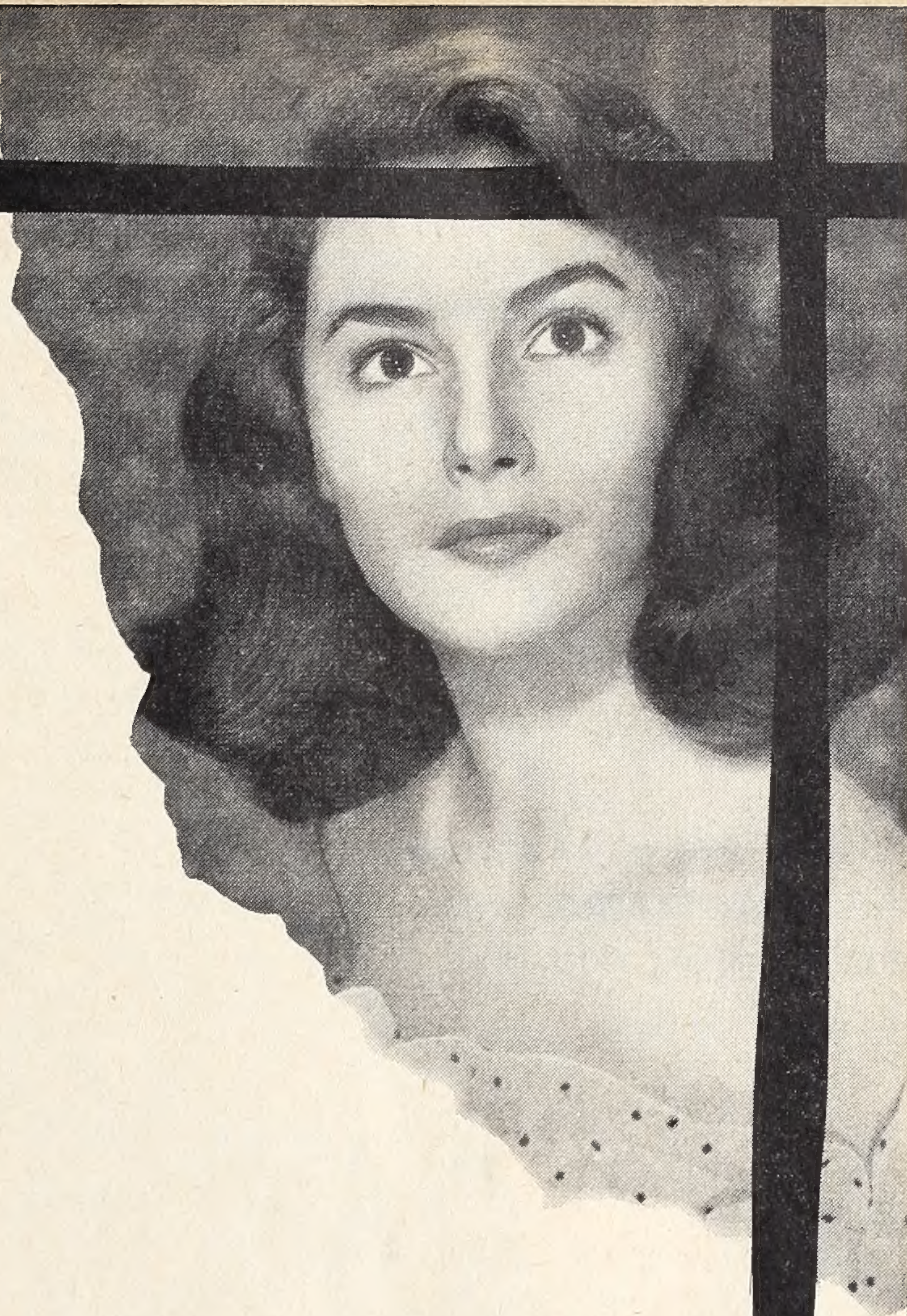


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a most
important
motion
picture



up
somebody there likes me



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story in Look
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thrilled millions*



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Screen Play by **Ernest Lehman**

Directed by **Robert Wise**

Pier Angeli

Eileen Heckart · Sal Mineo

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Written with Rowland Barber

Produced by **Charles Schnee**
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CASTS

OF CURRENT PICTURES

DAKOTA INCIDENT—Republic. Directed by Lewis R. Foster: *Amy Clarke*, Linda Darnell; *John Banner*, Dale Robertson; *Carter Hamilton*, John Lund; *Senator Blakely*, Ward Bond; *Minstrel*, Regis Toomey; *Frank Banner*, Skip Homeier.

EARTH VS. THE FLYING SAUCERS—Columbia. Directed by Fred F. Sears: *Dr. Russell A. Marvin*, Hugh Marlowe; *Carol Marvin*, Joan Taylor; *Major Huglin*, Donald Curtis; *General Hanley*, Morris Ankrum; *Professor Kanter*, John Zaremba.

EDDY DUCHIN STORY, THE—Columbia. Directed by George Sidney: *Eddy Duchin*, Tyrone Power; *Marjorie Oelrichs*, Kim Novak; *Chiquita*, Victoria Shaw; *Lou Sherwood*, James Whitmore; *Peter Duchin* (12 years), Rex Thompson; *Peter Duchin* (5 years), Mickey Maga; *Mr. Wadsworth*, Shepperd Strudwick; *Mrs. Wadsworth*, Frieda Inescort; *Mrs. Duchin*, Gloria Holden; *Leo Reisman*, Larry Keating; *Mr. Duchin*, John Mylong.

INVITATION TO THE DANCE—M-G-M. Directed by Gene Kelly: *CIRCUS: the Lover*, Igor Youskevitch; *the Loved*, Claire Sombert; *the Clown*, Gene Kelly; *SINBAD THE SAILOR: Scheherazade*, Carol Haney; *the Genie*, David Kasday; *Sinbad*, Gene Kelly; *RING AROUND THE ROSY*: Gene Kelly, Igor Youskevitch, Tommy Rall, Tamara Toumanova, Diana Adams, Belita.

KILLING, THE—U.A. Directed by Stanley Kubrick: *Johnny Clay*, Sterling Hayden; *Fay*, Coleen Gray; *Val Cannon*, Vince Edwards; *Marvin Unger*, Jay C. Flippen; *Sherry Peatty*, Marie Windsor; *Randy Kennan*, Ted DeCorsia; *George Peatty*, Elisha Cook; *Mike O'Reilly*, Joe Sawyer.

LAST TEN DAYS, THE—Columbia. Directed by G. W. Pabst: *Hitler*, Albin Skoda; *Captain Wuest*, Oskar Werner; *Eva Braun*, Lotte Tobisch.

MOBY DICK—Warners. Directed by John Huston: *Ahab*, Gregory Peck; *Ishmael*, Richard Basehart; *Starbuck*, Leo Genn; *Capt. Boomer*, James R. Justice; *Stubb*, Harry Andrews; *Manxman*, Bernard Miles; *Queequeg*, Friedrich Ledebur; *Father Mapple*, Orson Welles; *Carpenter*, Noel Purcell.

PROUD AND PROFANE, THE—Paramount. Directed by George Seaton: *Lt. Col. Colin Black*, William Holden; *Lee Ashley*, Deborah Kerr; *Kate Connors*, Thelma Ritter; *Eddie Wodcik*, Dewey Martin; *Chaplain*, William Redfield.

PROUD ONES, THE—20th. Directed by Robert D. Webb: *Cass*, Robert Ryan; *Sally*, Virginia Mayo; *Thad*, Jeffrey Hunter; *Honest John Barrett*, Robert Middleton; *Jake*, Walter Brennan; *Jim Dexter*, Arthur O'Connell.

RAWHIDE YEARS, THE—U.I. Directed by Rudolph Mate: *Ben Matthews*, Tony Curtis; *Zoe*, Colleen Miller; *Rick Harper*, Arthur Kennedy; *Brand Comfort*, William Demarest; *Marshal Sommers*, William Gargan; *Antoine*, Peter Van Eyck.

REBEL IN TOWN—U.A. Directed by Alfred Werker: *John Willoughby*, John Payne; *Nora Willoughby*, Ruth Roman; *Bedloe Mason*, J. Carol Naish; *Gray Mason*, Ben Cooper; *Wesley Mason*, John Smith; *Frank Mason*, Ben Johnson; *Adam Russell*, James Griffith; *Grandmaw Anstadt*, Mary Adams; *Petey Willoughby*, Bobby Clark.

REVOLT OF MAMIE STOVER, THE—20th. Directed by Raoul Walsh: *Mamie Stover*, Jane Russell; *Jim*, Richard Egan; *Annalee*, Joan Leslie; *Bertha Parchman*, Agnes Moorehead; *Jackie*, Jorja Curtwright; *Harry Adkins*, Michael Pate.

RIFIFI—U.M.P.O. Directed by Jules Dassin: *Tony Stepanois*, Jean Servais; *Jo*, Carl Mohner; *Mario*, Robert Manuel; *Cesar*, Perlo Vita; *Mado*, Marie Sabouret; *Louise*, Janine Darcey.

ROSANNA—Fine Arts. Directed by Emilio Fernandez: *Rosanna*, Rossana Podesta; *Antonio*, Crox Alvarado; *Jose Luis*, Armando Silvestre.

SOMEBODY UP THERE LIKES ME—M-G-M. Directed by Robert Wise: *Rocky Graziano*, Paul Newman; *Norma Unger Graziano*, Pier Angeli; *Irving Cohen*, Everett Sloane; *Mrs. Barbella*, Eileen Heckart; *Romolo*, Sal Mineo; *Nick Barbella*, Harold J. Stone; *Frankie Peppo*, Robert Loggia.

THAT CERTAIN FEELING—Paramount. Directed by Norman Panama and Melvin Frank: *Francis X. Dignan*, Bob Hope; *Dunreath Henry*, Eva Marie Saint; *Larry Larkin*, George Sanders; *Gussie*, Pearl Bailey; *Joe Wickes*, David Lewis; *Al Capp*, Himself; *Norman Taylor*, Jerry Mathers.

TOY TIGER—U.I. Directed by Jerry Hopper: *Rick Todd*, Jeff Chandler; *Gwen Taylor*, Laraine Day; *Timmie Harkinson*, Tim Hovey; *James*, Cecil Kellaway; *John*, Richard Haydn.

TRAPEZE—U.A. Directed by Carol Reed: *Mike Ribble*, Burt Lancaster; *Tino Orsini*, Tony Curtis; *Lola*, Gina Lollobrigida; *Rosa*, Katy Jurado; *Bouglione*, Thomas Gomez; *Max*, the Dwarf, Johnny Puleo; *John Ringling North*, Minor Watson.

THE GREATEST LOVE STORY TO COME

OUT OF THE WAR...

TWO OF TODAY'S

MOST BRILLIANT

STARS IN A

DRAMA THAT

PROBES DEEP

IN THE HEART OF A

WOMAN IN LOVE!



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HOLDEN

as Colin Black... whose heart
was the color of his name

DEBORAH
KERR

as Lee Ashley... destroyer
of one man, almost
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The producer-director-star team
that gave you "Country Girl" and
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Produced by William Perlberg · Written for the Screen and Directed by George Seaton

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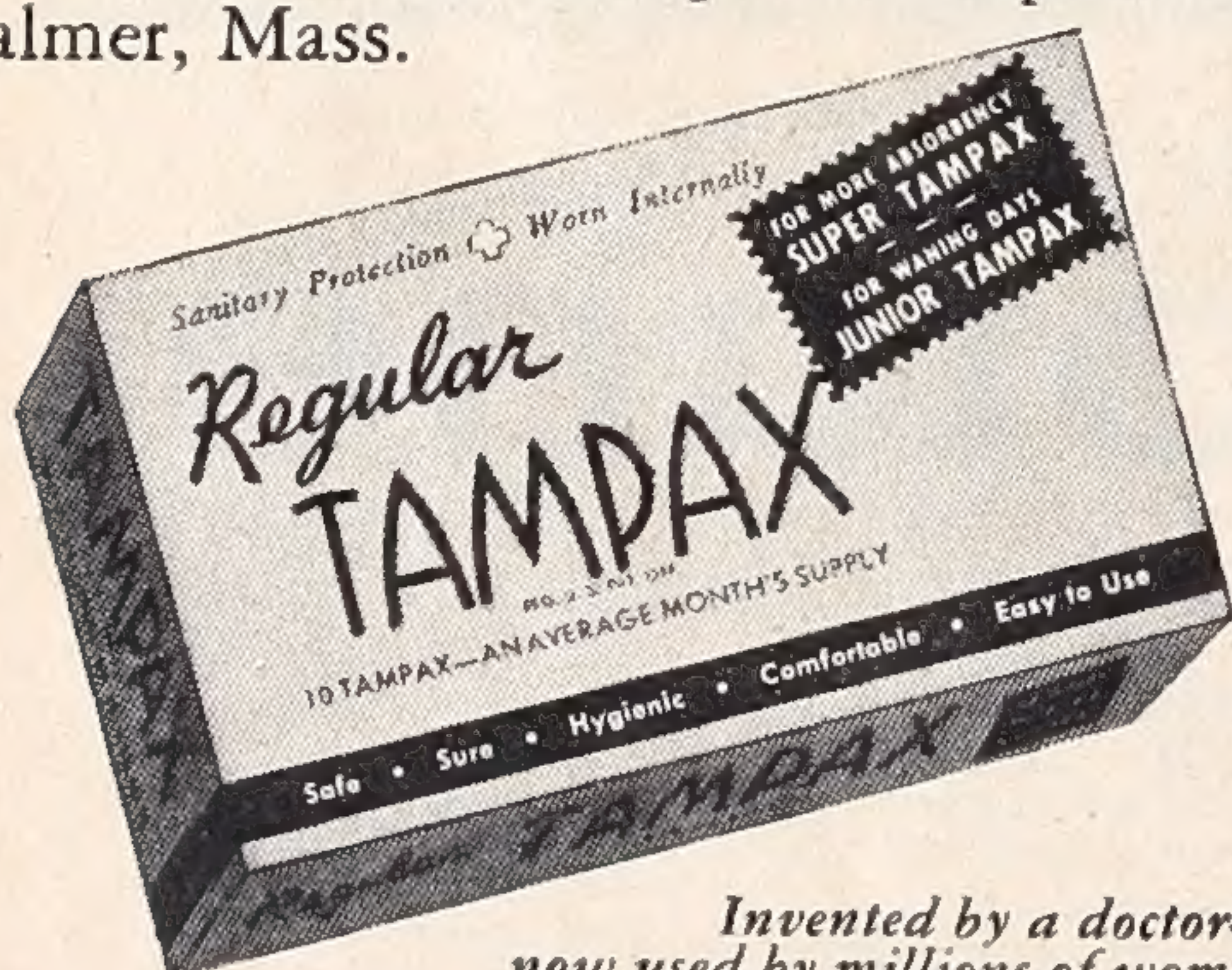


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Perhaps the only thing that's holding you back is a nagging doubt or two. Then know that literally millions of women have used billions of Tampax—that it was invented by a doctor for the welfare of all women, married or unmarried, active or not. It's convenient to carry—easy to dispose of.

Don't go through another hot Summer feeling even hotter. Get Tampax now and enjoy every normal activity—even swimming. Choice of 3 absorbencies (Regular, Super, Junior) at all drug and notion counters. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.



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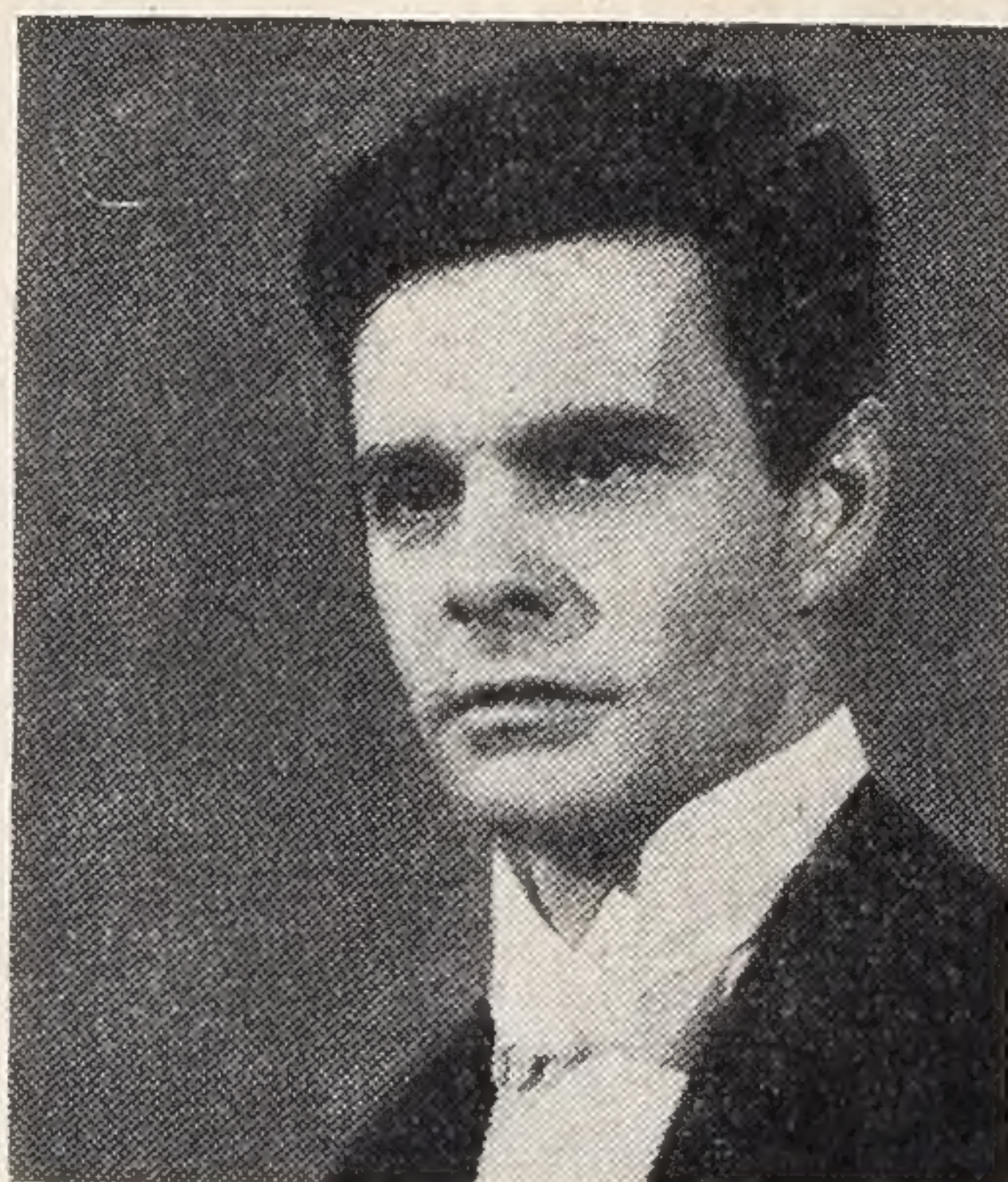
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205 E. 42nd Street, New York 17, New York. We
regret that we are unable to return or reply to any letters
not published in this column. If you want to start a fan
club or write to favorite stars, address them at their studios.

READERS INC...

SOAP BOX:

I went to a movie one cold, rainy day,
But when I left the theatre it wasn't that
way;
Everything seemed to be simply divine
And I was dancing on cloud number nine.
I was in a trance, but this wasn't so queer,
'Cause the reason I flipped is perfectly
clear;
The name of the film that I saw was "The
Swan"
And two words on the marquee were "Louis
Jourdan."

MARTI GUNZBURG
Beverly Hills, California



He made the day divine

For thirty years I've been a real movie enthusiast, but tonight I'm so mad at the movie industry I feel that I must say so. "The Last Hunt" was just about the last straw—but I'll go back a little with my complaints:

When I went to see "Track of the Cat," I went because I like Robert Mitchum, Diana Lynn and Teresa Wright. But I found that the only apparent purpose of the picture was to take CinemaScope inside the grave, which was about the only place it hadn't been before.

Others have already expressed how they feel about spending their time and money on something like "Not As a Stranger." My main regret in connection with this film was that I took someone along with me who doesn't get to go to movies often, and it would have been a help to find one moment's entertainment in it.

Although we live within a few blocks of several good movie theatres, we went seven miles out of our way to one where "Five Against the House" was playing, so that my little nephew could see Guy Madison, who is quite a hero to the kiddies. I thought it was not only unfit for children, but wondered how it passed the censors at all.

"The Man From Laramie" sounded nice from the title, and it starred an old favorite, James Stewart. It turned out to be the most brutal and pointless and unentertaining Western I had ever seen.

Tonight "The Last Hunt" was worse than a mere disappointment—it was an in-

sult to the movie-going public, and, I think, a disgrace to our country. What kind of movie officials expected people drawn into a theatre by names like Robert Taylor and Stewart Granger to be amused by the actual slaughter of countless buffalo while their young stood by calling pitifully?

One more comment about tonight: The word "damn" was used four times, or possibly more, since we left before the program was over. It was in "The Last Hunt" twice, and once each in scenes advertising "Picnic" and "Count Three and Pray." Has the industry forgotten that movie theatres are full of kids? I don't think the word "damn" has been used on the screen in good taste or toward artistic achievement since Rhett Butler walked out on Scarlett O'Hara.

A few words about the Academy Awards, too. The public interest in James Dean's performance in "East of Eden" was tremendous, and Hollywood knew it. Hollywood seems just a little bit shallow when we read, in advance of the Awards, that Susan Hayward probably won't win an Oscar because of her personal difficulties; and afterwards, that "Marty" cost \$300,000, and \$400,000 worth of advertising went into cinching its Oscars? (I know it had merit and won an award in France, but I understand "East of Eden" won one in Japan—and to the fans it would be nice to think the Awards are won on merit alone.)

I remain very much a movie fan, but one who thinks the industry has been asking for a spanking.

LINA FARLEY
Memphis, Tennessee

QUESTION BOX:

If Rock Hudson has a twin brother, I have just seen him in the movie, "Outside the Law." The actor who played Harris looks enough like Rock to pass for his double. Can you tell me who he is, and if they are related?

FRANCES WHITE
Brooklyn, New York



Floyd is Rock's double, says fan

No, they are not related. Harris was played by Floyd Simmons, who is a newcomer to Hollywood, under contract to U-I, Rock's own studio. He hails from Charlotte, North Carolina, where he was born April 10, 1925. A former top athlete, Floyd is 6'1", 190 lbs., has brown eyes, dark brown hair. He is also in "Away All Boats."—Ed.

Continued on page 10

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YOUR RICHEST
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EXPERIENCE!



5 YEARS ON BROADWAY
— and now the fabulous
stage success becomes
even more wonderful
in the amazing
eye-and-ear
magic of
CinemaScope 55!

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MORE THAN YOUR EYES HAVE EVER SEEN!

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participation • No matter
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you are assured of the
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pleasure.

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with RITA MORENO

• Martin Benson • Rex Thompson • Terry Saunders

Produced by

Directed by

Screenplay by

Music by

Book and Lyrics by

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AUDIE MURPHY brings his
Greatest Screen Excitement
in the role of Indian Agent John Clum!

..... he carried no gun...no fear in his heart....yet backed by the love of two women and the strength of his Faith... he faced Geronimo's last desperate thrust..!



A Universal-International Picture starring

AUDIE MURPHY WALK THE PROUD LAND

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ANNE BANCROFT • PAT CROWLEY
with **CHARLES DRAKE • TOMMY RALL • JAY SILVERHEELS**

DIRECTED BY JESSE HIBBS • SCREENPLAY BY GIL DOUD AND JACK SHER • PRODUCED BY AARON ROSENBERG

COMING SOON TO YOUR FAVORITE THEATRE



**a
very special
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● "Ciao, Signora Linda!" the girls would cry out, waving to Linda Darnell each time she passed. Going to or from her villa in Italy, she was touched by the ragged children outside their tumbledown cottage. So she investigated and found they were the "daughters" of a little old lady, Marguerite de Colmar—"a saint if I ever saw one," says Linda. For thirty years, Mlle. de Colmar had cared for orphans and later postwar waifs of Italy. Now she and her current brood were about to be evicted from the only home she could manage. Linda went into action. Then engaged to the wealthy Philip Liebman, she asked him for a wedding gift, "a home—a very special home." As soon as she'd explained its purpose, he wrote a check. The children would have a better house—but Linda's vision went beyond that. She talked with Msgr. Carroll-Abbing, founder of the Boys' Towns of Italy, and the plan broadened into a future of Girls' Towns. Now the marriage of Linda and Philip is over, but her thoughtfulness and his generosity have a lasting result: the very special home, where former waifs live in new comfort. Across the ocean, her thoughts still go out to them. With extra incentive for earning money, she's been busier than ever recently: Republic's "Dakota Incident," TV and theatre appearances, "Drango," with Jeff Chandler. But someday she'll go back, to hear "her" girls say again, "Ciao, Signora Linda!"

New from **DUBARRY**
...makes your hair look
born beautiful!



The only all-lanolized home permanent

- lanolin waving lotion
- lanolin-treated end papers
- lanolin neutralizer

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Each \$1.75 plus tax**



1. Is your feminine daintiness well protected at all times ?



2. Can the rush of nervous perspiration be controlled ?



3. Is there a sure way to put an end to ugly perspiration stains ?



4. Is one bath a day really enough for an active girl like you ?

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You owe it to yourself to get 100% on this test. It's a cinch you will, too, if you're smart enough to use Arrid daily.

For Arrid is the most effective deodorant your money can buy. Doctors prove that Arrid is 1½ times as effective against perspiration and odor as all leading deodorants tested.

Why? Only Arrid is formulated with the magic new ingredient Perstop.* That's why more people have used and are using Arrid to protect against odor and perspiration than any other deodorant.

What's in it for you? Just this!

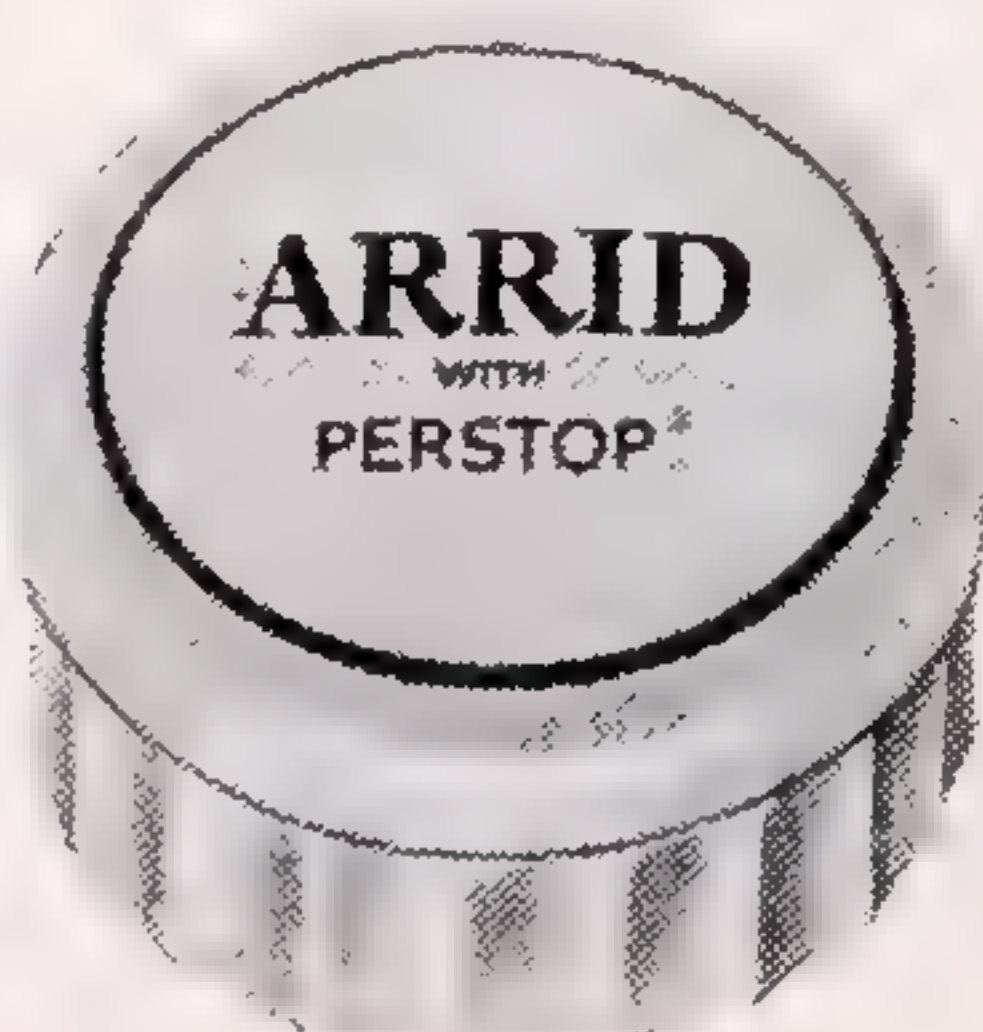
1. Rub Arrid in — and you rub perspiration and odor out. When the cream vanishes you know you're safe. And approachable any hour of the day or night. Tropical heat-wave weather included!

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READERS INC.

(Continued from page 8)

What girl played the part of Anna in the picture "Anna"? Does she have blond hair? Please give me some information about her as I want to settle an argument.

ANITA STEWART

Corner Brook Nfld., Canada

Anna was played by Silvana Mangano. She has red-brown hair and brown eyes, was Miss Rome of 1946 and was a model before making her first movie, "Bitter Rice." She is married to producer Dino De Laurentiis and has two small daughters. Her latest picture is "Ulysses."—Ed.

What is Debra Paget's real name?

SUSAN LACEY

Indianapolis, Indiana

Debralee Griffin.—Ed.

A few years back there was a good movie called, "The Greatest Show on Earth." It starred Betty Hutton, Cornel Wilde and Dorothy Lamour. There was one other star. My father says it was Celeste Holm and I say it was Lauren Bacall. Please straighten us out.

BERNADETTE HALL

Baltimore, Maryland

You are both wrong. It was Gloria Grahame. Charlton Heston and James Stewart also starred.—Ed.

I have always wanted to know who played Jean Simmons' husband in the movie "Desiree."

JEANENNE GRAMMER

Dallas, Texas

Michael Rennie.—Ed.

Could you please tell me if Dean Martin and Tony Martin are brothers?

My brother says they are, I say no. Who is correct?

CAROL KOMBOUKOS

Aberdeen, Washington

You are.—Ed.

Recently, I read an article in a magazine which stated that Jayne Mansfield was in "Rebel Without a Cause." I saw the picture twice, but did not see her. Could you please set me straight? If she was in it, what part did she play?

SANDRA MEYER

St. Louis, Missouri

She was not in the picture.—Ed.

Please tell me who the dreamy guy was who played Crunch in "Rebel Without a Cause." My girlfriend said he was Perry Lopez; I disagree. Who is right?

JEANINE STRAIN

Terre Haute, Indiana

You are. Crunch was played by a young actor named Frank Mazzola.—Ed.

I would be very grateful if you could give me some information concerning the movie, "Tap Roots." Susan Hayward starred as Morna; William Lundigan as Clay McIvor; Boris Karloff as Tishomingo; but who played the part of Keith Alexander? We would all like to know who he was, and what has happened to him. Your help will be greatly appreciated.

JOE T. MIDDLETON

Kansas City, Missouri


That was Van Heflin under the brunette make-up. He's now his own sandy-haired self in "Patterns."—Ed.

I have just seen Cornell Borchers in "Never Say Goodbye" with Rock Hudson. Could you please give me some information on her and tell me if she is staying in the U.S. permanently?

ERNA MAE BINDER

Green Bay, Wisconsin

Continued



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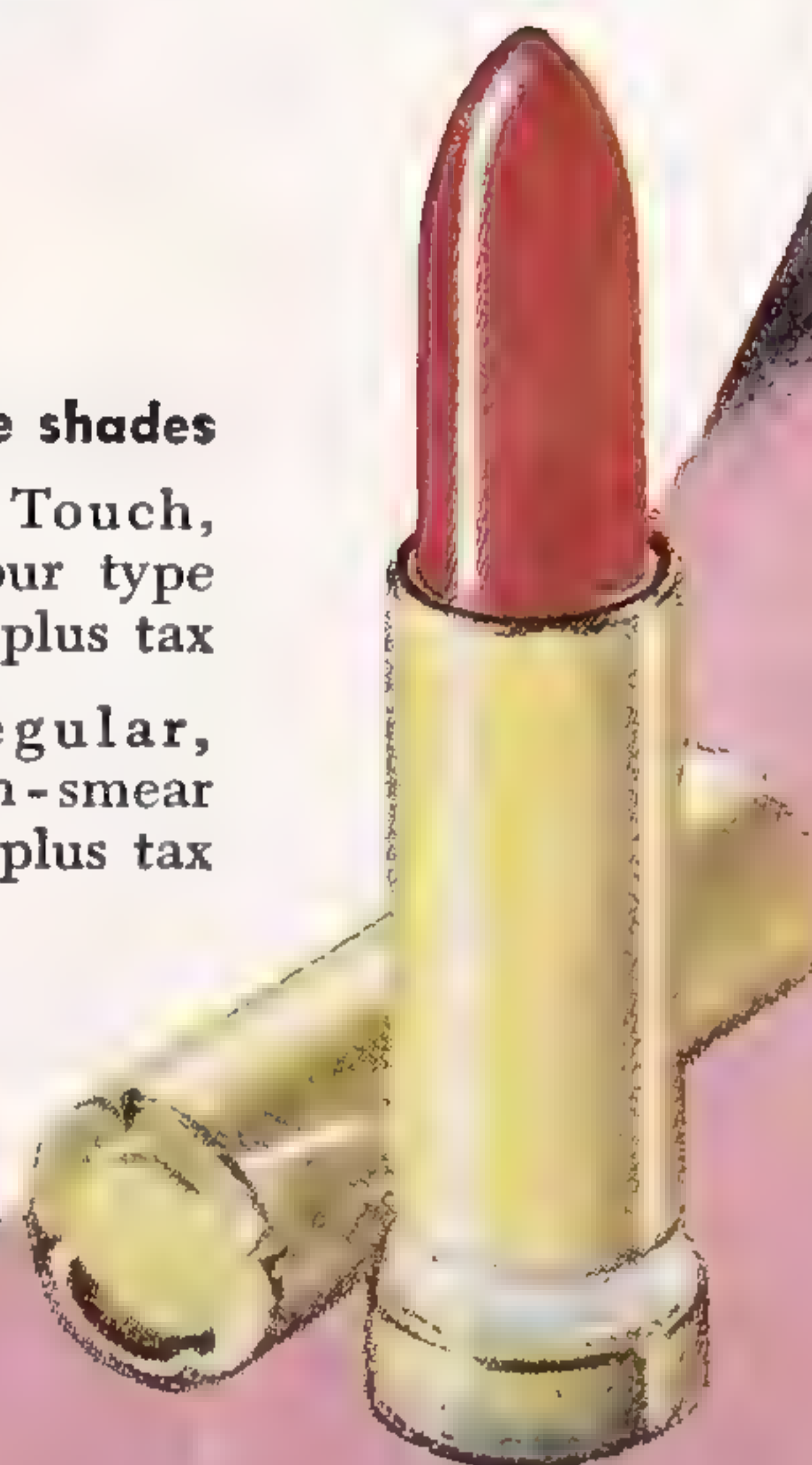
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READERS INC.

(Continued)

Blond and blue-eyed Cornell was born in Heydekrug, Germany. She is 5'7", weighs 120 lbs. Divorced, she is the mother of a four-year-old son. Her next film will be "Istanbul" with Errol Flynn. Since she recently signed a long-term contract with Universal-International, she'll be spending a good part of her time in this country.—Ed.

Could you please tell me if the music from the movie "Forbidden Planet" has been recorded? It's really weird and exciting.

PEGGY ERICKSON
Orange, Massachusetts

The sound track of this movie has not been recorded. The special effects were created only for the picture.—Ed.

Would you please tell me the name of the sigh guy who played Greg in the movie, "Inside Detroit."

BETTY JAMESON
Wilbraham, Massachusetts
His name is Mark Damon.—Ed.

I have just seen "Carousel." It was wonderful. Could you please tell me who played Louise, and the name of her dancing partner.

DIANA HALL
Toledo, Ohio
Louise was played by Susan Luckey. Jacques D'Amboise was her partner.—Ed.

CASTING:

I think *The Angry Mountain* by Hammond Innes would make a wonderful movie with the following cast: Dick Farrell, Richard Egan; *Doctor Sansevino*, Jack Palance; *Mister Maxwell*, Robert Sterling; *Hilda Tucek*, Jennifer Jones; *Jan Tucek*, Jeff Morrow.

TOMMY WILERSON
Boaz, Alabama

My Brother's Keeper by Marcia Davenport is an excellent novel. I'm sure it would make a wonderful movie with Burt Lancaster as *Seymour Holt*; Gina Lollobrigida as *Renata Tosi*; Robert Wagner as *Randall Holt*; Joan Fontaine as *Lily* and Gladys Cooper as *Grandma Holt*.

P. PIEDRA
Havana, Cuba

Charles Dickens' *A Tale of Two Cities* would make a good movie, I think, with Marlon Brando as *Sydney Carton*; Paul Newman as *Charles Darnay*; Pier Angeli as *Lucie*; and Hope Emerson as *Madame De Farge*.

MARY CRAWFORD
Weston, West Virginia

As a point of interest, this was a movie in 1935, with Ronald Coleman playing Sydney Carton and, Donald Woods, Elizabeth Allan and Blanche Yurka as the other leading characters.—Ed.

After reading a book called *Freckles* by Gene Stratton Porter, I am compelled to write this plea to the U-I studios to make the picture for the pleasure of many moviegoers. I am sure it will appeal to almost anyone from six to sixty. Hollywood has the only guy who will ever fit the role of *Freckles*—that's Audie Murphy. Audie has all the qualities needed to play this part—he would barely have to act his role. With Audie Murphy as *Freckles* and someone like Julie Harris as *Angel*, I'm confident that this picture would be a great hit.

NORMA ARGO
Napa, California

INSIDE STUFF

Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood

Stork Derby: Debbie Reynolds, who had to finish "Tammy" at U-I and "Bundle of Joy" at RKO while she still was "photographic," was watched over carefully by Eddie Fisher. When cooperative Deb wanted to give up her Sundays for publicity pictures and interviews, that did it! Eddie turned off the phone, placed a "do not disturb" sign on the front door, and insisted that his little mother-to-be have complete rest and quiet. . . . Stewart Granger may be on film location in Europe when Tracey ("Whether it's a boy or a girl!") is born in Hollywood. In the meantime, Jean Simmons' doctors wouldn't allow her to take a trip to New Mexico, where the Grangers now own a hundred and two acres of land. Therefore, Stewart took movies of their T4J cattle ranch so Jean could see what their future home looks like.

Switcheroos: Susan Hayward lost out in Hollywood's Oscar derby, but won the best actress award at the Cannes Film Festival. When she cabled the happy news to her Hollywood pals, she signed the messages Susan Magnani! . . . For once Hollywood didn't wait until it was too late to pay tribute, this time to Jean Hersholt. The town held a dinner in honor of "the man who has done so much for our great industry" just a few weeks before he took his final bow.

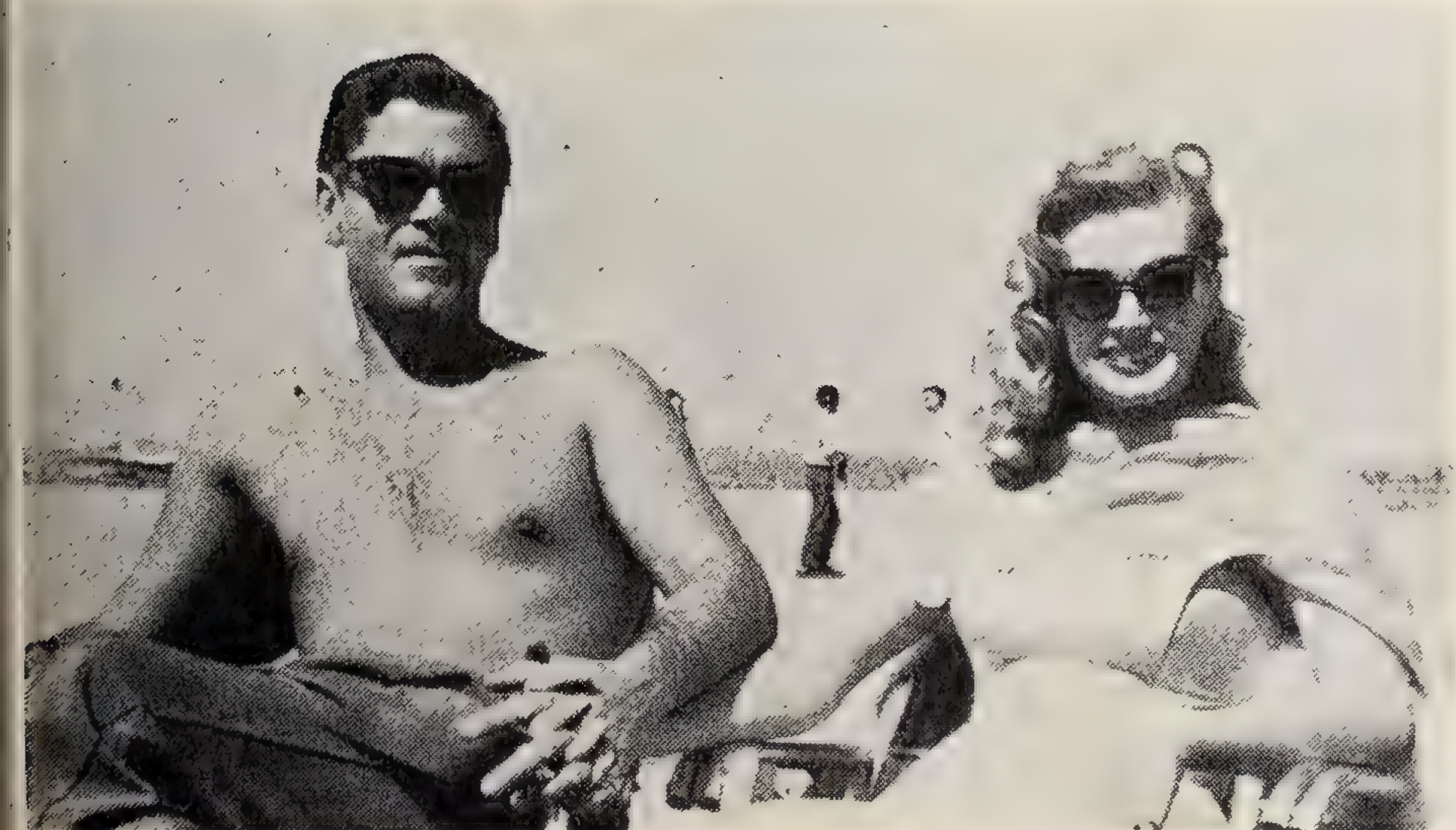
Hee-haws: Anita Ekberg, on her way to Europe to marry Anthony Steel, told off New York photographers. "You wait until I lean a certain way, and then you snap too much." The lensmen replied: "Only because you have too much to snap *at*, Anita!" Apparently, Italian cameramen felt the same way, for a few days later, Anita and Tony's wedding caused a near riot in the normally peaceful city of Florence. . . . Ann Sheridan gave the set of "The Opposite Sex" cause

Continued on page 16



Susan Hayward lost Oscar but not her sense of humor, as she proved in cable to pals about winning the best actress award at recent Cannes Film Festival

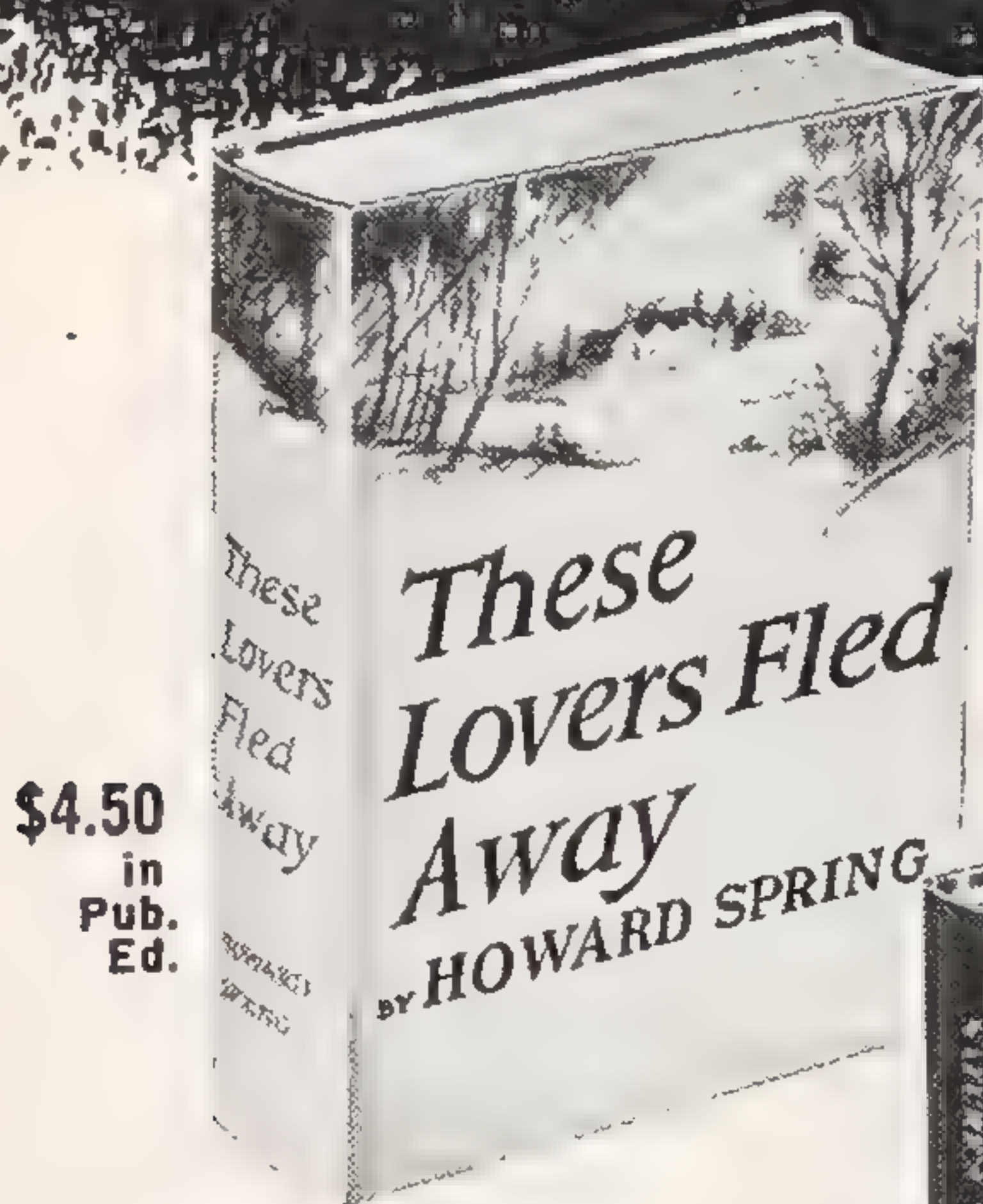
New York lens lads had a "snappy" comeback when Anita Ekberg, on her way to marry Anthony Steel, snapped at them for taking cheesecake shots



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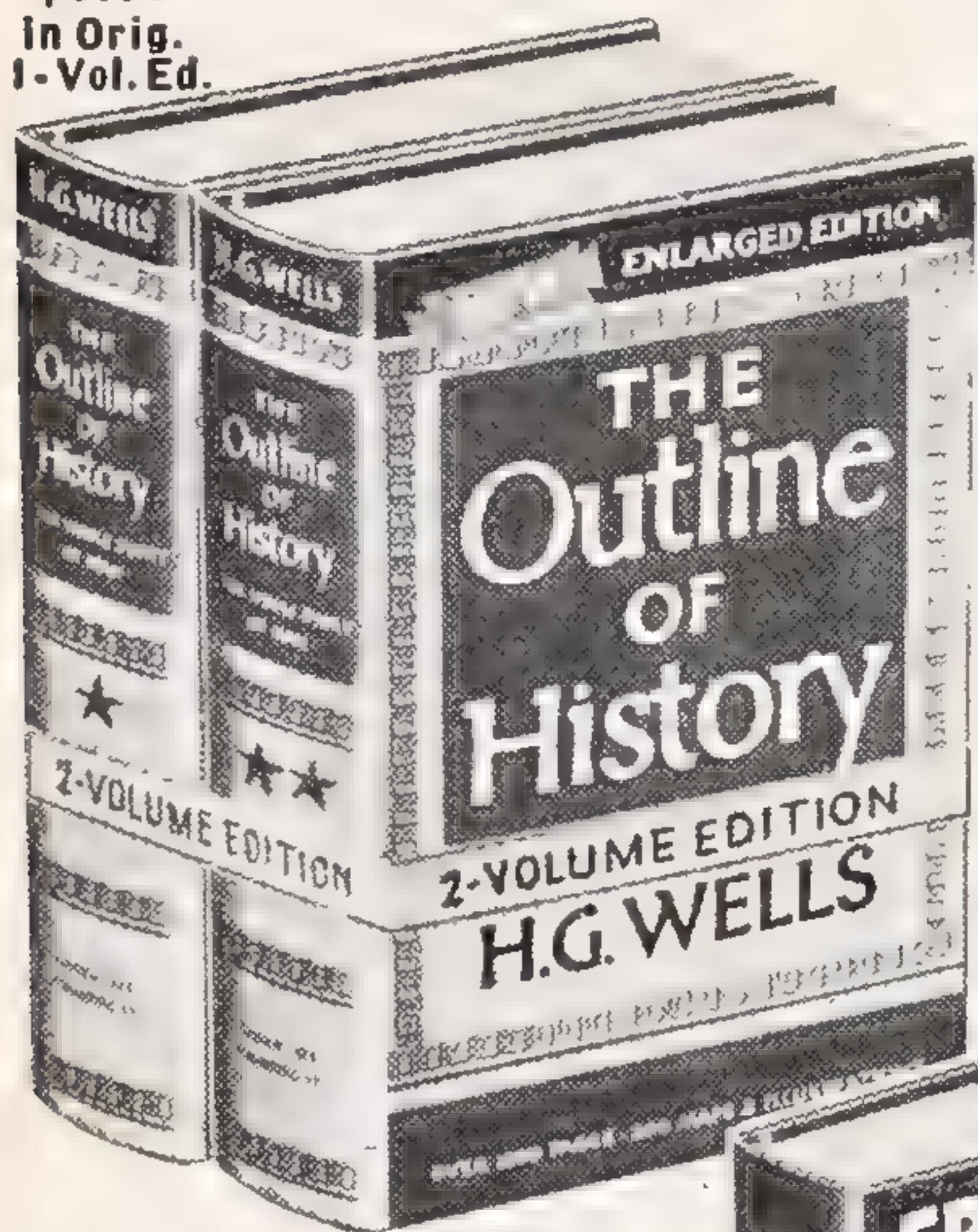


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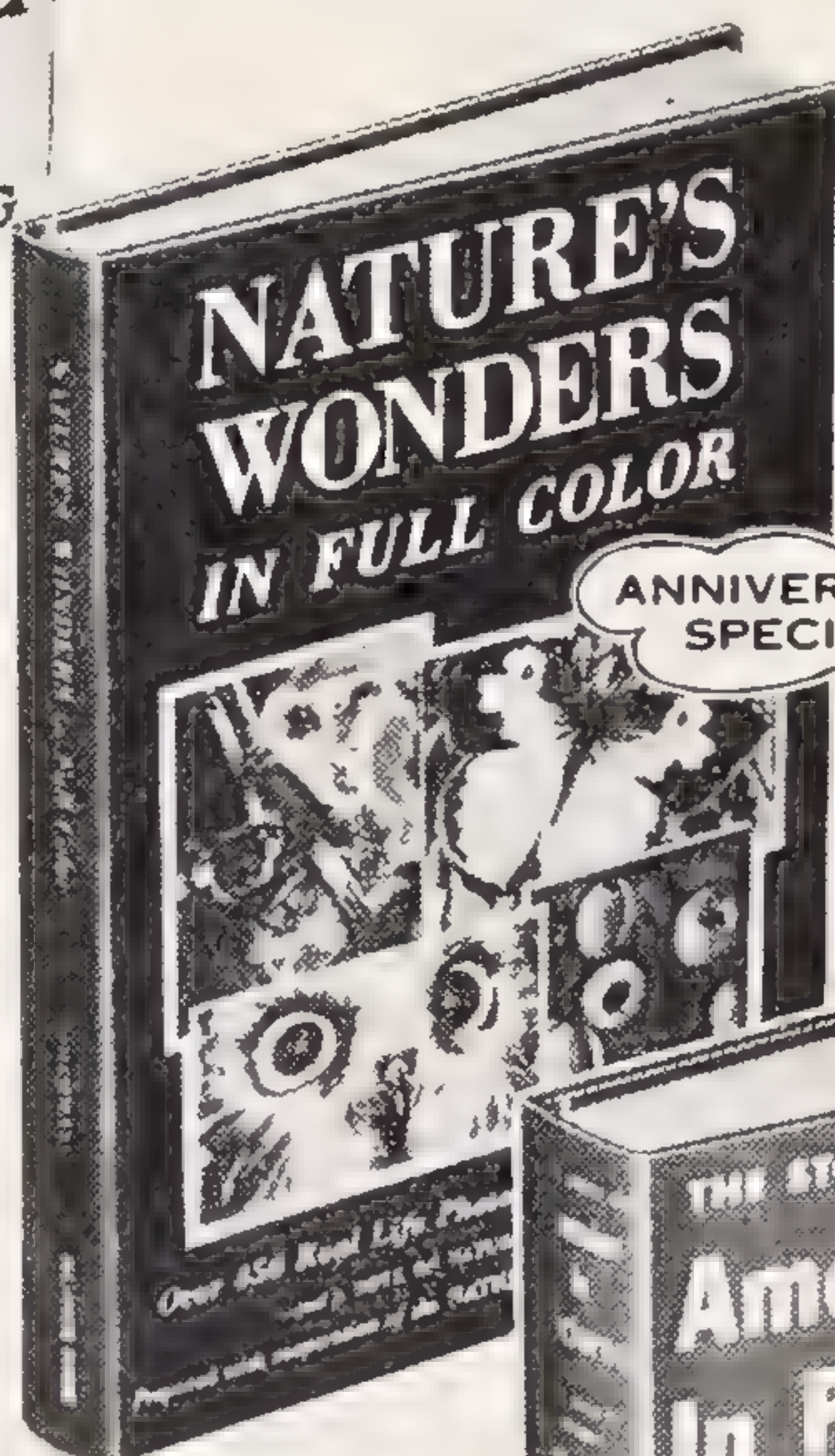
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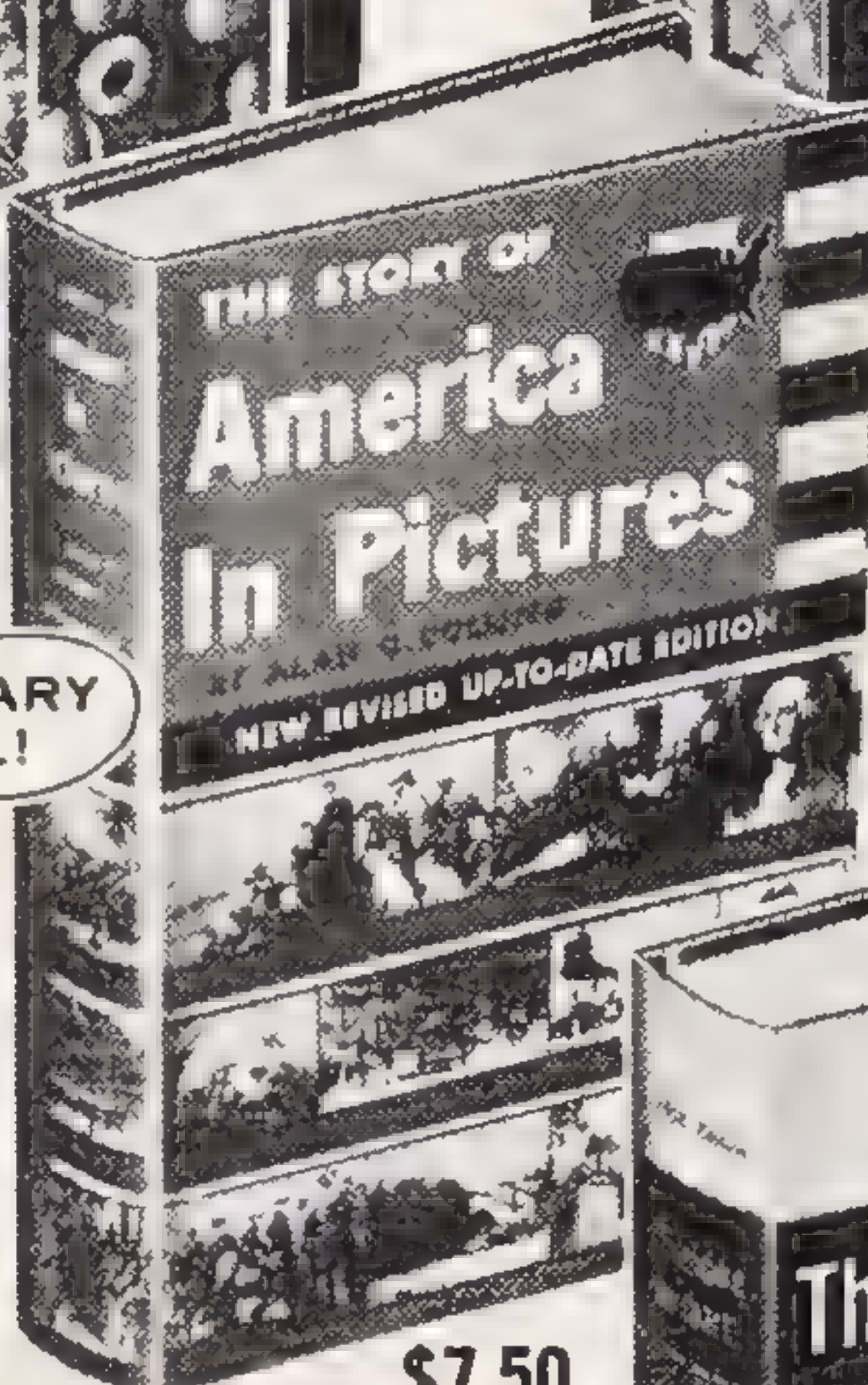
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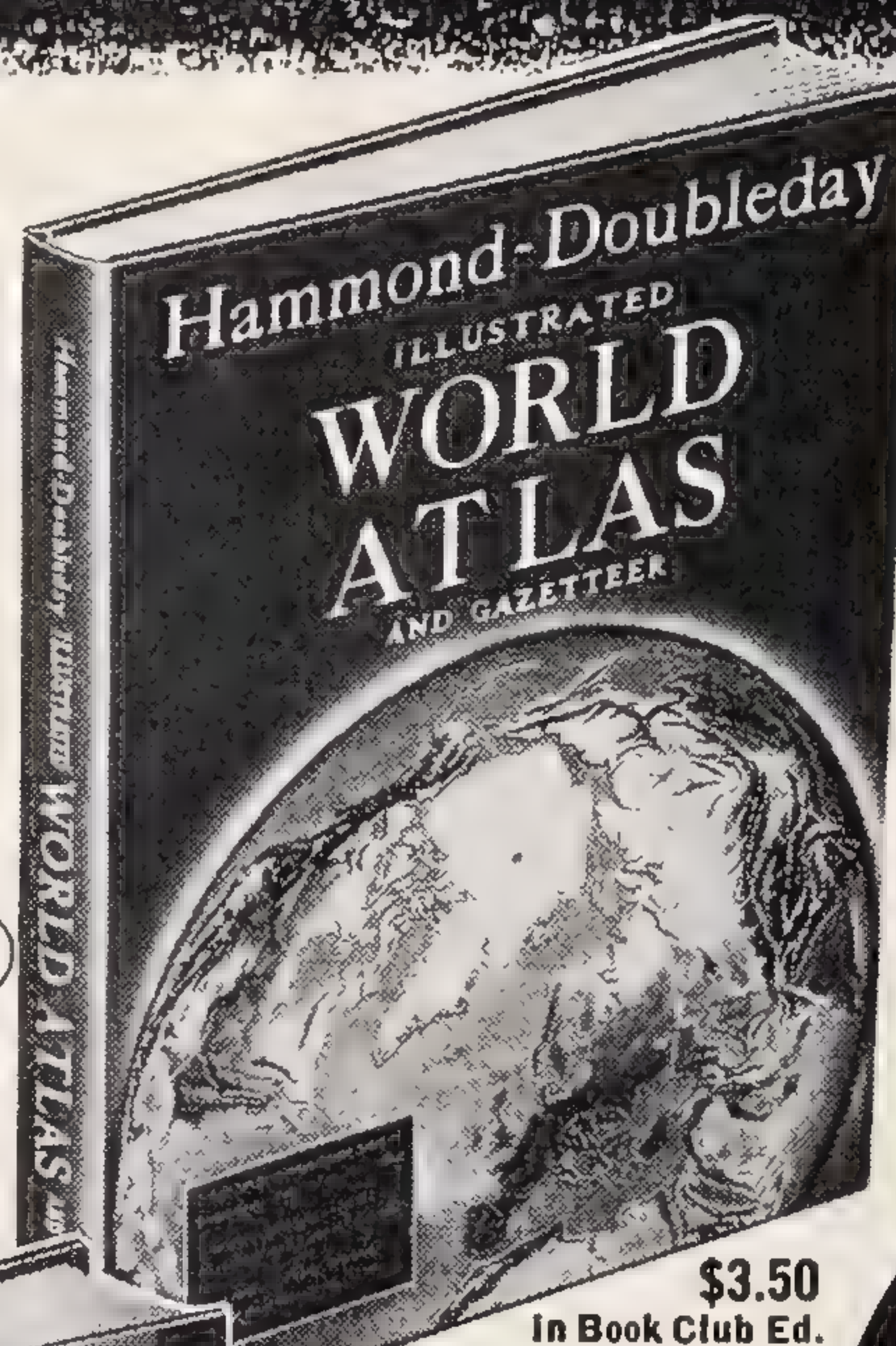
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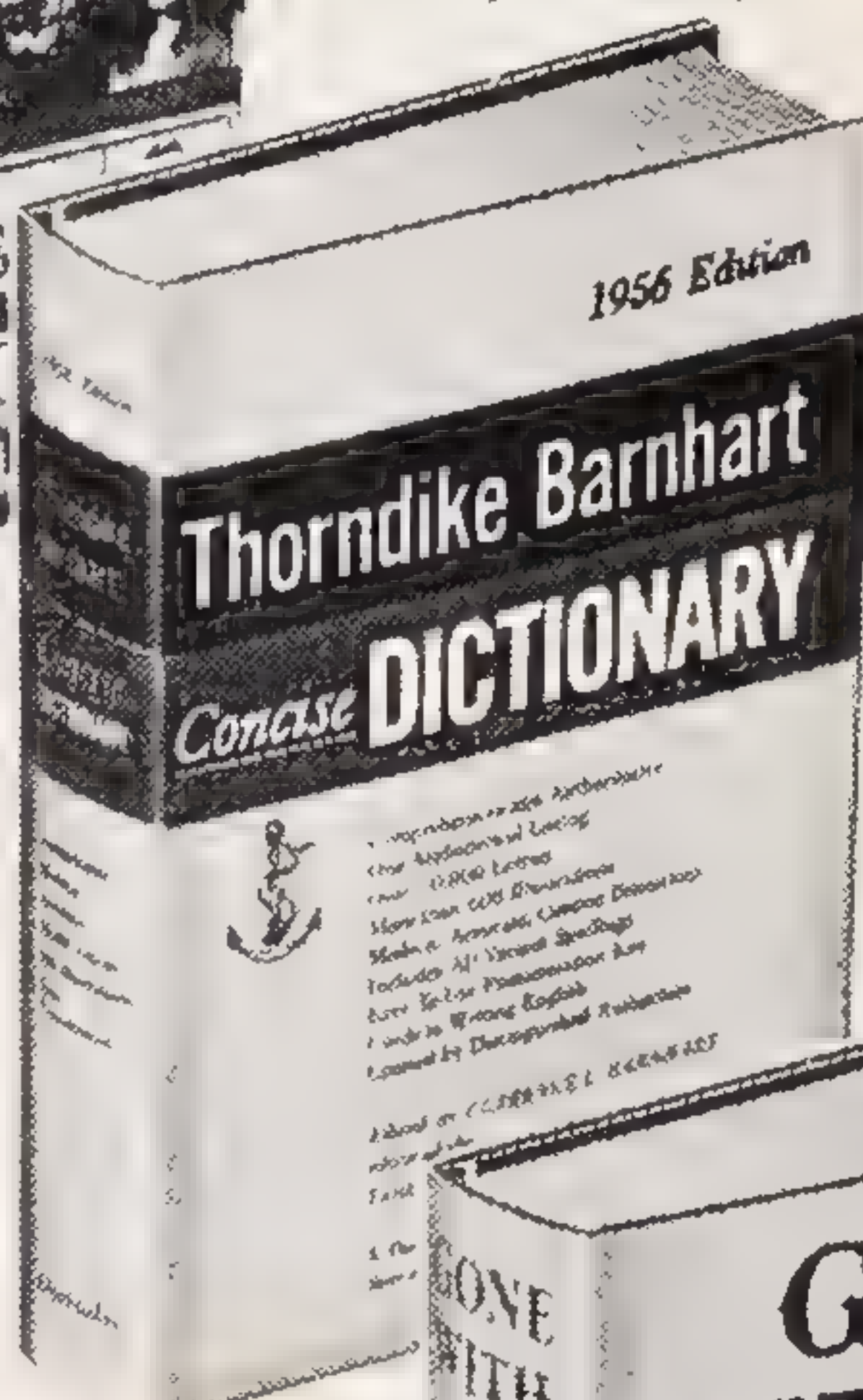
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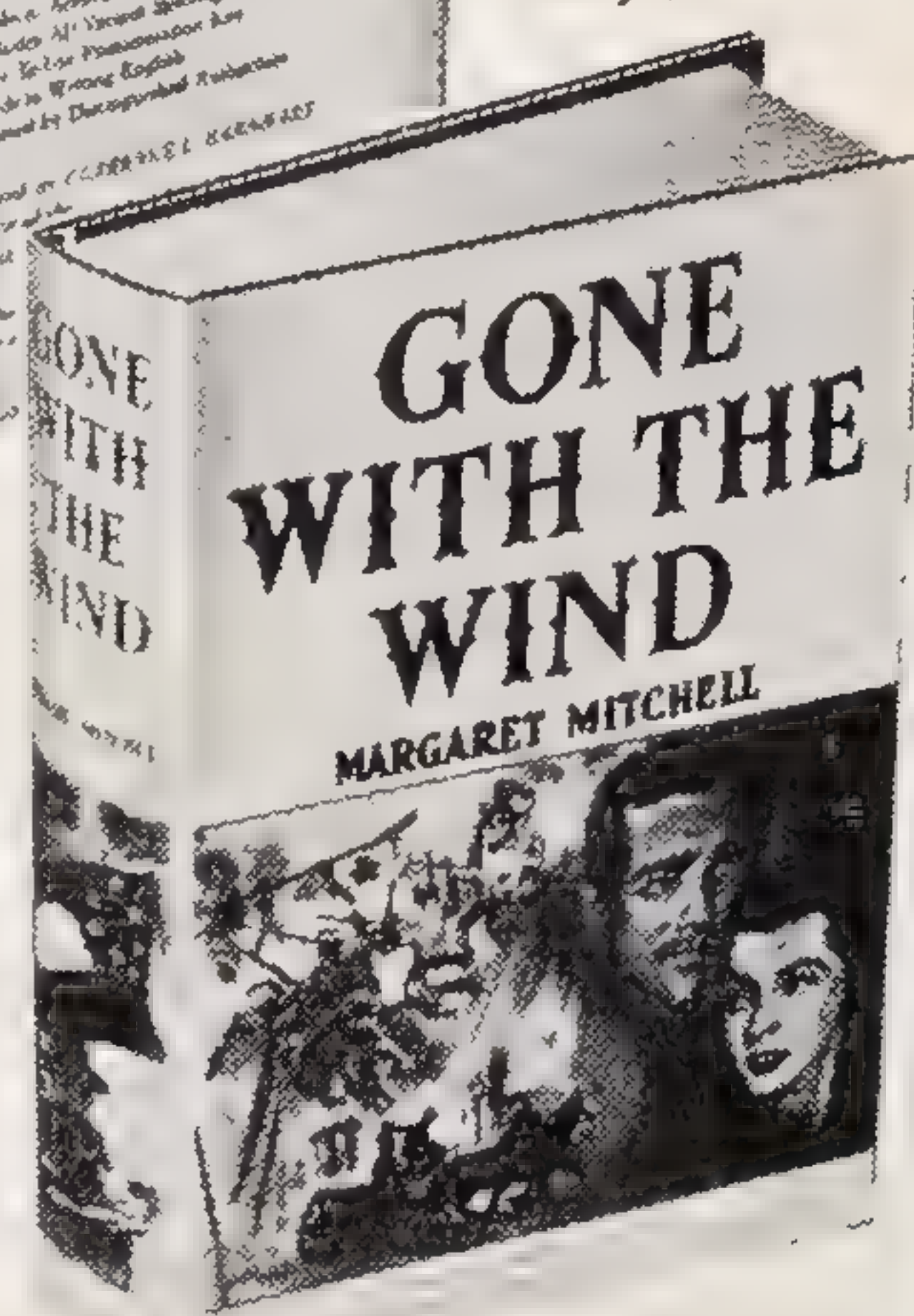


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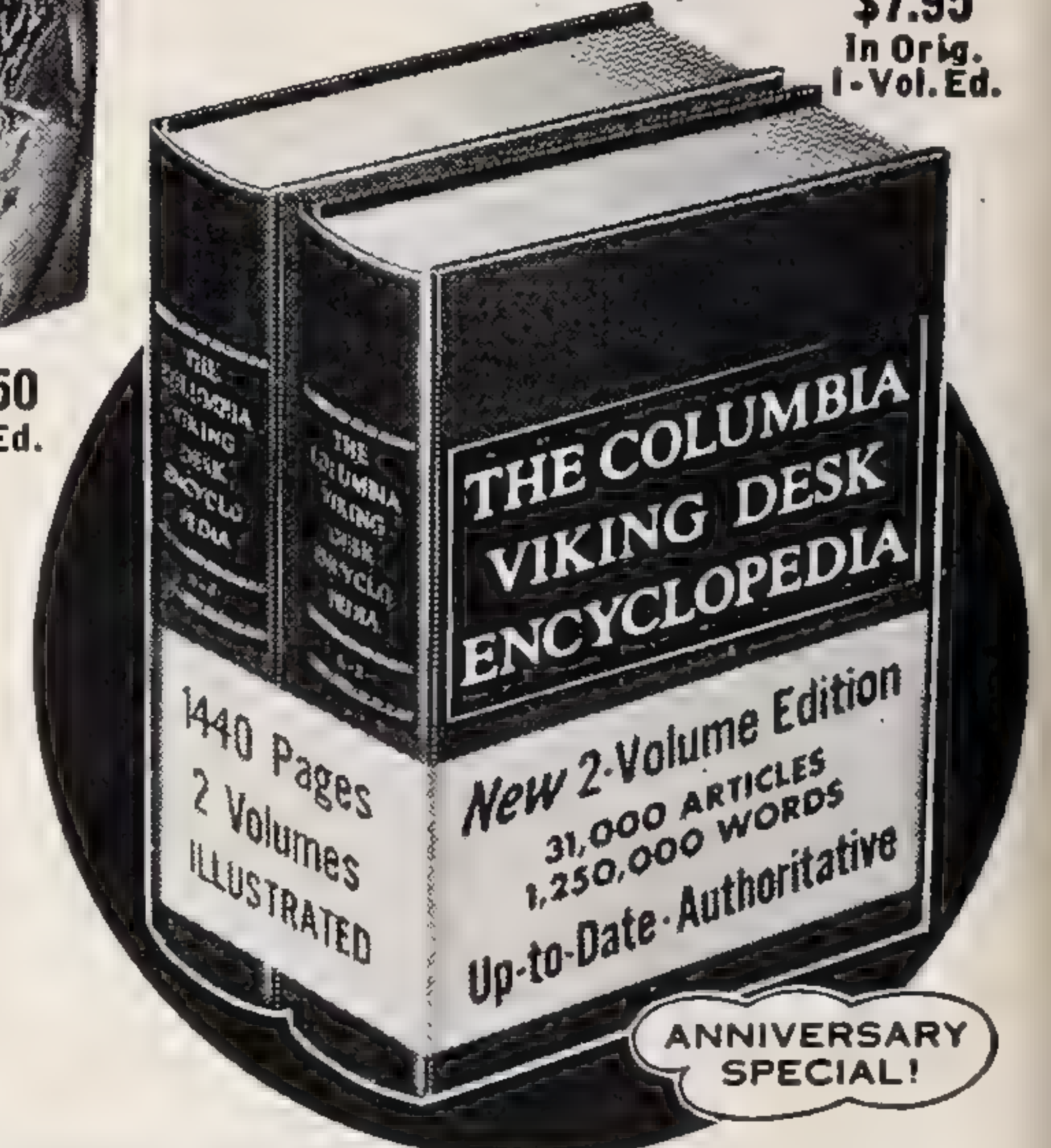
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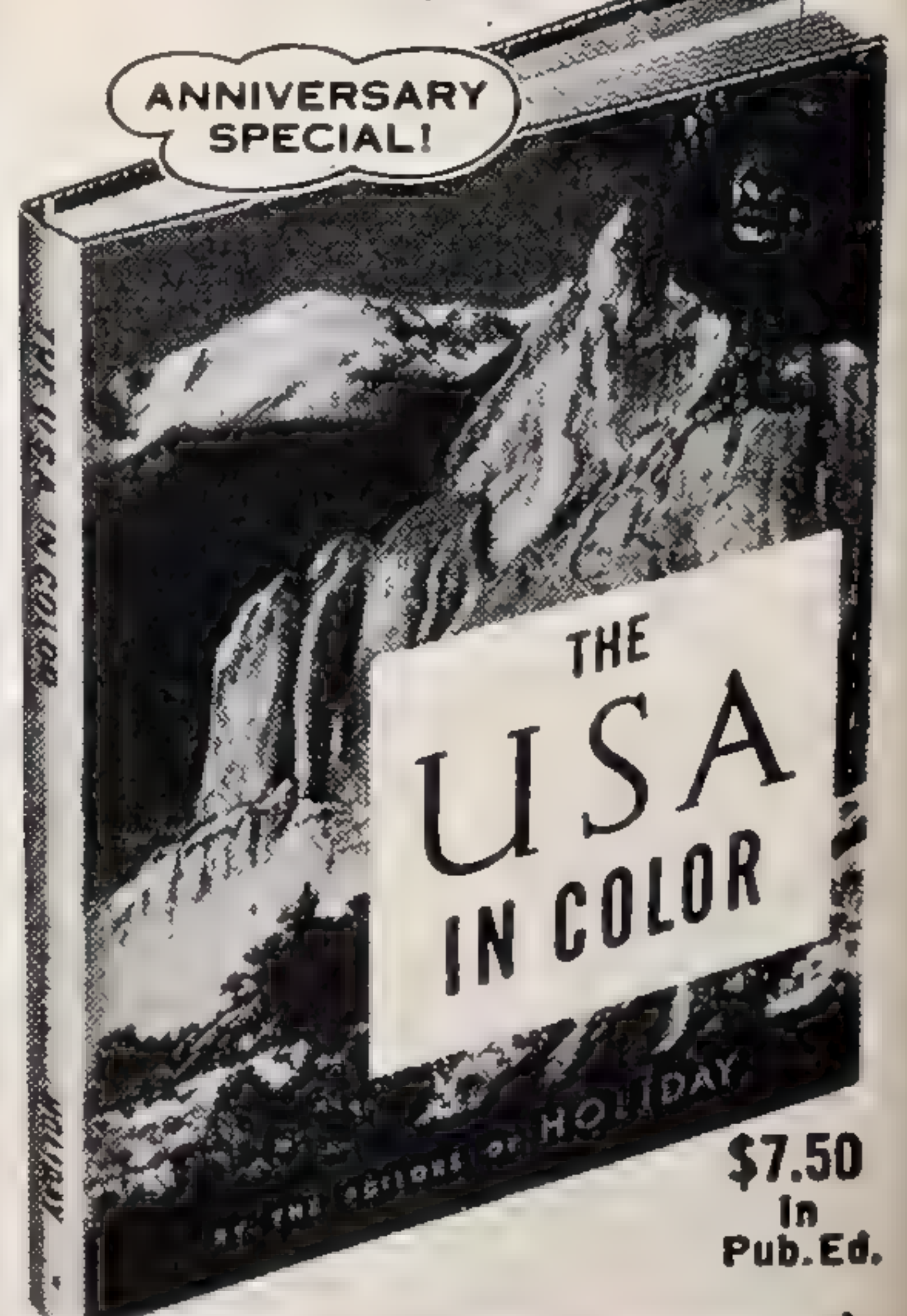
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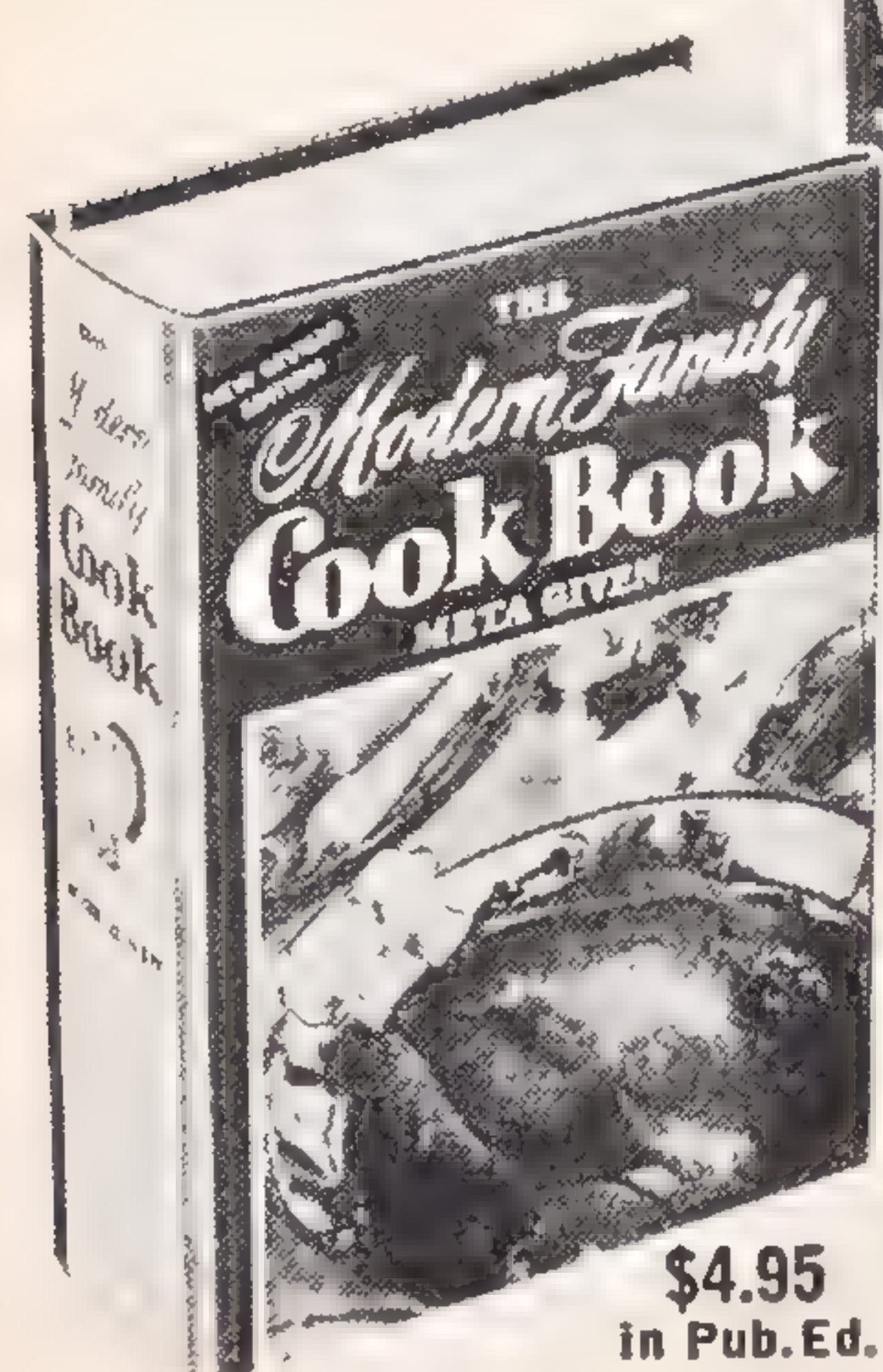
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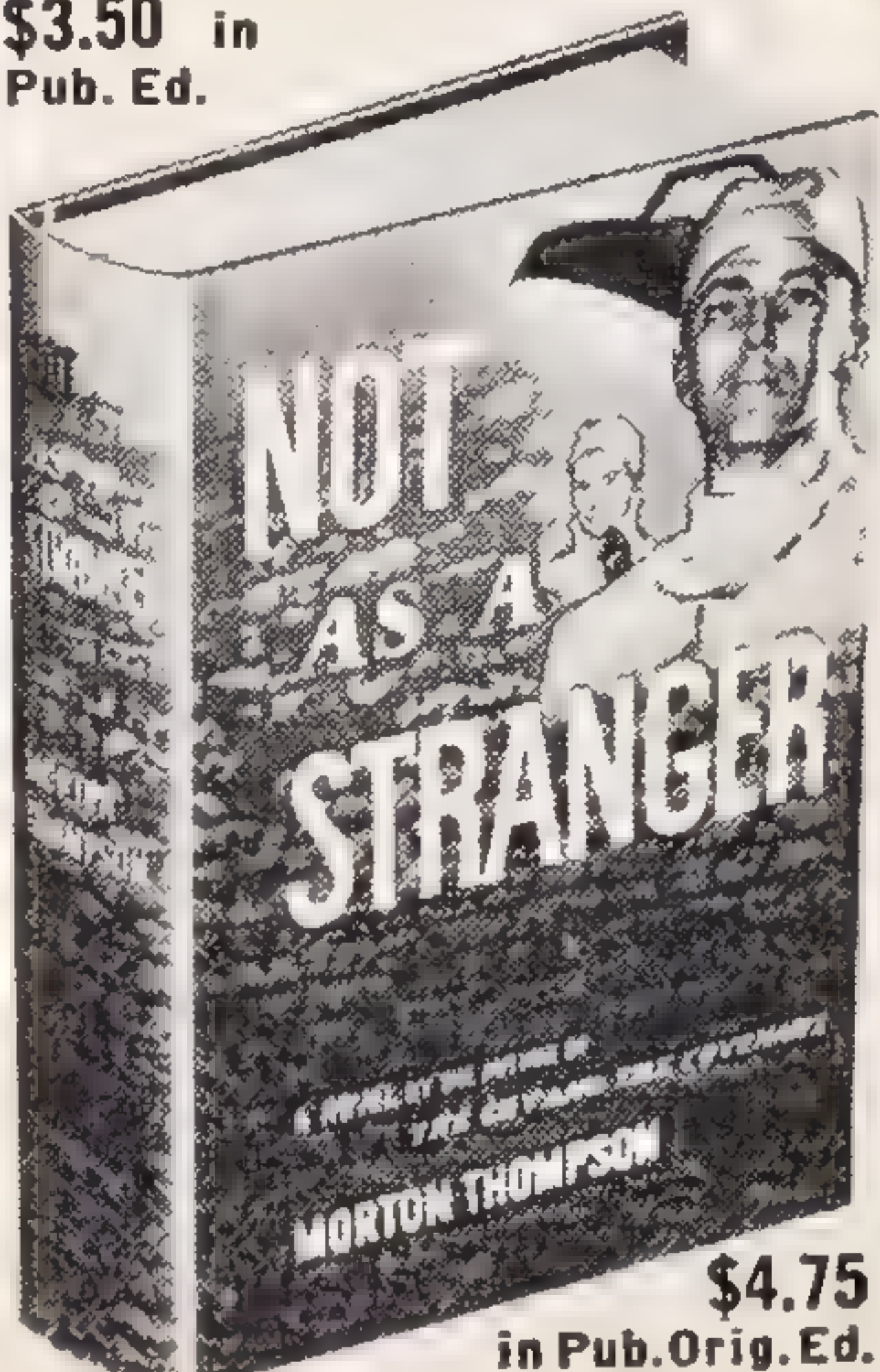
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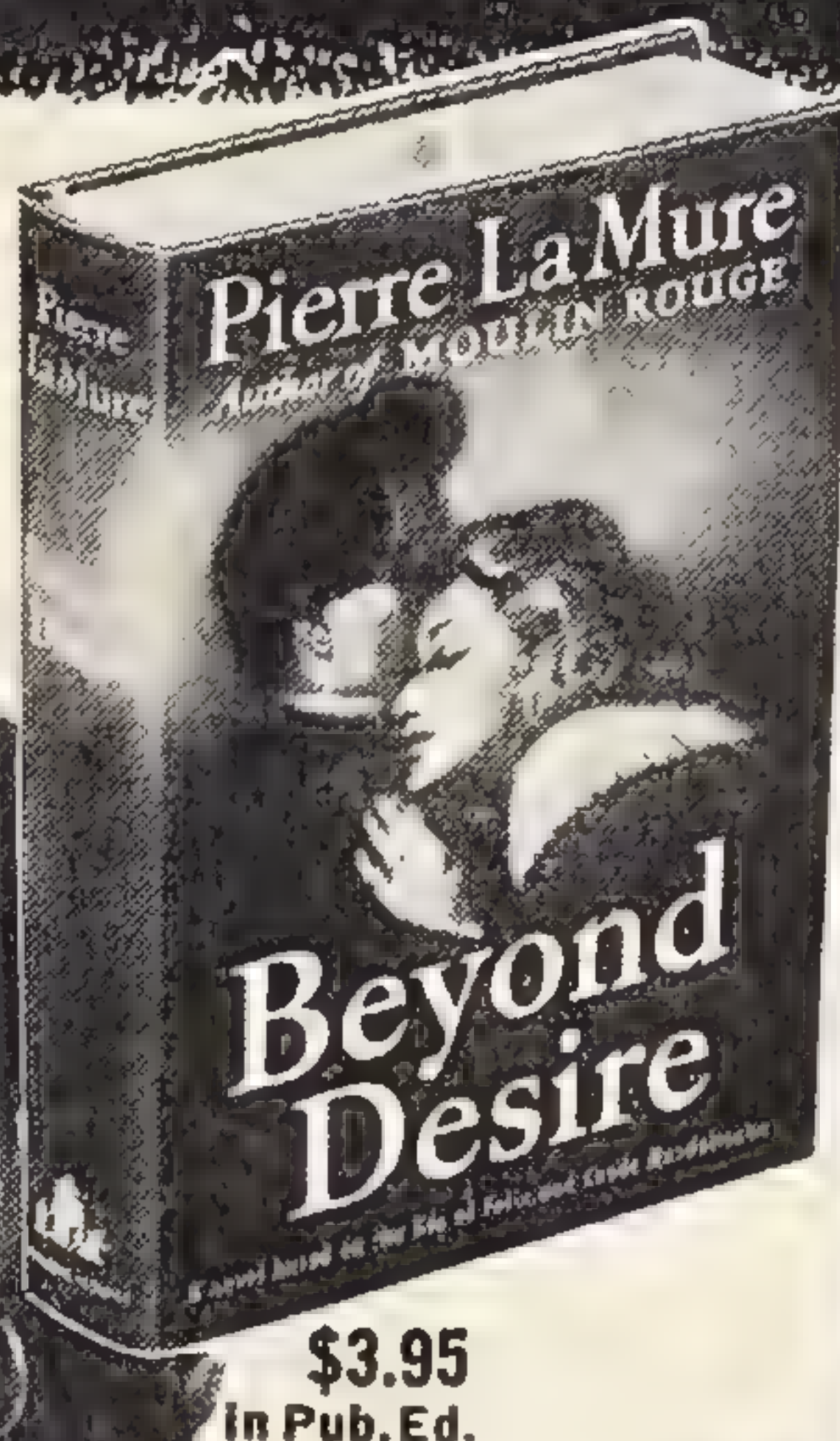
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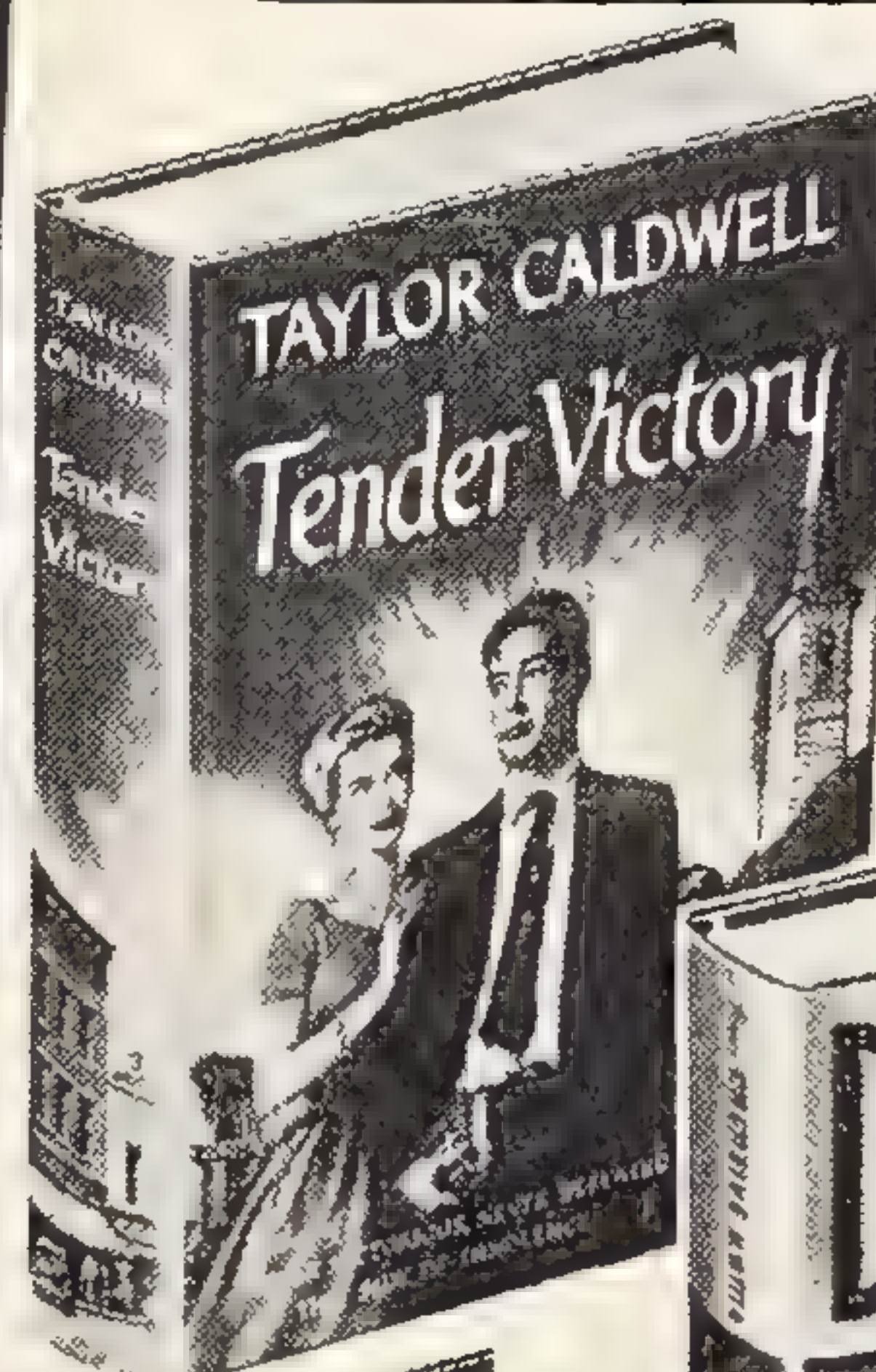
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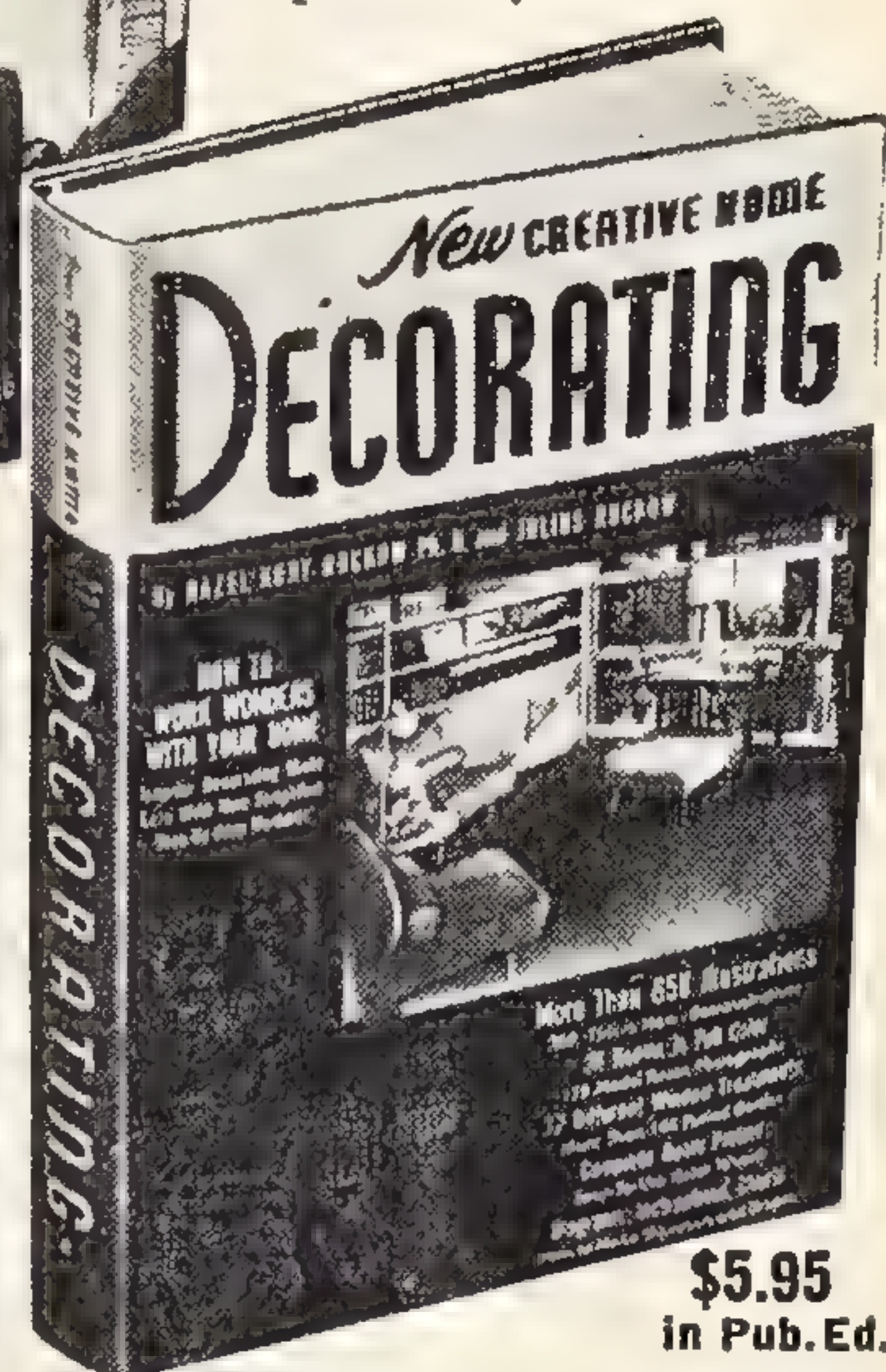


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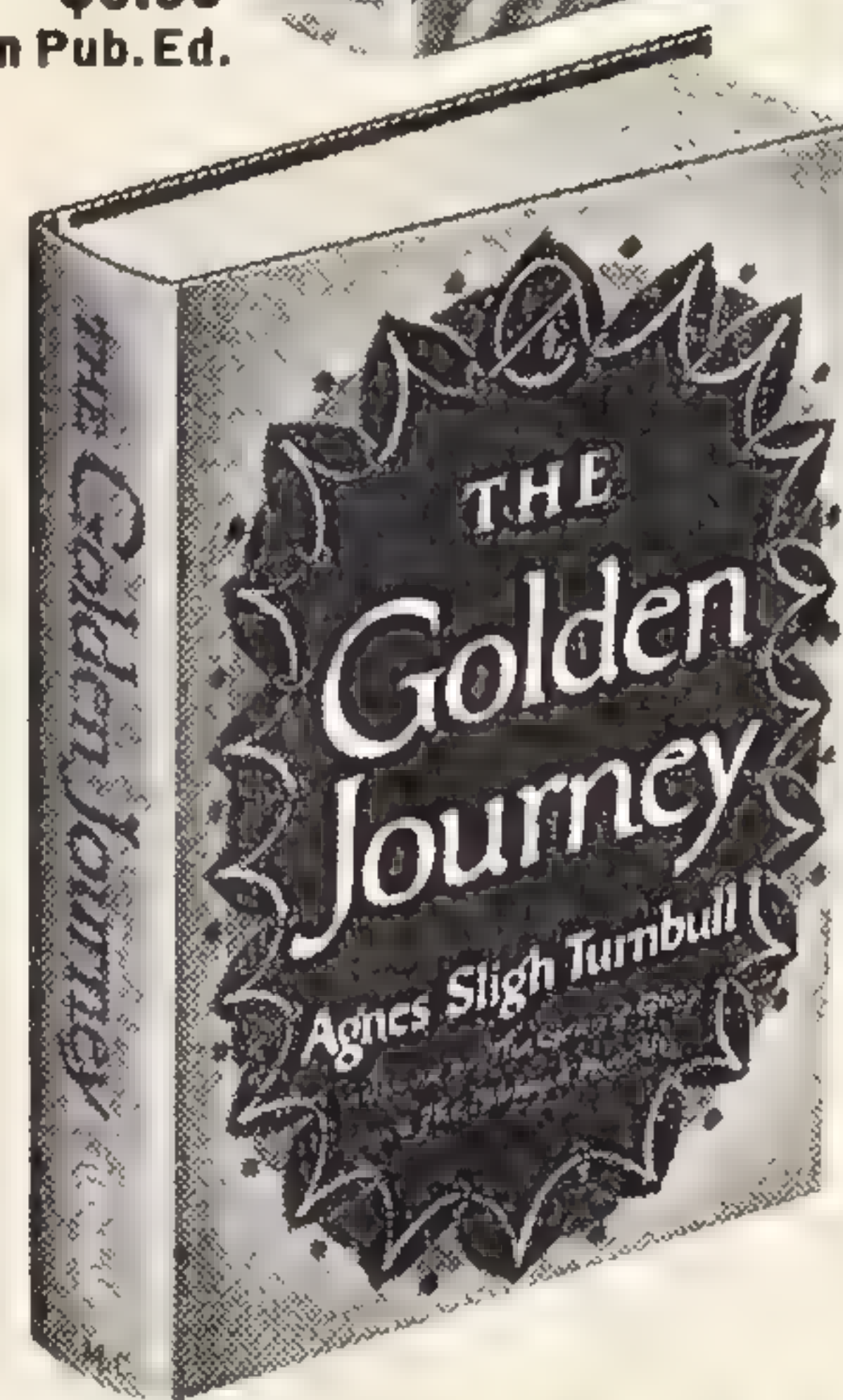


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to laugh when she presented a birthday cake to Ann Miller. On it was inscribed in frosted letters: "Twenty-seven my foot!" Only it didn't say *foot!* . . . During an interview, Jeff Chandler was asked if he takes acting lessons. "Yes, I do," Jeff dead-panned. "I watch Bill Holden and James Dean on the screen!"

Hollywood Salutes: Rock Hudson, John Kerr and Dick Davalos. They actually *were* close friends of James Dean, but out of respect for his memory and love of privacy, they have refused to author stories about the late star. . . . Ann Blyth, who developed laryngitis at the last minute and couldn't sing at a benefit. But she still insisted on appearing and giving ticket holders a good look at her pretty face. . . . Mrs. Clark Gable, who refused to play a part in the King's next picture "A King and Four Queens." Why? "Because," laughs the beautiful Kay, "I have *no* talent!"

The Facts Ma'am: Contrary to reports, Marilyn Monroe didn't move out on her good friends, the Milton Greenes. But she did move in with her coach, Paula Strasberg. The Greenes have a little boy, and sometimes little boys make big noises. Marilyn adores little Joshua but her doctor ordered more rest and quiet, so she had to make the temporary move.

Date With Fate: James Dean's sudden death right after finishing "Giant" was a great shock to Elizabeth Taylor, who had worked with him. So you can

Continued



Ann Blyth. City of Hope voted her one of six "Hollywood Mothers of the Year"

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INSIDE STUFF

continued



Cary Grant and wife Betsy. His film deal gave Frankie the blues



The Jeff Chandlers. His interviewer got an unexpected answer!

imagine how she felt when Montgomery Clift, who plays opposite her in "Raintree County," crashed into a power pole and suffered serious head injuries and a broken nose. The accident occurred after a dinner party at the Michael Wildings, on the steep, winding road leading from their Benedict Canyon home. Riding in the ambulance with Monty, Liz prayed hard the whole way. Later, she was relieved to learn he won't be scarred for life.

Here And There: Shirley Jones hopes Hollywood will call her back for a strong dramatic role. She's preparing for it by studying with coach Marty Welch. . . . Hollywood did its share of wondering about whether Frank Sinatra would walk out on "The Pride and the Passion," being filmed in Spain. The rumor still persists that Frank is unhappy because co-star Cary Grant has a better deal. . . . New-mother Janet Leigh had to render first aid to Tony Curtis. "Not because of my delicate condition," Janet explained. "Tony's brother Bobby was making his debut with Jose Ferrer in 'The Great Man,' and Tony went to pieces." Bobby (he changed his name to Robert Reed) came through with flying colors!

Lovers Knot: Natalie Wood got the surprise of her sweet young life when she returned from her Hawaiian vacation. Scott Marlowe flew to San Francisco and was waiting with open arms when Nat's boat docked. Since meeting six months ago, this inseparable pair disagrees on only one subject—publicity. Scott refuses to cash in on Nat's name, which is why you seldom see them photographed together.

Wedding Belles: Before five hundred pairs of eyes, John Wayne gave his

daughter, Mary Antonia, in marriage at the Blessed Sacrament Church. At the reception held in the Beverly Hills Hotel, few people knew that Duke had special men guarding the costly display of wedding gifts which filled an entire room! . . . Dana Wynter must know the secret word! Unlike Lana Turner, Joan Crawford, Dorothy Lamour, Ginger Rogers, Jane Wyman and Ann Sheridan—to name a few—who once were wooed by Greg Bautzer, the popular, handsome attorney *proposed* to Dana! She'll give up her career, she says, when they marry—which is bound to bring loud protests from 20th, who has her under contract.

According To Rumor: Sal Mineo turned down a straight fifteen-year contract at M-G-M, and you can't hardly get that kind in Hollywood any more! . . . The Ray Dantons are ecstatically happy over their good news. Julie Adams is taking time off until she has her first baby in November, but she plans to resume her career after she and Ray become parents. . . . M-G-M is convinced that Grace Kelly won't return to make "Designing Woman." The studio would welcome Audrey Hepburn who owes them a picture, as a happy replacement. Co-star James Stewart echoes their sentiments! . . . Mitzi Gaynor must be slipping. She and Jack Bean will celebrate their second wedding anniversary in a few months and, to date, no one has ever printed that they're going to have a baby!

Storm Warnings: The heart trouble that hospitalized Jerry Lewis and the sudden death of beloved Louis Calhern shocked Hollywood actors into having immediate medical check-ups. From now on they plan to lower the boom on those exhausting work

Continued on page 105



Natalie Wood's date is Raymond Burr—but her steady guy is camera shy

Greg Bautzer will gain a wife but movies will lose Dana Wynter, she says

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Q I have been married just four months. My husband, Jim, and I get along fine except for one thing—his friend, Bob, who practically lives with us.

Because my husband works such long hours, about the only time I have him all to myself is over the weekend, and then Jim says, "Let's call up Bob and see if he wants to go to a movie with us."

Bob doesn't have a steady girlfriend, so he always seems ready to go along with us. Then he and Jim carry on a long conversation about football, baseball, basketball, boxing or some such subject that doesn't interest me at all.

Sometimes I have said I didn't want to go to a movie, I'd rather stay at home. Then Jim phones Bob and tells him that we aren't doing anything much, and "Why don't you shag yourself over and break the monotony?"

Am I being selfish, or is my husband? Whose fault is it that we have an argument over Bob every weekend? Am I right about married people needing to be by themselves, or is this silly, as my husband says?

MRS. WANDA E.

A Let's come to grips with the problem, Mrs. E., by admitting at once that there are many men in this world who don't enjoy the company of women separately or in a group. There are men so centered in masculinity and masculine pursuits, that they are unable to regard with any degree of seriousness the interests of womankind. I conclude from your letter that you have married such a man.

It would appear to me that you can select one of two alternatives: Either you must decide that your marriage to this particular man was a mistake and terminate it, or you must prepare to live his life, instructing yourself in such things as football, baseball, basketball, and boxing, so that you will be able to share his leisure-hour interests and talk with him on his level.

It is likely that your husband seeks out his friend whenever possible because he is comfortable with him and because they share the same interests. Perhaps he is uncomfortable with you because he feels that you have no meeting ground, except that of emotion. No one can be madly in love twenty-four hours each day, so those hours not assigned to love must be taken up in comradeship.

Why not learn to be a good comrade, as well as a wife?

Q I want you to like me, but I don't think you are going to, after you have read this letter.

To put it simply: I don't tell the truth. Not that I lie about others, but only about myself. I'm twenty-four and should have better sense, but when I meet new people, something comes over me that I can't control.

I'm working in a large city, but I manage twice a year to get back home to the small town in which I grew up. I take the train when I go for my long vacation and I fly for the occasional long weekends. Naturally, I nearly always meet somebody on the train or the plane, and I build up a fascinating background for myself.

Even in the office I have given my co-workers the impression that my family is extremely wealthy (they are hard-working farm people who have been fortunate during the last few good crop years).

I don't know why I do it. Every time I have turned in a fine "snow job," I have vowed that I'd never do it again. I know

that it's a small world and I'm going to get caught one of these days.

Can you tell me what's wrong with me?
ETHEL J.

A I suspect, Miss J., that there are at least two reasons for your flights of fancy. First, you are probably suffering from a form of snobbery, yet you are bright enough to realize that snobbery has gone out of fashion. To prove this fact you have only to read the biographies of some of the great entertainment figures. In bygone times, it was standard practice to create a story that an exotic new actress (born in Wagon Mound, Arizona, for instance) was of mixed Siamese and French blood and that she had grown up in a convent in Spain. Nowadays, the citizens of Wagon Mound—proud of their native daughter—would vigorously protest the legend.

Your second problem is that you are not interested enough in yourself as an unique individual—which, of course, you are—and in your own particular life and abilities, to regard yourself as worthwhile without embellishment. Your first concern should be to improve your abilities—dancing, skating, sewing, or writing fiction instead of talking it—to the extent that your performance gives you status in your own opinion. Make it a point to get to know the potential of your own being, and you will be able to abandon forever the Walter Mitty side of your nature.

Q I am nineteen, and I have been going with J.D. for three years.

When I graduated from high school, I was able to get a good secretarial job in a large organization, but J.D. made my life so miserable that I had to quit. He was sure I spent my day flirting with the men in the office, which was pretty silly because most of them were old enough to be my father.

Now I work in an office in which there is only one other girl, plus the lady who owns the business, but J.D. still says I probably make friends with callers. When we go on a date during the week I suggest that we get home early, not only because I work, but also because he has to get up early. He tells me that I am in such a hurry because I have another date. About thirty minutes after we have said good night, he telephones to see if I am still at home.

Not only that, he doesn't even want me to talk to girls. Whenever a girlfriend telephones when J.D. is at the house, he says the girl wouldn't be so friendly if she and I weren't going out on dates together.

Do you think a boy who acts like that is really in love and ready for marriage, even if he is twenty-three?

LAURIE G.

A I believe you and your family should take this situation very seriously, Miss G. This boy's jealousy, as you have described it, would impress any thinking person as abnormal. Certainly every imaginative, intelligent man sometimes suffers an occasional twinge of jealousy over a girl, but this lad's behavior is beyond excuse.

Of course, his suspicion stems from a tremendous sense of insecurity in his relationship with the world in general. He has packaged all his problems and has labeled them with your name.

A psychologist would be able to get to the root of this boy's troubles, but your description of him leads me to believe that

Continued

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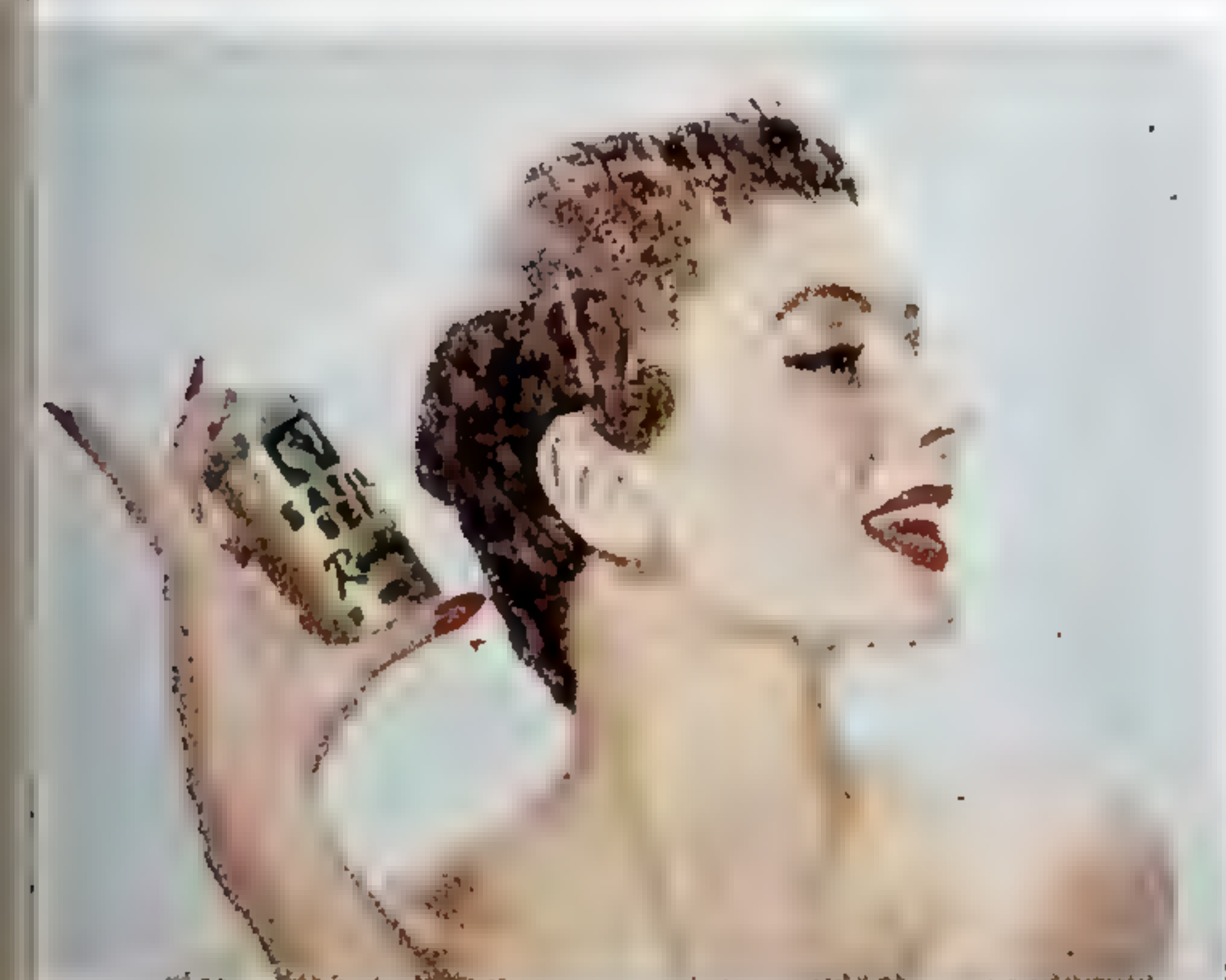
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Gentle as a Lamb

WHAT SHOULD I DO?

he would resist bitterly anyone's attempt to persuade him to seek professional help. Perhaps you can help him by drawing him out, by encouraging him to talk about his childhood. Little by little he will unfold the reasons for his own sense of futility and his conviction that human beings are not to be trusted.

However, much as I know this boy needs help, I must admit that if you were my daughter, I would send you to visit a relative or friend, indefinitely.

There are some problems in this world for which flight is the only solution.

Q I would like to know if it is possible to be in love at the age of thirteen.

I have been told many times that I am very mature for my years, both mentally and physically, and when I was in 7B, I had the fortunate experience of being skipped into 8B. One of my teachers for that term is whom this letter is about, for I have a crush on him. I'll refer to him as Mr. X.

Mr. X is not what you would call a movie type, and like most teachers he has no considerable financial status. Still, there is something about him which draws my attention, and he feels the same about me. Now that I am in 9th grade, our friendship has gone further than is usual between teacher and pupil. I have learned to hide nothing from him, as I am free to go to him with any problem or any confidence, knowing I will get understanding and help.

Mr. X has taken me out for sodas after school, and once while I was rehearsing piano in our school auditorium in preparation for an operetta, he slipped his arms around me and kissed me. It was working with Mr. X in school shows, going with him on all-day geology class trips and talking with him after school, that made me realize I like him more than I ever thought I could.

I have not deprived myself of dates with boys my own age, or having fun with the gang, yet when I should be having fun I find myself thinking of Mr. X and wishing I were out with him.

That is why I would like to have you tell me whether or not I am too young to understand the full meaning of loving and being loved.

FIONA B.

A At thirteen, Fiona, you are too young to be in love, but you are not too young to have a mirror image of the "full meaning of loving and being loved," as you so concisely express it.

In this world there may be thousands of individual men, each of whom—if you met that particular individual—would summon from you the precise response this teacher has evoked.

Frankly, I think you are exceptionally mature for your years. Now, I want you to think about this: I think your teacher is very young for his years. Why? Because, if he were as well developed—mentally, emotionally, and spiritually—as you are, in comparative years, he would consider you an attractive youngster, but his intense interest would be centered upon a woman nearer his own age. He would let you know, since you are obviously sensitive, that he was taking an impersonal, adult interest in you as a student. He would avoid the soda dates after school, the clandestine kisses.

However, I must regard this as essentially a "building" experience for you, because

continued

it will surely have taught you—once you have thought it over—the difference between the counterfeiting of love, and the authentic coin.

Q This is an old, old story, I guess, but no matter how old it is, I'm not much helped by its being an antique problem.

There are four sisters in our family, and I am the youngest. I will soon be sixteen; my three older sisters are nineteen, twenty, and twenty-three. They are very, very pretty, and so they are very popular. I didn't miss out on the family good looks, so I think I could be popular, too, except for one thing.

Our father has been dead nearly fourteen years, and our mother has devoted herself to us. I love my mother very much, so I don't like to have her staying at home alone night after night. I know my sisters appreciate what she has done just as much as I do, but they sort of take it for granted that they can go ahead and make their own plans because I will be at home. I have said that I didn't especially want to go on dates because I'm sure that Mom would tell me to run along and enjoy myself. Well, I couldn't enjoy myself, thinking that she was lonely, and not one of my sisters has ever said, "I'll stay at home tonight; you go out to a movie with the gang."

I'd like to have a little freedom without creating a family ruckus, but most of all without giving Mom the feeling that she is imposing upon somebody to stay at home with her. I have confidence in your being able to help me.

KAREN C.

A I'm going to make a sincere attempt to help you, Karen, but I suppose I should warn you in advance that my advice may hurt a little, at first.

I believe you are standing in the golden spotlight of your own approval. Some small voice deep inside you is saying, "You are the good daughter; you are the devoted, the worthwhile person."

I don't think you should take this attitude, because you are running the risk of conditioning your mother so that she may never be able to tap her own personality resources at all. At sixteen, it isn't always easy to realize that a devoted member of the family may be interfering with a mother's independence, and may be making it extremely difficult for her to get the most out of her mature years.

As the mother of two grown daughters, I know that I could have been spoiled, that I could have been turned into a dependent, clinging, self-pitying type (almost anyone can be, you know), if my daughters had martyred themselves to the idea that I might be lonely or in need of constant attention.

I find that, because my daughters lived their own lives and established their own homes and their own families, I have a much busier, happier, more productive, and satisfying life than would have been the case otherwise. I'm eternally glad I wasn't coddled, and I think your own mother might well share my sentiments.

Q My husband and I are at our wits' end over a boy who is going with our eighteen-year-old daughter. Helen is about to finish high school, and plans to go to an airline school. She has been an A student, has been active in school affairs, and

Continued

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continued

is such a sweet and wonderful girl in almost every way.

Our worry is over this boy's determination to get engaged to Helen. He is just nineteen, works during the summer on his uncle's farm, during the winter at a filling station in town. He has his own car, which he says he built, and he brags about how fast he can drive it. He doesn't seem to have any ambition except to race automobiles. When we ask him about college, he says that is for nice boys with clean fingernails.

He walks like a question mark, wouldn't think of standing up when a lady enters the room, and calls our daughter "my old bag." In our opinion, he is a complete nobody.

Our daughter? Of course, that's the problem. She gets starry-eyed when he roars into the driveway, and she sort of drifts out of the house when the two of them are going anywhere. I've tried to tell her what life would be like with such a boy, but she just smiles dreamily and pats my cheek.

I simply don't know what to do next. Helen's father and I will appreciate your views on the subject.

(MRS.) GRACE P.

A I would like to say something in behalf of the lad of whom you disapprove, Mrs. P. Since he has chosen your daughter as the object of his affection, it would seem reasonable to assume that, gauche and rude as he seems, he actually aspires to a higher level than that on which he was reared. He may be sensitive, fine-grained, and ambitious, although like many boys of that type he seems to work overtime to disguise the fact.

However, I suspect that any discussion of him may be regarded as academic exercise. A little patience on your part will see your daughter safely enrolled in stewardess' school, then her horizons will enlarge tremendously.

In essence, the appeal this boy now represents to her is similar to the appeal of airline experience. Speed is romantic. These youngsters of ours belong to the jet age; they've come to regard flying as casually as we consider driving an automobile.

Once your daughter is in school, you might make it a point to invite her new friends, particularly professional pilots, to a party at your home. Your daughter will soon understand the enormity of the responsibility accepted by anyone who manages four motors, and her drag-race boyfriend behind one small motor will seem like very small potatoes, indeed.

Don't forget that, at this stage of your daughter's development, it may be necessary for her to patronize you. She has undoubtedly reached a plateau of superiority from which she must view you with an affectionate pity. Give her this brief supremacy; all too soon she will marry one of her pilots and become, herself, that "pitiable" object, a parent.

Do you have a problem which seems to have no solution? Would you like the advice of Spring Byington? If so, address your letters to her, in care of Box 3095, Beverly Hills, California. If your problem is of general interest, Miss Byington will consider answering it in this column. All names will be held confidential.



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Use Helene Curtis SPRAY NET to set springier, bouncier pincurls—to hold your hair softly in place. Gradually . . . excitingly . . . your hair gets the *habit* of curling—your wave *remembers* its place! This exciting training won't happen overnight—but it will happen! Soon your hair needs only gentle reminder-sprays between shampoos.

No matter what hair spray you're using now, there's a delightful surprise waiting when you try SPRAY NET with the new "control" ingredient. It's non-sticky, non-stiffening, enriched with lanolin.

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THAT'S HOLLYWOOD FOR YOU

BY SIDNEY SKOLSKY

I wonder if Marlon Brando is tired of the many actors who copy him and try to look like him. Or, has he grown accustomed to their faces and method? . . . Jayne Mansfield, who played bit roles in movies, became a movie star by appearing as a movie star on the Broadway stage in "Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter?" . . . I never see a blond and think it's the real thing. Furthermore, I don't believe men expect blonds to be naturals. . . . Why do I always expect Susan Hayward to flare up, and am pleased when she smiles at me—which she usually does! . . . I liked "The Harder They Fall," but the best prizefight movie I ever saw is still "The Set-up." . . . Ann Blyth could be sexier than she is on the screen if she wanted to be. . . . Suggestion for a photo layout: pictures of all the celebrities James Stewart has portrayed on the screen. . . . I believe TV would be better if you could mark your place and return to it later. . . . Cornel Wilde is domestic and can do housework. "I do a lot of sweeping while wielding a broom or a vacuum," he told me. . . . I wasn't on the Johnnie Ray bandwagon when he was the current popular singer, so don't expect me to be an Elvis Presley fan. So sue me! . . . Mitzi Gaynor insists she has an instinctive feeling about people, and declares: "I go a lot by the nature of a handshake."

I always find Joan Crawford entertaining, regardless of the movie she's in. . . . I can't recall ever seeing Russ Tamblyn in a movie, although I know he was in "Seven Brides for Seven Brothers" which I viewed and liked. . . . Deborah Kerr's portable dressing room is always welcom-

ingly open. "Except, of course," says Deborah, "when I'm changing costumes." . . . On the set of "The Best Things in Life Are Free," my favorite character, Mike Curtiz, told workmen: "Please, fellows, try to make noise quietly."

I believe Cyd Charisse and Tony Martin, who were beginning to look like each other, don't any more. . . . Every new actress who is signed by M-G-M spends most of her evenings during the first few months in a projection room looking at old Garbo pictures. . . . I like Shelley Winters. Go on, say anything you want about me. . . . I can't get over the vast number of actors who have turned producers. The latest (at this writing) is Jane Powell. Somehow Janie Powell doesn't resemble a producer to me! . . . Durable is the word for Barbara Stanwyck; reliable is another word for her. She's quite a person! . . . I liked "Oklahoma!" and "Carousel" and even "Meet Me in Las Vegas," but the best musical I ever saw still is "Forty-second Street." . . . In these days when "The Method" is so popular, Spencer Tracy informed me: "I'm not a method actor. What I try to do is play a part honestly; how it reacts on me." These were refreshing words to hear. . . . I wish John Huston would get back to making movies like "The Maltese Falcon," which wasn't so important but so good! . . . Bob Wagner admits he has yet to earn the right for stardom. "Star is tossed around too easily in this business," said Wagner. "I still have a lot to learn about my job." . . . Red Skelton said it: "I know a Texan who couldn't put a TV set in his Cadillac, so now he's booking acts to appear in it."

Frank Sinatra is an exciting performer whether he is singing or acting. . . . These days everyone is taking a legitimate play or movie and making a musical out of it. Just to be different, I'd like to see someone take a musical hit and make a legitimate play or movie out of it. . . . I know Piper Laurie and Gene Nelson are romantic, but I think the combo should be Gene Nelson and Lori Nelson. This would allow Lori to get married without changing her last name.

I can't imagine Eddie Fisher as a father, but I can imagine Debbie Reynolds as a mother. . . . Description of Ernest Borgnine: There is always a smile on his face, even when it isn't there. . . . I'm told Cary Grant believes in hypnotism and that's how he gave up smoking cigarettes. . . . Doris Day, in her recent movies, proves that she knows something about such things as lust and sex. And she's more popular and valuable than ever. . . . Rock Hudson admits he decided to be a movie actor after he saw Jon Hall take a spectacular high dive from a ship's mast. "I told Hall this when I met him," says Rock, "and he told me a stunt man had done the dive!" That's Hollywood for you.

Cute Janie Powell may be a movie producer—but she still has that star look for Sidney



Russ Tamblyn and his Venetia. Nobody could miss seeing how very much in love they are



If Lori Nelson (here with Larry Pennell) took Sid's suggestion, she wouldn't have to change her last name!

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LET'S GO TO THE MOVIES

WITH JANET GRAVES



As they receive press acclaim, Burt, Gina and Tony know what explosive personal problems threaten their trapeze act's triumph



Honeymoon days for Kim and Ty are set to music that has a champagne sparkle

The Eddy Duchin Story

COLUMBIA;
CINEMASCOPE, TECHNICOLOR

✓✓✓✓ More than just a success story, the film biography of the late bandleader is an affecting close-up of a man, his first love, his second and his son. Tyrone Power ably handles both the light moments of the young pianist's rise to fame and the tender or tragic moments of his private life. His marital happiness with a lovely socialite, appealingly portrayed by Kim Novak, ends abruptly when she dies after giving him a son. Crushed and embittered, Ty turns away from the child; but his sense of fatherhood revives during wartime Navy service. In his efforts to win over the stranger who is his young son (Rex Thompson), he's aided by an English girl, the handsome, vibrant Victoria Shaw. The frequent musical interludes are graceful, thanks to Ty's fingerling, Carmen Cavallaro's piano. FAMILY

Trapeze

U.A.; CINEMASCOPE, DE LUXE COLOR

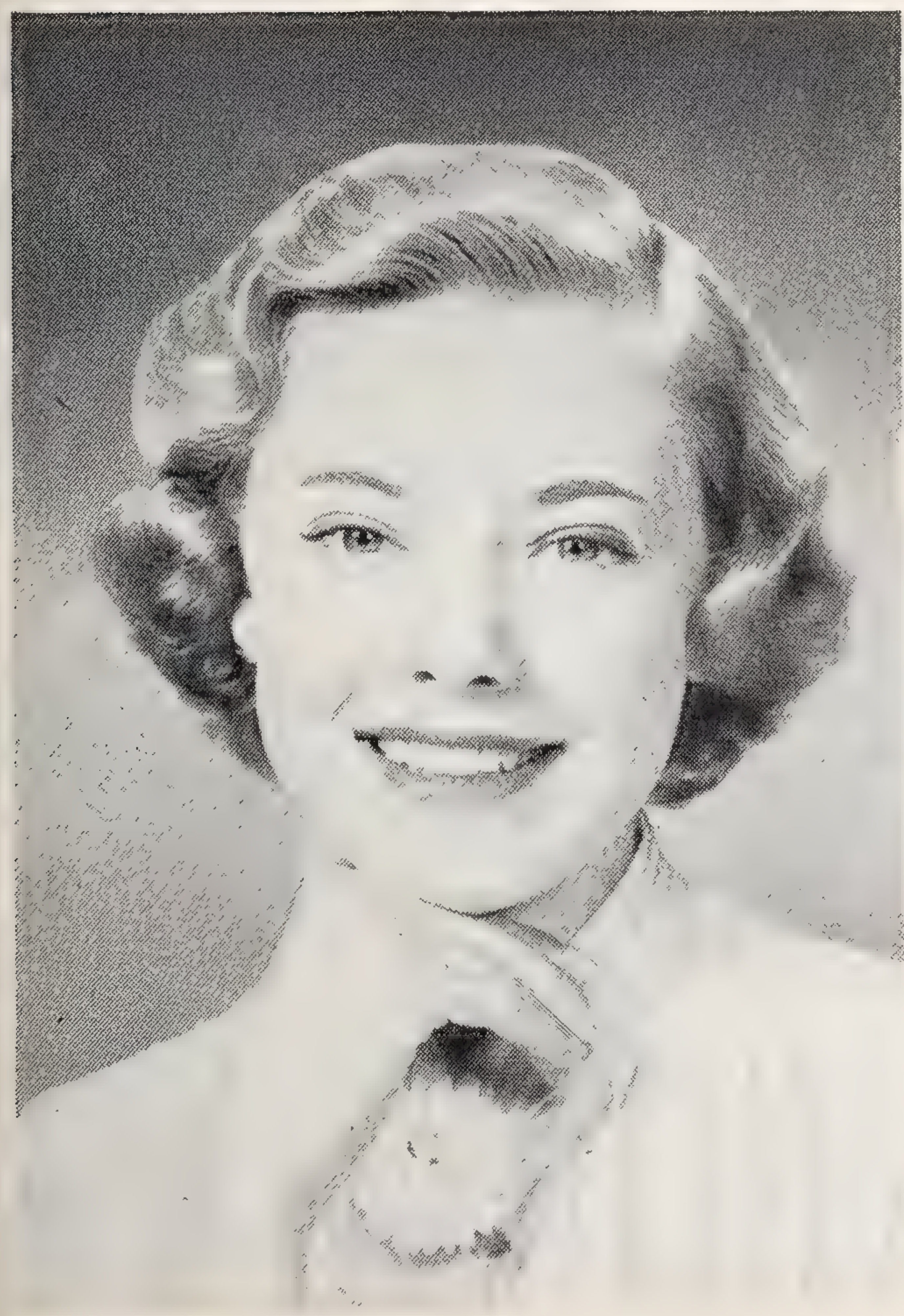
✓✓✓✓ In a circus drama drenched with color and tingling with suspense, a high-powered star trio teams smoothly. Once famous as a "flyer," until crippled by a fall, Burt Lancaster is persuaded to return to the trapeze as Tony Curtis' catcher. Tony does the best work of his career as the eager newcomer, deceived by the amorous approaches of Gina Lollobrigida. And Gina proves herself not only a beauty but an accomplished actress, equally convincing as she connives to get into the trapeze act and as she falls in love with Burt. Acting strength is added by Katy Jurado, as a bareback rider, Thomas Gomez, as the circus owner, and Johnny Puleo, as a cheery dwarf. But it's Carol Reed's direction that keeps the tension taut and the excitement of the circus constantly alive, in sight and sound. FAMILY

Continued

New! BOBBI— with “Casual Curlets” and breeze-fresh lotion gives you a longer lasting, softly feminine wave

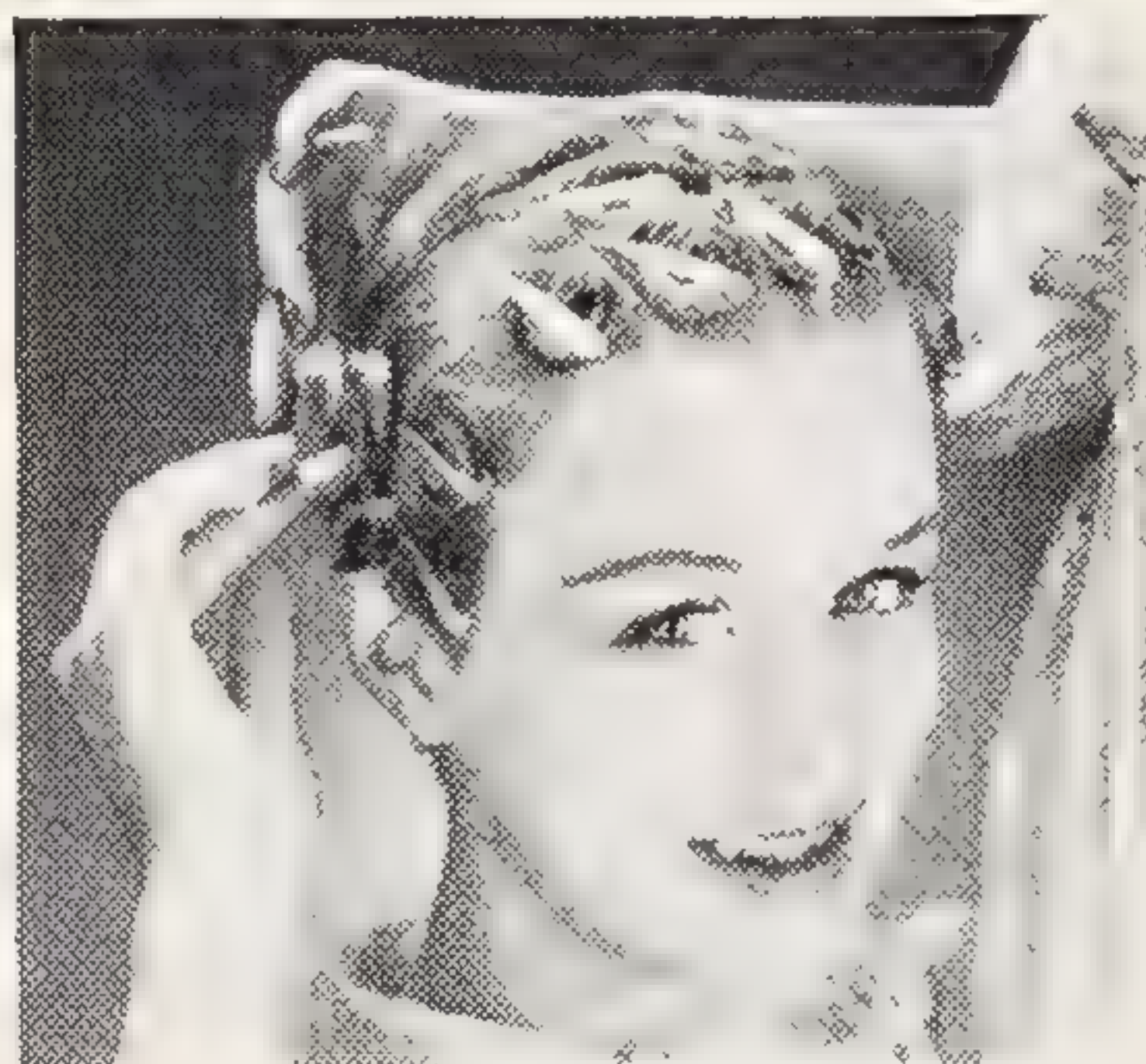
A stronger wave than ordinary pin-curl permanents
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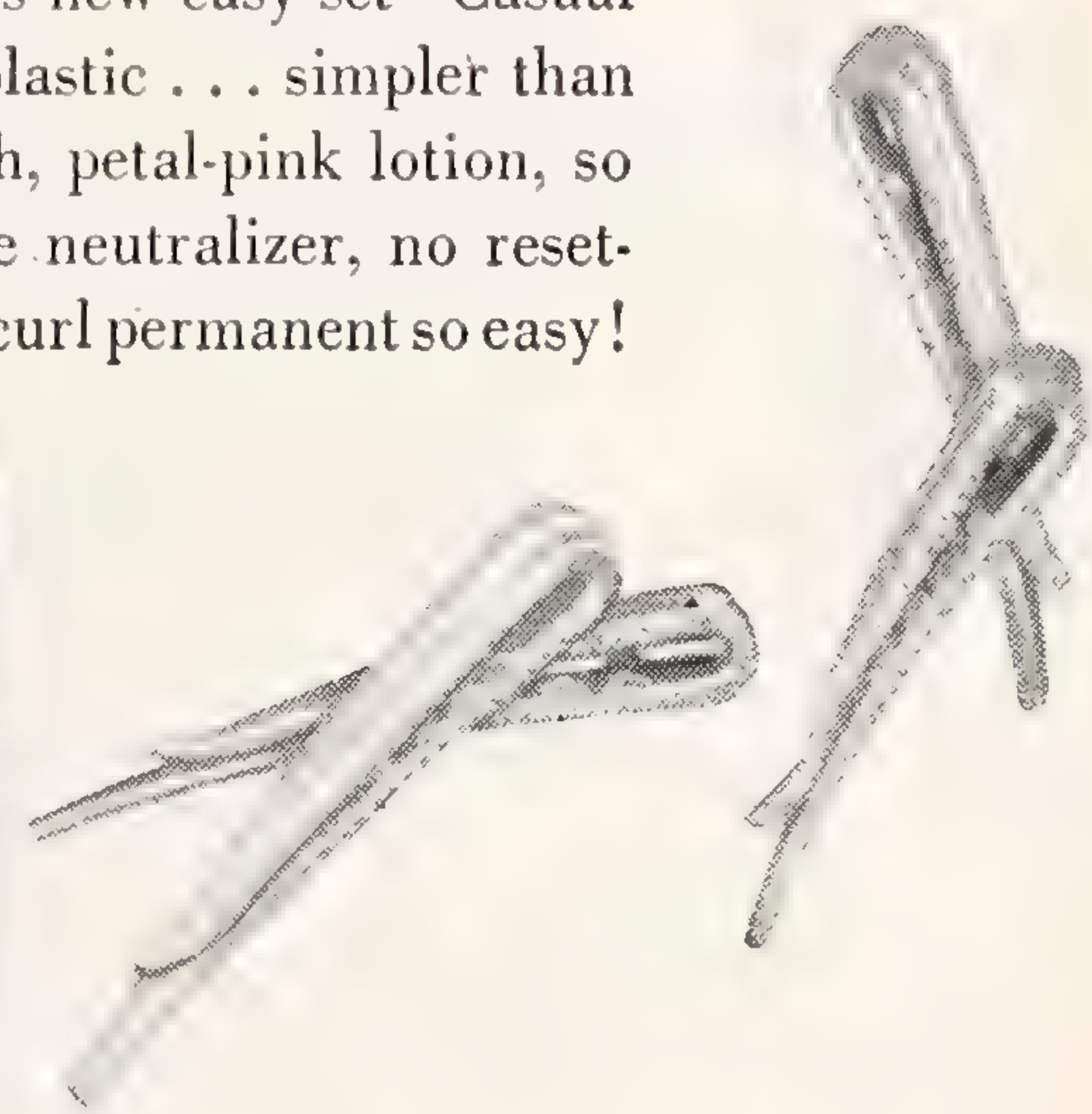
Everything you need for the prettiest, longest-lasting casual hairdo ever! Fabulous new easy-set “Casual Curlets” . . . of pretty pink plastic . . . simpler than metal pins! New breeze-fresh, petal-pink lotion, so pleasant to use! No separate neutralizer, no resetting. Only BOBBI makes a pin-curl permanent so easy!



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New “Casual Curlets” are 7 ways better!

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2. So pretty—shell-pink plastic—you won't want to hide 'em!
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All-new BOBBI in a bright blue box
Each package complete with 55 “Casual Curlets” and 6 neckline curlers.

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BEST ACTING: PAUL NEWMAN

Everett Sloane and Sal see Paul's misdeeds catch up with him

Somebody Up There Likes Me

M-G-M

✓✓✓✓ Rowdy, fast-paced, sympathetic, humorous, the story of Rocky Graziano gets a vigorous lift from the performance of Paul Newman as the fighter. Leading a teen-age gang on New York's East Side, he shows fantastic disregard for law and order. Drafted after years in reform school and jail, he takes the same attitude toward Army rules and lands in Leavenworth, dishonorably discharged. But here an instructor teaches him to put his store of hatred to use, and after his release he turns to the ring, taking success with laughable lack of modesty. Then his past catches up with him. Other performances are fine, too: Pier Angeli, as his understanding wife; Everett Sloane, his manager; Eileen Heckart and Harold J. Stone, his parents; Sal Mineo, a slum pal not so "lucky" as Paul.

FAMILY



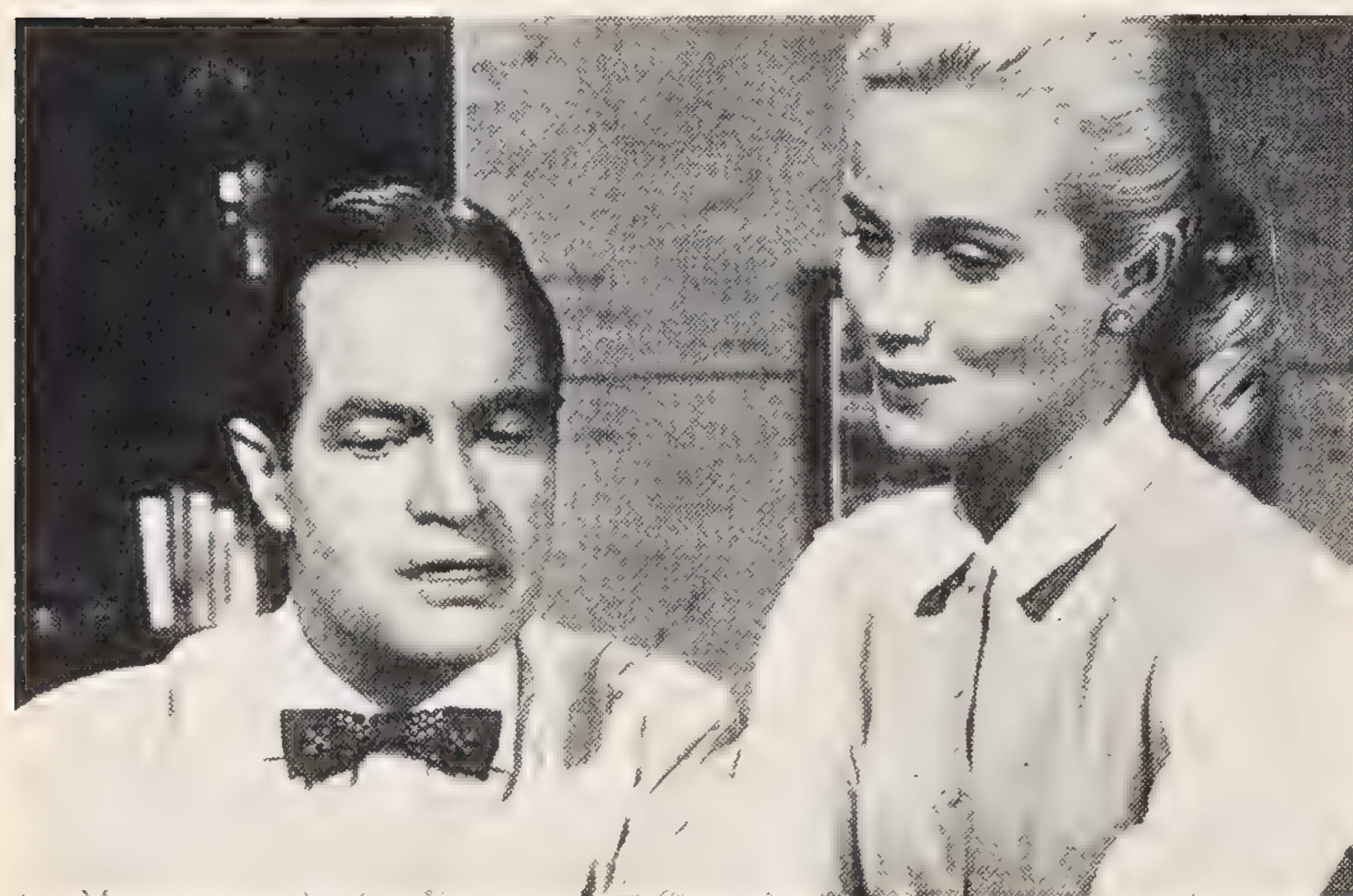
On crossed harpoons, Greg makes Leo Genn join in a weird vo

Moby Dick

WARNERS, TECHNICOLOR

✓✓✓✓ With Gregory Peck in the towering role of *Captain Ahab*, Melville's classic novel of New England's great whaling day returns strikingly to screen life under John Huston's direction. Just as able is Richard Basehart, in the less arresting role of the newcomer to whaling, through whose eyes we see this strange voyage. Peck's scars and missing leg attest to his first battle with the fabulous white whale, *Moby Dick*. So he is bent on revenge, and his mania infects his crew, men of almost all the races of the earth. But Leo Genn, as his sensible, strongly religious first mate, is opposed to the crazy search across the wide oceans. As a whaling-town preacher, Orson Welles impressively delivers a sermon that sets the poetic tone carried out in the photography's muted colors.

FAMILY



Eva approves Bob's talent, but wishes he had as much backbone

That Certain Feeling

PARAMOUNT; VISTAVISION, TECHNICOLOR

✓✓✓ Bob Hope here gets another chance to prove that he can not only clown adeptly but project a warmly human personality from the screen. Eva Marie Saint, glamorized unrecognizably far from her "On the Waterfront" appearance, keeps comic step with him. And George Sanders contrasts admirably with the pair, playing a thoroughgoing phony. A prosperous cartoonist, George has found that his boy-and-dog comic strip is failing. Eva comes to the rescue by drafting Bob to do a ghosting job on it. But there's a joker in the deal: Bob is Eva's ex-husband, and she's about to become George's fourth wife. As Sanders' sardonic maid, Pearl Bailey meddles amusingly. Little Jerry Mathers is an orphan taken into Sanders' home for publicity reasons. It's all light, lively, lots of fun.

FAMILY



Trouble to come haunts the outing Bill's planned for Deborah

The Proud and Profane

PARAMOUNT; VISTAVISION, TECHNICOLOR

✓✓✓ Against the heartbreaking background of South Pacific war, a romance between oddly matched personalities goes its rocky way. William Holden once more shows versatility, as a tough lieutenant colonel in the U. S. Marines, coolly practical in his treatment of his men—and women. Opposite him is Deborah Kerr, as a sensitive Red Cross girl, a war widow morbidly curious about the circumstances of her husband's death. A touching secondary plot involves wonderful Thelma Ritter, as Deborah's matter-of-fact boss, a former social worker, and Dewey Martin, a kid from Thelma's old neighborhood, now a marine. Theirs is, in effect, a mother-and-son relationship, more moving than the love story of Deborah and Bill, whose characters aren't fully explored.

ADULT

Continued

You can't see what's happening underneath your make-up!

But you can be sure invisible skin bacteria won't spoil your complexion—if you wash with Dial Soap!

Ordinary good soaps wash away dirt and make-up. But they leave thousands of skin bacteria. You can't see or feel them. But when you put on fresh make-up, these bacteria are free to spread surface blemishes underneath.

But daily washing with Dial Soap not only removes dirt and make-up—but clears away up to 95% of blemish-spreading bacteria! Then Dial *keeps on working*—underneath your make-up! So your complexion is protected all day!

What's Dial's secret? It's AT-7—the most effective bacteria remover known! So before you make-up—wash up with mild, gentle Dial Soap.



Dial Soap protects your complexion—even under make-up!

P.S. Dial Shampoo gives you that diamond sparkle look!

The Last Ten Days

COLUMBIA

✓✓✓ A stark, impressive German film (with titles in English) brings back the final days of Hitler and his incredible gang, holed up snugly in their Berlin bunker while the victorious American and Russian armies thunder across Germany. Albin Skoda does an excellent job as the dictator, putting across both the man's obvious madness and the compelling force that made a nation follow him to its ruin. As Eva Braun, Lotte Tobisch is properly colorless and submissive, the Nazi ideal of womanhood. Other leaders and the despairing generals are also well portrayed. But few moviegoers could stand spending an hour and a half with these creatures alone. A welcome note of sanity is introduced with the fictitious—but plausible—character of a young German officer sent to the bunker to beg help for surrounded troops. Saluted by American audiences for his work in "Decision Before Dawn," the towheaded, attractive Oskar Werner is even more persuasive here, as a combat-weary soldier who realizes with growing fury what evil he has been serving.

FAMILY

Rebel in Town

U.A.

✓✓✓ Though guns and knives flash, this frontier story is concerned more with the sad aftermath of war. The half-accidental death of a small boy sets off its strong plot. As his father, Union vet John Payne nourishes wartime hatred. As a displaced Southerner, wandering westward with his father (J. Carrol Naish) and brothers, Ben Cooper feels a family responsibility, since trigger-happy John Smith fired the fatal shot. Bereaved mother Ruth Roman shares Ben's longing for justice and peace.

FAMILY

Earth vs. the Flying Saucers

COLUMBIA

✓✓✓ This neatly presented, straightaway science-fiction thriller achieves some conviction, because it shows science—on Earth, that is—just one short jump beyond where it is right now. The desert experimental station where newlyweds Hugh Marlowe and Joan Taylor work has already succeeded in sending unmanned satellites high into Earth's outer atmosphere. But these devices have mysteriously been disappearing. Hugh and Joan begin unraveling the puzzle when they get a good, close look at a flying saucer. These space ships are full of impressive gadgetry, both exterior and interior. Their crews have peaceable intentions, but nervous humanity doesn't get the message, and in the following warfare it looks bad for us backward Earthmen.

FAMILY

The Proud Ones

20TH; CINEMASCOPE, DE LUXE COLOR

✓✓✓ Sheriff Robert Ryan really has his hands full in this sprawling, brawling Western. He must keep ruthless Robert

Middleton from taking over the town. Because an injury has left Ryan subject to attacks of blindness, he must depend on his newly hired young deputy, Jeff Hunter. And Jeff believes that Ryan once shot an unarmed man—Jeff's father. Because Ryan once quit a risky law-enforcement job, to please his sweetheart (Virginia Mayo), Middleton believes the sheriff must be yellow. Something happening every minute!

FAMILY

The Killing

U.A.

✓✓✓ As intricately planned as the robbery it recounts, this compact crime vignette holds the interest steadily. Just out of jail, Sterling Hayden sets up in businesslike style a scheme to make off with a race track's proceeds. He thinks he has his confederates well under control: amiable Jay C. Flippen; crooked cop Ted DeCorsia; timid soul Elisha Cook, whose selfish wife (Marie Windsor) much prefers brutish young Vince Edwards. But human elements upset Hayden's getaway with Coleen Gray.

FAMILY

Rififi

U.M.F.O.

✓✓✓ Seems crooks in France have similar problems, according to this tough, wry suspense tale. (Fewer English titles than usual are needed, since many scenes are straight action, without dialogue.) An ex-con, Jean Servais is persuaded by a young friend (Carl Mohner) to play master mind in the elaborate looting of a jewelry store. But, along with two cheerful Italian confederates, they find their scheme wrecked by their domestic lives. Though detectives obey the advice "*Cherchez la femme*," apparently crooks should stick to business and stay away from *les femmes*.

ADULT

Dakota Incident

REPUBLIC, TRUCOLOR

✓✓✓ For most of this tightly constructed Western, the leading characters are trapped in a gully, besieged by Indians. Bandit Dale Robertson dominates the group: singer Linda Darnell; Regis Toomey, her accompanist; John Lund, bank cashier accused of a robbery that Dale committed; Whit Bissell, a mild prospector; Ward Bond, a senator convinced that the Indians can be subdued by peaceful means. Interplay of character adds substance to the thrills.

FAMILY

Rosanna

FINE ARTS

✓✓✓ Known chiefly as movies' Helen of Troy, Rossana Podesta is even more eye-filling in a slow-moving, beautifully photographed drama, shot in Mexico. She shares the beach hide-out of two young criminals (Crox Alvarado, Armando Silvestre). Supposedly she is Crox's girl, but the attraction arising between Rossana and Armando makes violence inevitable.

Seascapes and the sweep of drying fish-nets provide a series of exquisite pictures, but the film gets a little silly when it lingers over scantily clad Rossana. ADULT

The Revolt of Mamie Stover

20TH; CINEMASCOPE, DE LUXE COLOR

✓✓✓ Jane Russell does a spirited job in a story that has both corny and realistic aspects. A dame more interested in money than in morals, she earns lots of the green stuff as a "hostess" in a Honolulu dive run by hard-bitten Agnes Moorehead. Though Jane falls in love with writer Richard Egan and wins him away from his respectable fiancée (Joan Leslie), his campaign to reform her is a difficult one. To Jane, the catastrophe of Pearl Harbor means a chance for vigorous war profiteering, in real estate. A couple of gay songs enliven the unsavory proceedings.

ADULT

The Rawhide Years

U-I, TECHNICOLOR

✓✓✓ Turning Western hero, Tony Curtis gets an assist from Arthur Kennedy, as an unexplained but pleasantly unpredictable character, a smiling scoundrel who sides sometimes with Tony, sometimes with the bad guys. Tony's a gambler fleeing an unjust murder charge and trying to expose the real killer. This, it turns out, is influential Peter Van Eyck. While waiting for Tony to get out of the woods, his girlfriend (sweet-faced Colleen Miller) has blandly accepted Van Eyck's protection. But this odd situation is broad-mindedly brushed aside.

FAMILY

Invitation to the Dance

M-G-M, TECHNICOLOR

✓✓✓ Making an enjoyable experiment in movie-making, Gene Kelly presents a film without dialogue, telling its three stories entirely in terms of dancing. First, he's a sad clown, yearning for a circus lovely (Claire Sombert) but losing out to Igor Youskevitch (whose great ballet talent is too little used here). Then Gene's a soldier in the most amusing sequence, which follows a bracelet from owner to owner until it returns to the disillusioned original owner. Finally, he's a sailor in Bagdad, introduced by a genie into a cartoon world where he dances romantically with a harem beauty, fearfully with a pair of palace guards.

FAMILY

Toy Tiger

U-I, TECHNICOLOR

✓✓ A hit in "The Private War of Major Benson," little Tim Hovey proves his acting poise again in this sentimental comedy. He's a lonely kid, stashed away in boarding school by his widowed mother, career woman Laraine Day. To impress his schoolmates, he tells them his dad is a mighty explorer and big-game hunter. Almost cornered in the lie, Tim drafts artist Jeff Chandler to impersonate this imaginary hero, with the comic and romantic results you'd expect.

FAMILY



SHE: "Don't you think Doris Day is simply wonderful?"



HE: "Sure I do—and so are you!"

*To him
you're just as lovely
as a movie star*

To that man in your life, you're as attractive as any movie star. Now could there be a better reason for wanting to look your best always? One simple way to look lovelier is to have a radiant complexion—the kind Doris Day has. And her skin care . . . daily Lux care . . . can do as much for you! Like 9 out of 10 Hollywood stars, Miss Day always uses new Lux.

Cosmetic lather is the secret

New Lux lather has a beneficial cosmetic action on your complexion . . . actually helps your skin maintain the proper moisture balance. It's moisture balance, you know, that helps keep your complexion fresh and glowing.

New Lux is sealed in Gold Foil

. . . to protect its *cosmetic* lather, dazzling whiteness, wonderful fragrance. Only new Lux gives you both *cosmetic* lather and new Reynolds gold foil protection. You don't have to be a movie star to have a movie star's complexion—that's the beauty of new Lux in Gold Foil!



Doris Day

. . . she sings, she dances, she's fresh and lively looking—with a complexion to match. Miss Day says new Lux care deserves the praise for that radiant, glowing skin!

See? It's like washing your hair
in naturally soft rainwater



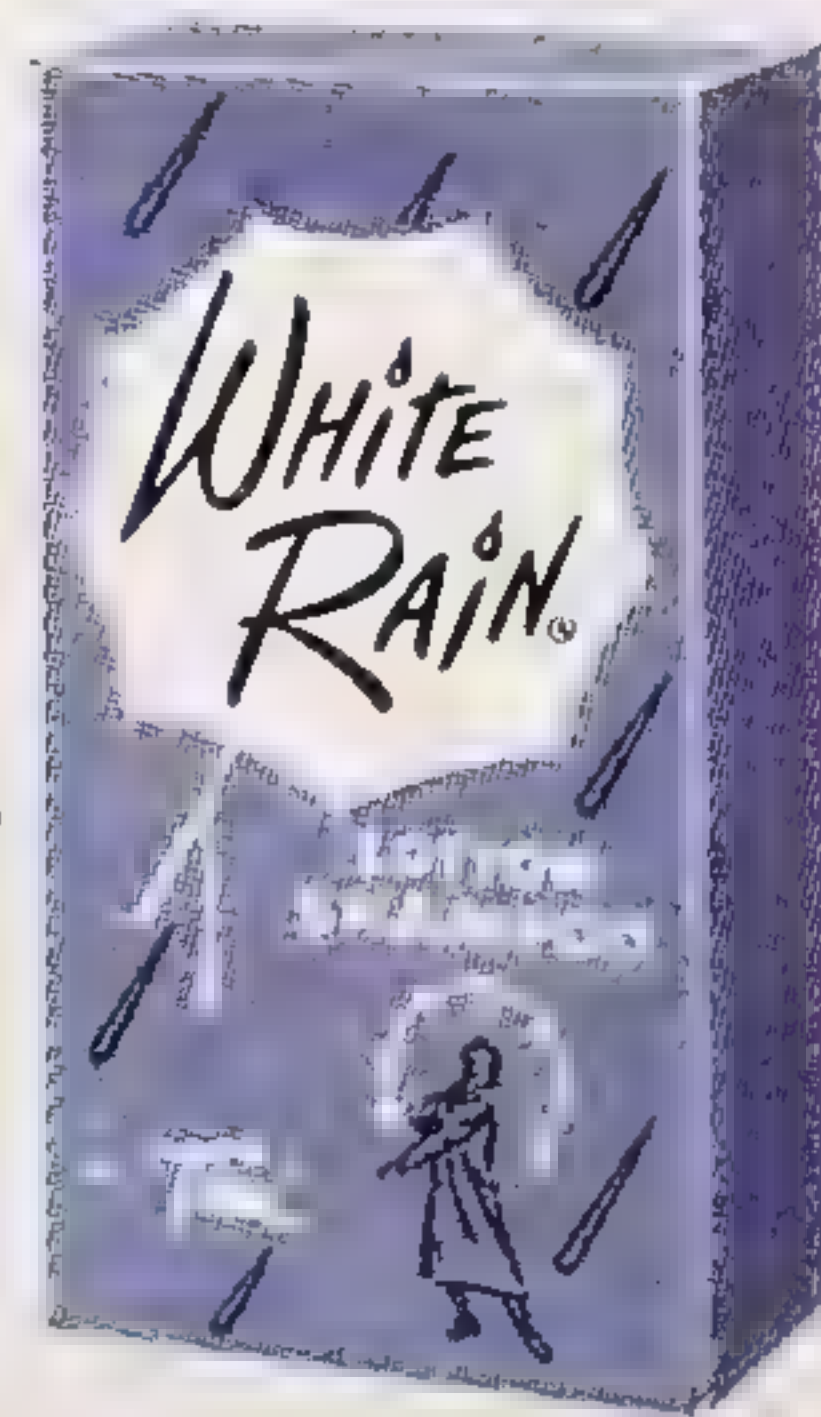
Rainwater-soft suds! New White Rain gives you floods of suds, soft as softest rainwater. Rainwater-clean rinsing, too . . . all dulling film disappears in a twinkling!



Rainwater-soft results! You comb out hair that's sunshine-bright . . . soft as a summer cloud. Yet all your sunny curls just naturally spring back into place!

NEW

WHITE RAIN
LOTION SHAMPOO



Use New White Rain Shampoo tonight . . .

Tomorrow your hair will be sunshine bright!

BRIEF

✓✓✓✓ EXCELLENT ✓✓✓ VERY GOOD

For fuller reviews, see PHOTOPLAY for the month indicated. Current full reviews—see contents page.

✓✓✓✓ **ALEXANDER THE GREAT**—U.A.; CinemaScope, Technicolor: Rich in pageantry and sweeping battles. Richard Burton, as the Greek prince out to conquer his world, is matched by Fredric March, as his blustering father. Claire Bloom plays his one love. (F) June

✓✓ **ANIMAL WORLD, THE**—Warners, Technicolor: Often fascinating though hazily organized documentary, covering microscopic creatures, dinosaurs (in cartoon), the menagerie of present-day Africa. (F) July

✓✓✓ **AS LONG AS YOU'RE NEAR ME**—Warners: Distinctive German film, with dialogue in English. Director O. W. Fischer hires Maria Schell to act out her own sad life in a movie, thereby endangering her marriage. (A) July

✓✓✓✓ **BHOWANI JUNCTION**—M-G-M; CinemaScope, Eastman Color: Emotion-charged story of strife in India. Ava Gardner's embroiled in it, hesitating between Bill Travers—like herself, half English, half Indian—and British officer Stewart Granger. Fine photography. (A) July

✓✓✓ **BIRDS AND THE BEES, THE**—Paramount; VistaVision, Technicolor: Gentle comedy, neatly tailored for George Gobel. Heir to a fortune, he's the prey of card shark David Niven, with Mitzi Gaynor as pretty bait. (F) June

✓✓✓✓ **CATERED AFFAIR, THE**—M-G-M: A visit with an endearingly everyday family, excellently portrayed. Housewife Bette Davis insists on a big wedding for daughter Debbie Reynolds, though pop Ernest Borgnine, a cab driver, can't afford it. (F) July

✓✓✓ **CRIME IN THE STREETS**—A.A.: An honest approach freshens the juvenile-delinquency theme. Unhappy, vicious-tempered John Cassavetes drafts Sal Mineo to aid in a murder plan. James Whitmore's a wise social worker. (A) July

✓✓ **CROWDED PARADISE**—Tudor: Enid Rudd and Mario Alcalde are young lovers in a touching study of New York's Puerto Ricans. A subplot features Hume Cronyn, Nancy Kelly. (A) July

✓✓ **DAY OF FURY, A**—U-I: Unusual oater. Yearning for the bad old days, Dale Robertson makes a law-abiding town wide-open again, tries to end Mara Corday's reform, too. (F) June

✓✓✓✓ **D-DAY THE SIXTH OF JUNE**—20th; CinemaScope, De Luxe Color: Tender love story, set in wartime England, makes a sympathetic triangle of English Dana Wynter and Richard Todd and American Robert Taylor. Edmond O'Brien's impressive as an ambitious officer. (A) July

✓✓✓ **FOREIGN INTRIGUE**—U.A., Eastman Color: Real European locales add flavor to a satisfying mystery, as Bob Mitchum seeks out his late boss's blackmail victims. (F) July

✓✓✓✓ **GOOD-BYE, MY LADY**—Warners: Sentiment, humor mix engagingly in a story of Southern swamplands. Young Brandon de Wilde captures and trains a stray dog, then faces a hard decision, aided by uncle Walter Brennan. (F) June

✓✓ **GREAT DAY IN THE MORNING**—RKO; SuperScope, Technicolor: Vigorous action yarn of the pre-Civil War West. Southerner Bob Stack ignores the coming conflict to seek gold, court Virginia Mayo and Ruth Roman. (F) June

REVIEWS

✓✓ GOOD ✓ FAIR

A—ADULTS F—FAMILY

✓✓✓✓ GREAT LOCOMOTIVE CHASE, THE—Buena Vista; CinemaScope, Technicolor: Pictur-
esque, fact-based adventure sends Union spy Fess
Parker on a daring raid into Dixie, with Jeffrey
Hunter as a gallant enemy. (F) July

✓✓✓ JUBAL—Columbia; CinemaScope, Techni-
color: Strong drama, set in old Wyoming. Going
to work on Ernest Borgnine's ranch, Glenn Ford
is pursued by Ernest's wife (Valerie French) and
hated by her ex-lover (Rod Steiger). Felicia Farr's
a sweet pioneer girl. (A) June

✓✓✓ KISS BEFORE DYING, A—U.A.; Cinema-
Scope, De Luxe Color: Good suspense fare. As a
fortune-hunter, Bob Wagner almost gets away with
the murder of Joanne Woodward, until her sister
(Virginia Leith) starts investigating. (A) July

✓✓✓ LEATHER SAINT, THE—Paramount:
Pleasant story of a minister (John Derek) who
secretly takes up prizefighting to earn money for
a children's hospital. Paul Douglas is his manager;
Jody Lawrance, a flashy dame. (F) July

✓✓✓✓ MAN WHO KNEW TOO MUCH, THE—
Paramount; VistaVision, Technicolor: Fast Hitch-
cock thriller. Tourists in Morocco, James Stewart
and Doris Day learn of a murder plan, and their
son's kidnapped to silence them. (F) July

✓✓ MAVERICK QUEEN, THE—Republic, Natu-
rama, TruColor: In an actionful Western, love for
detective Barry Sullivan makes Barbara Stanwyck
turn on her cattle-rustling pals. (F) July

✓✓ OUTSIDE THE LAW—U-I: Lively crime-
busting film. Ex-con Ray Danton helps his hated
father, T-man Onslow Stevens, break up a counter-
feiting gang. (F) July

✓✓✓✓ RACK, THE—M-G-M: Deeply under-
standing close-up of an officer on trial for collabo-
ration in a Korean prison camp. Fine acting by
Paul Newman, as the defendant, Walter Pidgeon,
his father, Anne Francis, his sister-in-law, Edmond
O'Brien, defense attorney. (A) June

✓✓✓ SAFARI—Columbia; CinemaScope, Tech-
nicolor: Mau Maus, wild beasts and tangled emo-
tions keep the excitement going as white hunter
Vic Mature hits the trail with rich Roland Culver
and Janet Leigh, Culver's fiancée. (F) July

✓✓✓✓ SEARCHERS, THE—Warners; Vista-
Vision, Technicolor: Solid, realistic saga of Indian-
fighting days. John Wayne, Jeff Hunter spend
years seeking two girls (Natalie Wood's one of
them) kidnapped by Comanches. (F) June

✓✓ SEVEN WONDERS OF THE WORLD—
Stanley Warner Cinerama; Cinerama, Technicolor:
Narrated by Lowell Thomas, the third super-wide-
screen travelogue ranges from the Taj Mahal to
St. Peter's, from Japan to the Alps. Some slow spots,
but plenty of spectacle. (F) May

✓✓✓ STAR IN THE DUST—U-I: Briskly effec-
tive Western. Sheriff John Agar's set on hanging
killer Richard Boone legally, though escape and
lynching plots are afoot. (F) July

✓✓✓ STRANGER AT MY DOOR—Republic:
Appealing Western, actionful and inspirational,
ably acted by Skip Homeier, as a young desperado,
Macdonald Carey, as a preacher bent on saving his
soul, Pat Medina, as Carey's wife. (F) June

✓✓✓✓ 23 PACES TO BAKER STREET—20th;
CinemaScope, De Luxe Color: First-rate mystery.
As a blind playwright, Van Johnson regains zest in
living by turning sleuth to prevent a crime in Lon-
don. With Vera Miles. (F) June

Dramatic
paper test proves



A

B

C

Lady Esther
Sheer Flattery
Creme Make-Up

at last you can be
close-up confident
about your complexion!

A piece of paper can show you quicker than anything else how good
your make-up is. Smears, streaks, lines, pores show up on paper at a
glance—the way they show up on your skin at close range. And you
can see for yourself how much, *much* smoother Lady Esther's
new Sheer Flattery is than other make-ups tested.

Sheer Flattery is a new sheerer than sheer, creamier creme make-up that
smooths on so easily . . . smooths over every blemish so evenly, you can
be absolutely confident that the closer he looks the lovelier you'll look.

No other make-up—cream, liquid, or cake—can give you such
wonderful close-up confidence in your complexion as Lady Esther's
new Sheer Flattery! Just look at the paper test! It shows the difference!

6 new "SKIN-HARMONY" shades

blend perfectly with natural skin tones
Stunning pink and French Gray case

79¢ plus tax

price slightly higher in Canada

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SHEER FLATTERY

Creme Make-Up



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Important Milestones in Modern Medicine: 1796—Triumph Over Contagious Diseases. First inoculation by Dr. Jenner.
1846—Triumph Over Pain. Dr. Morton's demonstration of ether. 1929—Triumph Over Bacterial Infections. Fleming discovers penicillin.

Now—1956—Procter & Gamble proudly announces . . .

TRIUMPH OVER TOOTH DECAY

Crest Toothpaste with Fluoristan strengthens teeth themselves.
You brush Crest on... it actually goes in... and locks decay out

*Fluoristan is Procter & Gamble's exclusive stannous fluoride formula
—proven the greatest decay-preventive in any toothpaste.*



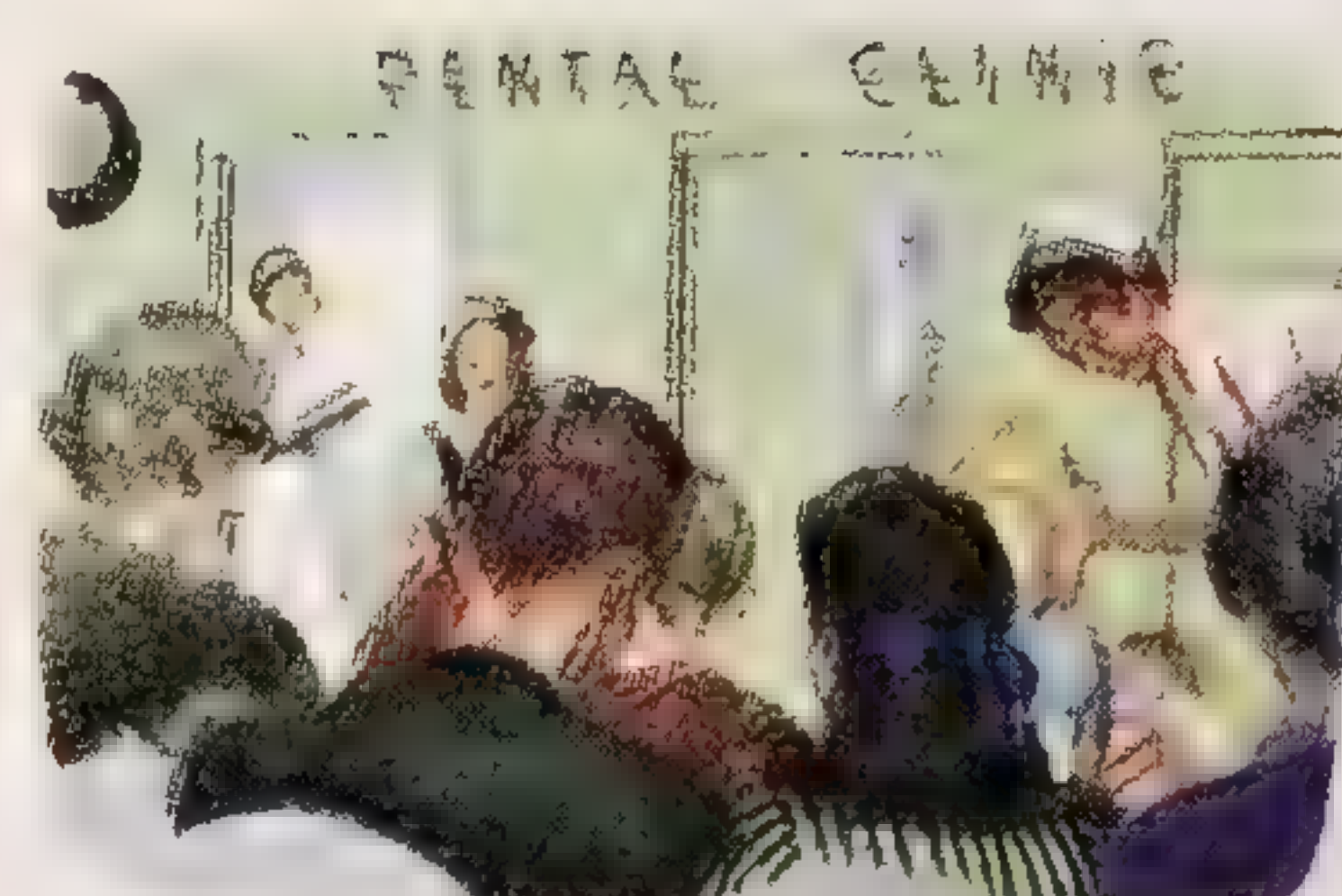
Miracle of the Towns Without Toothaches. For years, children in certain towns were virtually without cavities. Nature's decay-preventive, *fluoride*, was in their drinking water!



Science Long Tried to Capture Fluoride in a toothpaste. At last, after years of research, university scientists discovered *Fluoristan*—the greatest decay-preventive in any toothpaste.



Fluoristan Makes Possible Crest. Without Fluoristan, you cannot get maximum protection against tooth decay with a toothpaste. Protects teeth of adults and children, six and over.



Dentists Tested Crest for three years with 5,673 people. No toothpaste can end all decay, but Crest set records of decay prevention *never approached by any other toothpaste.*

IMPORTANT

Crest with Fluoristan is the only toothpaste ever developed that makes possible a major reduction in tooth decay for everyone, everywhere, by strengthening tooth enamel. Thereby, Crest marks a turning point in man's age-old struggle against this almost universal disease.

You brush Crest *on* . . . it actually goes *in* . . . and locks decay *out*. Each time you brush Crest *on* your teeth, Fluoristan builds new resistance to decay *into* tooth enamel. In this way, Crest actually *fortifies* and *strengthens* teeth to lock out cavities—the only toothpaste proved to do so. With Crest, your family approaches the long dreamed-of day of healthy, decay-free teeth.



NO OTHER TOOTHPASTE PREVENTS DECAY LIKE **CREST!**

Glamour Gab of Hollywood

BY
RUTH WATERBURY



*Monty Clift co-stars
with Liz Taylor
and Eva Marie Saint
in M-G-M's "Raintree County."
Did he wait too long
to come back?*



Clift Has Competition

Now that Montgomery Clift is back for "Raintree County," at M-G-M, plus four other pictures after that as fast as they can be made, I figure it's time to reveal that this artistic rebel wouldn't have been eating for the last year or so if it hadn't been for Frank Sinatra's generosity.

For many months, Monty was offered practically every young man's role that came along. But he thought they were unworthy and turned them all down. Right or wrong, artistic integrity that takes you to the point of starvation has to be saluted.

Nevertheless, Monty may be sorry in the long run. For, as a fine young actor, he is no longer in a class by himself. All of a sudden, Hollywood has found itself with a fascinating crop of young leading men, all of them discovered through TV.

Continued

Glamour Gab Mad Fads

It all started with "The Rose Tattoo." Now gals like Anita Ekberg are wearing roses in the darndest places! They're decals and you can plant them on wrists or wear them as anklets

Here's something that should tickle the girls—super-sized butterfly earrings. They're cute, but Debra Paget should think twice about going outdoors. A sudden breeze, and she'd be soaring!



Vera Miles' mad fad is these "plus four" shorts. They're an abbreviated version of the baggy golf knickers Pop used to wear. His buttoned just below the knees—Vera's version is cooler



Leslie Caron took a page out of the newspaper, gave it a French twist and voilà—a saucy sun hat! A girl could have a lot of fun this way, like using the comic section—for the laughs!



*New fads for the femmes . . . Monroe confuses
the press . . . entertaining ideas for parties . . .
the Lancasters' answer to gossip spreaders*

Take the word of one who has been around for as long as I have: This group is unlike any Hollywood has ever had before. They're more intelligent, more poised, more sincere. So, heed my prophecy.

I've seen some footage on "Tea and Sympathy," and young John Kerr will be a big star after this and "Gaby." I also saw two reels of "The Friendly Persuasion," and I think handsome Tony Perkins will be a sensation in it. John and Tony, by the way, are the closest of friends. Both are New Yorkers, and both grew up in show business. John is the son of the comedienne, June Walker, while Tony is the son of Osgood Perkins, a light-comedy master. Both boys are charming, witty and shy, and both are devoted to live TV as a means of learning their profession. Neither of them is money-mad, but they're aware of it just the same.

Besides John and Tony, there is Paul Newman, who is absolutely great in "Somebody Up There Likes Me" (see page 46 for a full-length story on Paul), as well as Bill Travers, the English boy who plays in "Bhowani Junction" and stands out like the Union Jack on a frosty morning.

All in all, female moviegoers can expect a pleasant summer and fall.

Fashion Follies

In the fun season of midsummer, Hollywood girls blossom out with the craziest fads. Take Mamie Van Doren, for instance, who's been busy getting that curvy figure of hers back from maternity. Mamie told me that she is so glad to be able to look down and see her feet again that she's glamorized them. How? With sequins on her toe

nails—so help me—and cute they are, too, scattered on with a lavish hand while the nail polish is still wet.

Lex Barker is making Lana Turner more and more domestic and happy. Can you imagine the original madcap Lana coming up with the bright idea of wearing gloves with cuffs that match the dress she's wearing? Lana buys shorty white cotton gloves with cuffs, then snips enough material from the underside of the hem of her dress to cover the cuffs. Cute!

Less domestic, more romantic Piper Laurie has a doll of an idea, too. When the tanning season started, she cut Gene Nelson's initials out of adhesive, stuck them just above her wrist. So now, on her pretty brown right arm, there is this white monogram, constantly reminding her of the man she loves. Piper is deeply changed with this love, the most serious in her always romantic young life. Gene, too, seems to be quieter and more sincere than he's ever been before. Wedding bells for them wouldn't surprise me in the least.

When Cyd Charisse flew to Winchester, Virginia, for one day to be queen of the apple blossom festival there, she wore her hair pin-curled in the new bobbypins that are covered with artificial flowers. This made her head look as though covered with a little flowered turban. Just before landing, of course, she combed her hair out into its usual perfect grooming. But isn't this a neat traveling trick? Most big-city shops carry these new, flowered bobbypins, but in case you can't find them in your town, you can easily make yourself some.

Recently, I saw Barbara Stanwyck, who seldom wears anything off-screen except sweaters and skirts, no matter how formal the date, wearing the utter end in evening sweaters. It was white cashmere, with a tuxedo collar, straight to her waist, of patina fox, which just matched her salt-and-pepper hair.

Angel-faced Ann Blyth, attending the same little (Continued on page 80)



June Allyson's decision to lighten the drama in "The Opposite Sex" gets the nod from Ruth Waterbury



No shaggy-dog routine for Jeff Richards. His wife Vicki is making sure he keeps that "well-groomed" tag!

Norma and Burt Lancaster have a system. When it's work, he goes alone. When it's fun—she's his partner!



Anita Ekberg appears in "War and Peace," "Zarak Khan" and "Back from Eternity"; Debra Paget is next in "The Ten Commandments"; Vera Miles is appearing in "The Searchers," "Autumn Leaves" and "23 Paces to Baker Street"; Leslie Caron appeared last in "Gaby"



POVERTY'S CHILD

By Sheree North

*They called me an "overnight" success.
Take my word for it, thirteen years—hungry,
frightened years of dancing—make one
long, lonesome, heartbreaking night*



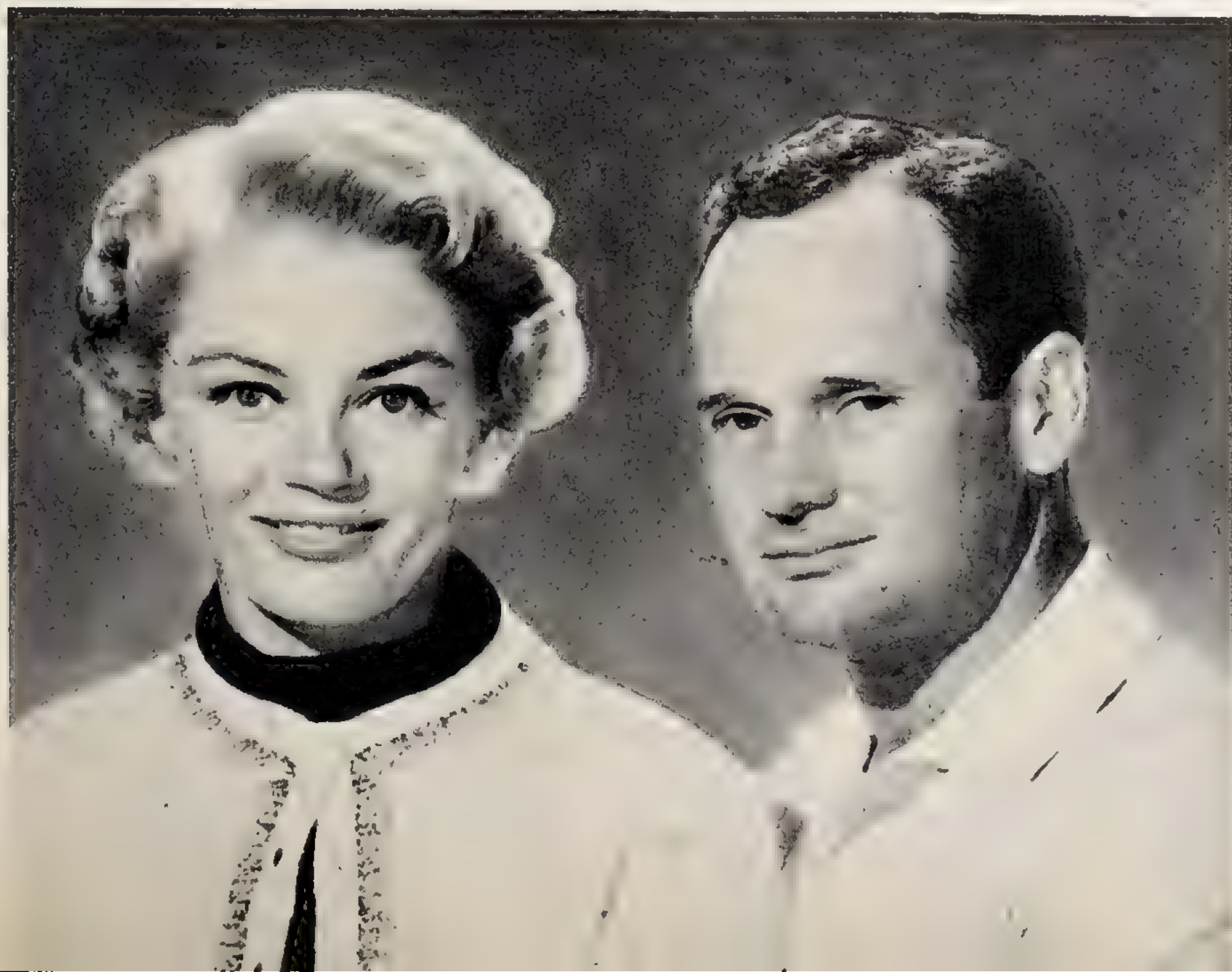
● When PHOTOPLAY asked me to write about the years I spent with a purse thinner than a slice of ham in a drugstore sandwich, I felt like saying, "Folks, you've come to the right person." Because, until 20th Century-Fox signed me to a seven-year contract, being broke had been the story of my life.

I don't have to search very far back in my memories for times when the absence of money almost overwhelmed me. Almost—but not quite. For poverty, which can be a frightful, degrading experience, does either of two things to you—it calls out all your resources and strains your ingenuity to the utmost, or it causes you to sink under a load of self-pity.

I well remember four years ago, when I was nineteen, in New York for the first time, and almost ready to sink. It was Christmas Day and I was propped up in bed sick with the flu, wearing two sweaters and my bathrobe to keep from shivering. I was staying at a third-rate hotel off Broadway at 54th Street. Dirty wet snow and freezing rain glazed the window. But the (Continued on page 106)



With husband Bud, a real home for herself and daughter



With Dan Dailey, Ernest Borgnine, Gordon MacRae in comedy dance routine for "The Best Things in Life Are Free." "I don't fool myself—musicals are what I do best. And I like that nice paycheck coming in every week. But I'm realistic enough to know dancers don't last forever—that's why I want to have money in the bank"



One of movie's hottest young stars, Sal Mineo will never go Hollywood. He's too gone on the Bronx!

● "Fantastic!"

Sal Mineo doesn't know how else to describe it. He was thinking of that night in 1955, when he happened to be driving about Hollywood in his '49 Mercury. Passing the Pantages Theatre, he noticed the crowds outside and the celebrities pulling up in their Cadillacs. Then he realized—it must be the night of the Academy Awards. He wasn't sure what the Awards were. He only knew you needed a gilt pasteboard ticket to get past the doors, and he didn't have one.

"I remember wondering what it would be like," Sal recalls, "to be in there—to be one of them."

And then, one year later, the fantastic thing happened. Last March, Sal was not only one of the lucky ones with a gilt pasteboard ticket, he was right up there on the stage itself. For his performance as James Dean's sidekick in "Rebel Without a Cause," (Continued on page 76)

MAN, THAT MINEO'S THE



Sal studies with teacher Mary Lowe on M-G-M lot. He wants to go on to college, "to study playwrighting and directing"

Sal is also in "Giant," a George Stevens production of Edna Ferber's novel, to be released by Warner Bros., and "Crime in the Streets"

At preem, with actress Gigi Perreau. He usually finds a crowd of girl fans waiting for him



With Paul Newman (Rocky Graziano) and Everett Sloane, in rear, in "Somebody Up There Likes Me"

A full-page photograph of a young man with dark, curly hair, wearing a patterned short-sleeved shirt and dark trousers. He is leaning against a brick wall on the left and a red structure with vintage speakers on the right. He is holding a yellow and blue jacket in his left hand. The background is dark, suggesting an interior space. The word "MOST!" is printed in large, bold, white letters on the left side, and "BY ED MEYERSON" is printed in smaller, white letters below it. A large, stylized "M" is visible on the right side of the image.

MOST!

BY ED MEYERSON

"WAR AND PEACE"

Sheltered in a noble and happy Russian household of 1805, Audrey Hepburn has few defenses against Vittorio Gassman

● With its searching study of eternal human emotions, with its mighty background of Napoleon's onslaught on Russia, Tolstoy's *War and Peace* has often won acclaim as the greatest novel ever written. Now the Ponti DeLaurentiis production for Paramount makes an imposing bid for the same distinction in the movie field. In four months' shooting, costing nearly \$6,000,000, ranging Italy from Rome to the Alps, a cast headed by Audrey Hepburn, Henry Fonda and Mel Ferrer has given the unforgettable people of the story a new life



As Gassman's sister, Anita Ekberg also is corrupt, selfish, intent on luxury



Brutal reality smashes into lives like Audrey's when Russian forces confront Napoleon's and Moscow is evacuated



A
PHOTOPLAY
SNEAK
PREVIEW



In her own gracious society, Audrey has met the embittered Mel Ferrer (below)



Under the impact of war, Audrey begins to emerge from her teen-age dream, and the grown woman tends Mel's wounds



Intimately linked with all the characters of "War and Peace" is Henry Fonda. He's Audrey's childhood friend and loving confidant. He knows Mel as a close comrade. He is Anita's husband



Five months after he left drama school, Paul was in stage hit "Picnic," then went into star role in "The Silver Chalice"



Membership in The Actors' Studio is hard to get. But Paul got in —on somebody else's audition!



Because he plans to return East for a play, Paul's wife, children remained on Long Island. But he misses them

SOMEBODY UP THERE LIKES HIM

● For an intensely restless, active man, Paul Newman was standing very still. He re-read the card that he held in his hand. His face still wore the look of astonishment that had come with the first reading. "You'd better sit down," he told his pretty blond wife, Jackie. Then he added, "On second thought, maybe I'd better sit down."

He sank into the nearest chair, as Jackie asked, "Paul . . . what in the world?"

Paul was staring into space with the dumbfounded air of a fellow who has just received an Academy Award. "I've been accepted as a member of The Actors' Studio," he said.

It was Jackie's turn to be stunned. "On one audition?"

"On one audition," he repeated. "Jackie, it's crazy. The audition wasn't even mine!"

According to all rules, tradition, and logic, what had happened to Paul Newman was pretty incredible. Each year, The Actors' Studio auditions some two thousand aspirants. About fifty of these are asked to return for a (Continued on page 86)

*A sporting goods salesman,
Paul Newman took a big
gamble when he decided
to become an actor.
But luck is a lady
who likes to gamble too!*

Making "Somebody Up There Likes Me," he forgot to duck!



BY ADELAIDE PARMETER





The audience was in suspense—so was our hero, who was quite carried away by Wagnerian role in "Stage Door Magoo"



As usual, Magoo is about to give his attention to the tire, instead of his date. But his wife, widow Stygnie has been out with him before. He'll get around to her some time

Wanted:

A fun contest for you.
Fill in the last line of our limerick
send in a first name for Mister Magoo
and you may be a winner!

ENTRY BLANK

Write a last line for this jingle:

That lovable little coot named Magoo
Has no first name and that simply
won't do;
With all his screen fame
It seems such a shame

(fill in line to rhyme with "do")

EXAMPLE:

Let's find Mister Magoo a first monicker
true!

My choice for Mister Magoo's first
name is _____

Fill in the following coupon and mail with your entry to:

NAME MISTER MAGOO CONTEST

P. O. Box 1858

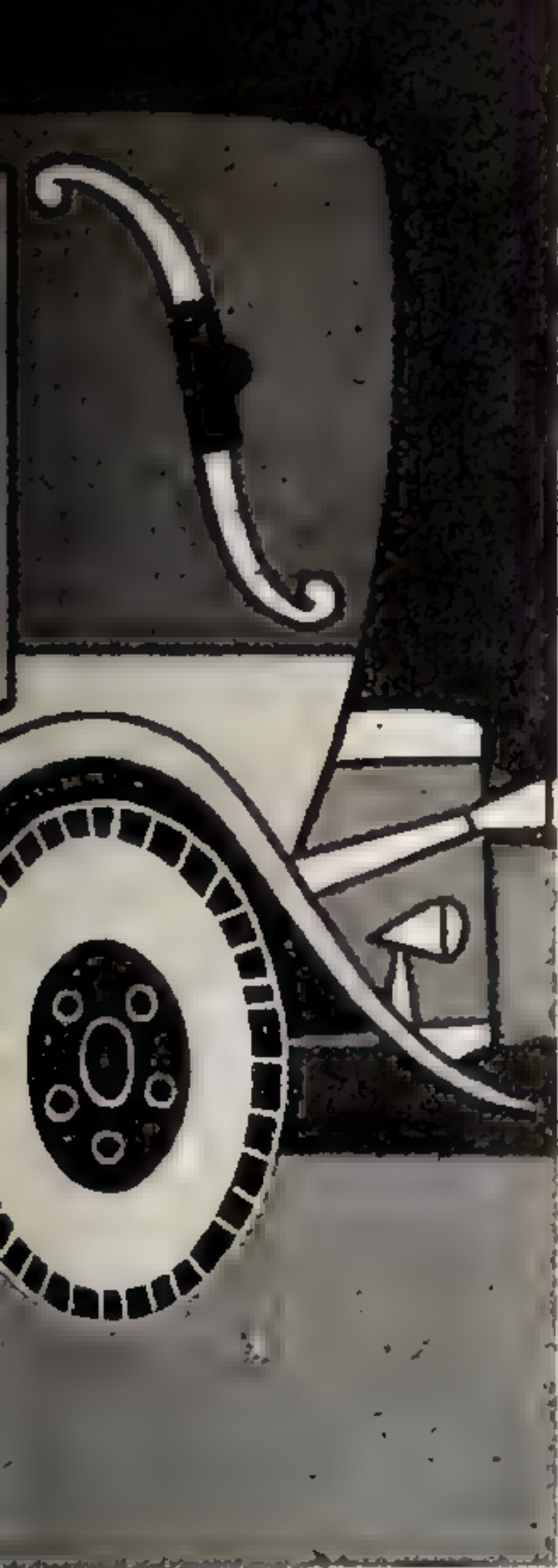
Grand Central Station, New York 17, N. Y.

YOUR NAME _____

STREET _____

CITY _____ ZONE _____

STATE _____



PRIZES

First Prize

A Bell & Howell No. 252 Monterey 8 mm. motion picture camera—value \$49.95

Second Prize

A Westinghouse Portable Radio to keep you tuned in all day—value \$30.00

Third Prize

4 Rosemary Clooney and Duke Ellington "Blue Rose" Columbia Record Albums

75

Runner-up Prizes

An original drawing, size 11x14, actually used in a Mister Magoo cartoon (His latest is "Magoo Beats the Heat")



First name for Mister Magoo

● He has no sex appeal, he's spindly-legged, blind as a bat and just as batty. But he's made royal headlines with a princess and captured the hearts of millions who have seen him as UPA Pictures' best-loved cartoon character. Now the lovable old coot

needs a first name, by Gadfrey! So, as his fellow-UPA star, Gerald McBoing-Boing says, "Boing!" Which, interpreted, means—get going, kids! You'll have lots of fun—and just look at those prizes!

For contest rules, see page 86

Magoo's so nearsighted he thinks he's watching TV—instead he's turned on the washing machine. It happens all the time. Once he mistook a bear for his fur-coated nephew!

Magoo takes a dim view of newfangled inventions, but the new Rock 'n' Roll records? Man, they're the greatest. He's heard this one's a smash. It will be. It's a china plate!





Jack and Mitzi. "Her picture of life is a smiling thing"

● The first time I dated Mitzi Gaynor, to whom I have now been married for twenty delightful months, I thought she was a very pretty girl, a fun girl. As a bachelor, I liked the idea of being seen with such an attractive girl. I was sure she would be great to take to a concert, theatre, night club or even a hamburger stand.

We didn't fall in love at first sight. The idea of falling in love then was as remote from my thoughts as a trip to the moon.

At the time, Mitzi was being presented on the screen as a gay, yum yum, gamin type, a merry madcap. Yum yum she certainly is, and even today my favorite nicknames for her are "Yum" and "Yummy."

But, on my first date with this effervescent girl, how could I dream that there was another side to her? How could I dream that one day I would want to share life's saddest moments, as well as its merriest, with her?

At the time, I was working very hard at a talent agency. (Since then I've gone into public relations work for industrial firms, with my partner, Bob Rose.) I wasn't seeking any serious female entanglements in my life. Any future dates with Mitzi, I was sure, would be strictly for laughs, for both of us.

When I phoned her about a week later, she flabbergasted me by saying, "What kind of a fellow are you, anyway?"

"What do you mean?" (Continued on page 101)

MY PRINCESS

Jack appreciates Mitzi's enthusiasm for her work — but he still hasn't gotten used to her singing at 5 a.m.!



Yum Yum

I was fascinated when I met her, dazed when I dated her, bewildered since I married her—and bothered that I didn't propose sooner!

BY JACK BEAN



Mitzi Gaynor has pet names for everyone, calls George Gobel "Hotsi," his name in their picture, "The Birds and the Bees"



Her mother, Mrs. Pauline Gerber, visits Mitzi on the set. A former dancer, Mrs. Gerber now runs a Hollywood flower shop

HE LEAVES HIS HEART IN ROME

By Maria Russo



"Each year I think I love my wife more," says Rossano. He and Lidia, above, celebrated fifteenth anniversary with a second wedding ceremony. Below, with her mother (glasses), his mother, his sister Franca and her son



Handsome Rossano Brazzi has the world of women at his feet. But here's the reason why this Romeo will never roam

● The bride and groom kneeling solemnly and reverently before the ancient Italian altar of San Iacopini Church in Florence were not young. A casual observer might even have wondered how the handsome man, with his electric-blue eyes, lean jaw and striking gray hair, had escaped the marital knot before this.

As the couple, followed by family and friends, emerged arm in arm from the somber shadows of the medieval church into the bright Florentine sunshine, cheers of "Auguri, Auguri, Brazzi!" (meaning "Good luck") greeted them from the crowd bunched outside.

Rossano Brazzi grinned happily and waved at his hometown fans, then he and his wife climbed into their car and drove slowly along the banks of the tawny Arno River to his mother's home. There, in the warm, intimate atmosphere of a tightly woven Italian family circle, Rossano and Lidia Brazzi celebrated a momentous day.

This event took place a few months ago. On that day, the fifteenth anniversary of their marriage, Rossano and Lidia were married for the second (Continued on page 82)

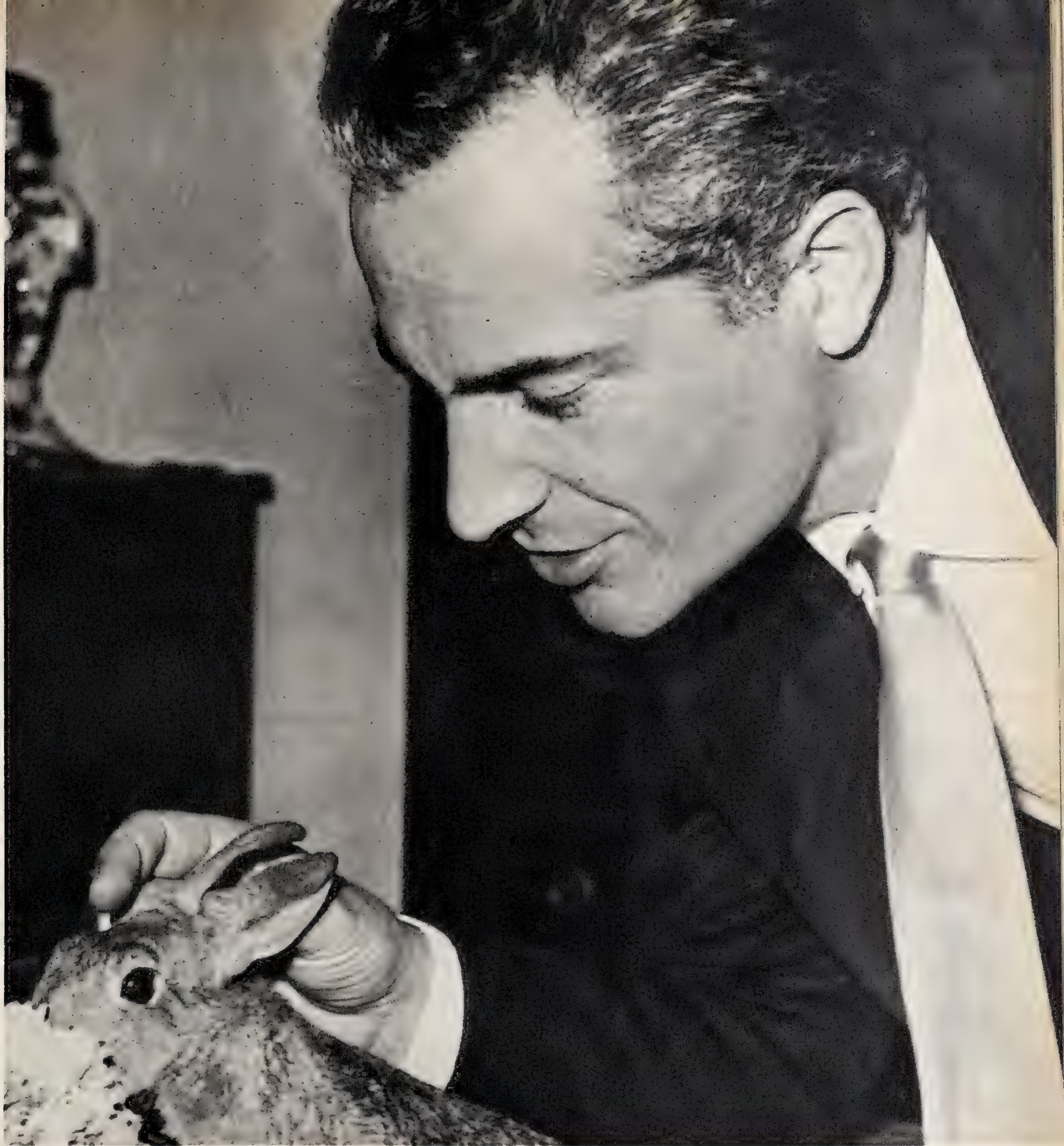


Keenly interested in sports, a formidable boxer, Rossano is equally popular with men

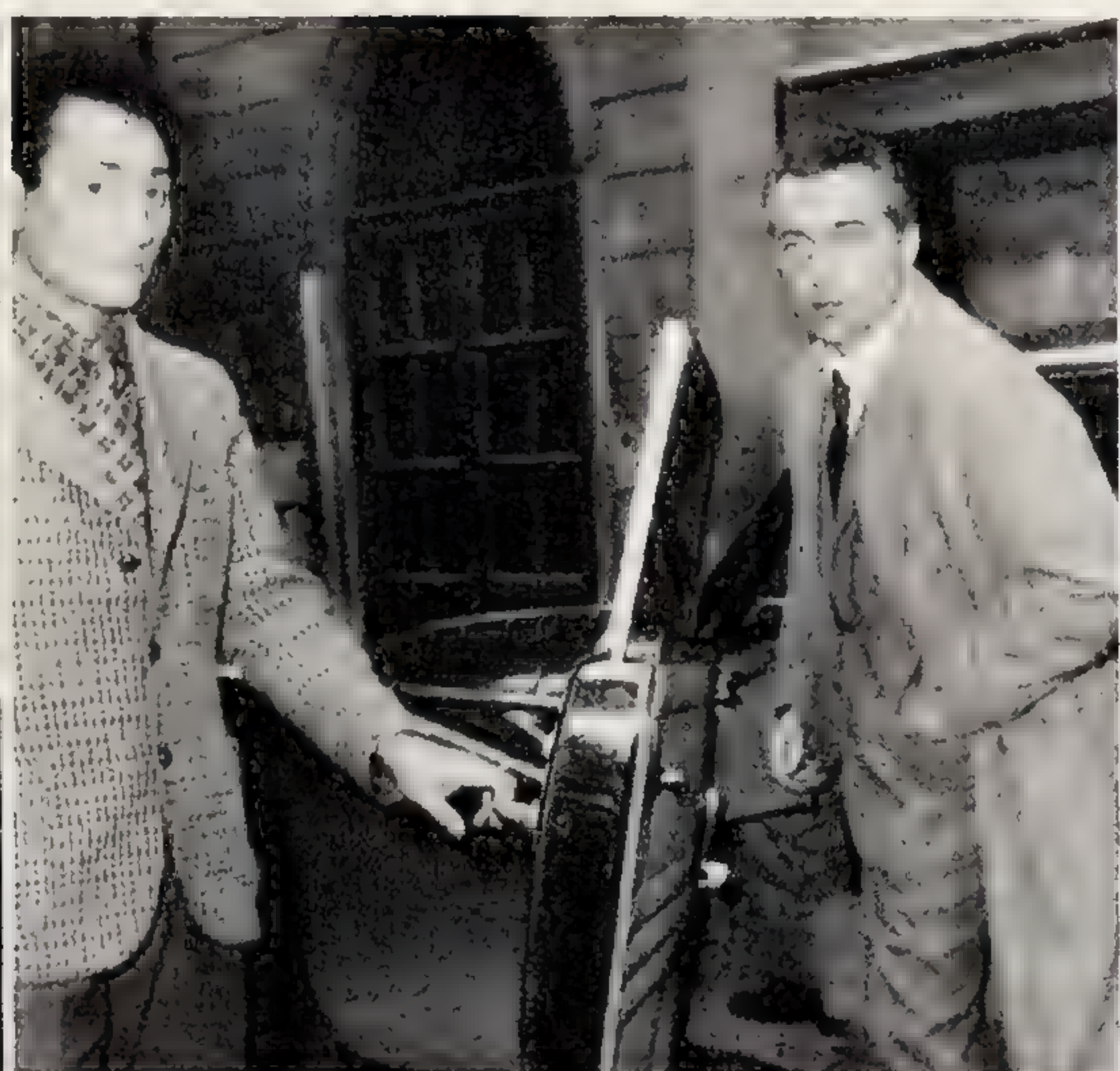


The small apartment in Rome is filled with fine antiques and valuable Italian paintings

no Brazzi
 t in
 "Story of Esther Costello"
 d Interlude"



an expert cook, his sauce for
 chicken is featured item on
 menu of a restaurant in Rome



Because he "drives too fast,"
 Rossano, a keen racing fan,
 now has man to drive his car



When Lidia teases him about
 women fans, he roars angrily,
 "I have everything I want!"

*Victoria Shaw hops it over from Australia
with no acting experience, no money to speak of and no friends to greet
her. And what happens? The...*

CRAZY KID MAKES

By Beverly Ou



*Small and dainty, Vic looks as if
she'd never done anything more en-
ergetic than balance a teacup. But
in Australia, she hunted kangaroos!*

GOOD !

● Victoria Shaw looked at the engagement ring on the third finger of her left hand and sighed happily. "Mrs. Smith," she tried the name. "Victoria Smith . . . Mrs. Roger Smith . . ."

It seemed almost too incredible to believe, this good fortune of hers. She had come to the United States a stranger from halfway around the world. Within a week, she was on her way to movie fame. Within months, she had fallen in love. Now she was to become a bride. And all because of a dream that had nothing to do with motion pictures or marriage.

As a youngster in Sydney, Australia, Victoria used to return home from an afternoon at the movies and play out the whole film in front of the mirror in her bedroom. On one such occasion, she turned around and discovered her family standing in the doorway. Numerically speaking they made quite an audience—Mother, Dad, (Continued on page 98)



America, the land of opportunity, didn't leave out romance. At drama school, Vic met actor Roger Smith. "We both knew we'd neither of us date anyone else again." They're engaged, plan to marry this fall

Victoria is sure nothing will be as nerve-racking as her first role in "The Eddy Duchin Story," when she had to play an emotional scene with Ty Power on a New York street. A mob had come to watch!



A top model in Australia, Vic had never given acting much thought. More than anything else, she wanted to go to the U. S. "The idea of acting dawned later"



"SLIM" PICKIN'

By John Maynard



A man of few words, Jim found his vocal chords paralyzed when he proposed to wife Gloria, below! But he's not so silent when he has to discipline twin daughters Kelly and Judy, left. He's a firm but fair parent, is quick-tempered when he thinks his authority is being flouted. He's also a dad who enjoys going on picnic outings with his family

Jim's movie, "The Spirit of St. Louis," is a Leland Hayward-Billy Wilder production to be released by Warner Bros.



He can't croon and he's

● When, some months ago, the nation's moviegoers and film distributor decided that Hollywood's new box office champion was a lanky, middle-aged Boy Scout director named James Maitland Stewart, Hollywood was delighted. It appeared that now, indeed the unobtrusive were beginning to inherit the movie world.

For James Stewart—long-time heir apparent but never king—can scarcely be likened to the handsome or many muscled or debonair bucks who heretofore have occupied the throne. He



no lover boy. But who's got the kids in his corner? Drawling Jim Stewart!

as, for example, little in common with Tony Curtis, Bob Wagner or Tab Hunter.

Characteristically, Jim received the news that he was box-office king at some one evening, while mulling over problem. The problem was: What price extravagance? Jim was sitting in the den of the Stewart home in Beverly Hills, deep in thought. He kept running his hands through his hair—which has turned quite white but at the moment was a shade of orange, having been dyed for his role as Charles

Lindbergh in "The Spirit of St. Louis." Quite understandably, this particular shade revolted Jim, and it temporarily dissuaded him from appearing in public any more than necessary.

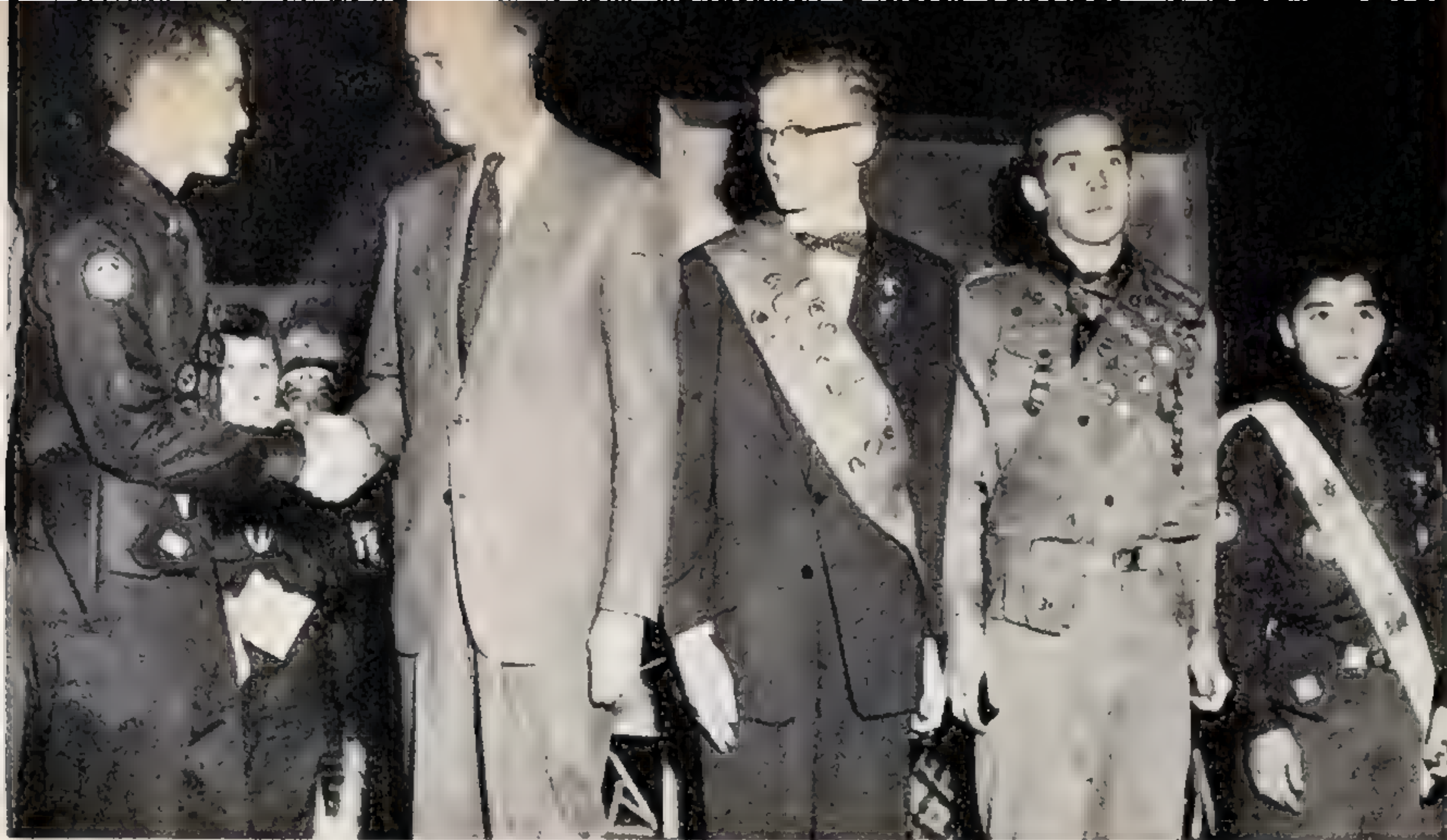
The den is the Stewarts' favorite gathering place, and Jim was at perfect ease as he considered the inanity of spending money hand over fist. On the subject Jim's (not Jimmy, please) reasoning runs like this:

You can drive only one car at a time. Moreover, taken one at a time, cars can have no more than four wheels and

one engine. One car is apt to be as good as another. Therefore, with all due respect to the Mercedes-Benz, why a Mercedes-Benz? The Stewarts have a car apiece—an Oldsmobile and a Ford station wagon—which they have long deemed sufficient.

Similarly, Jim feels a man would look silly wearing one suit over another, purely to demonstrate that his wardrobe is expensive and over-stocked. Jim doesn't have many suits. He has many dollars—a subject he prefers not to dwell on—but not many suits. How-

Continued



At a meeting of the Boy Scouts in Santa Maria. Jim's a member of Los Angeles Area Council of Boy Scouts, really works at it



Jim took the picture, above, of speed-flyer friend Joe De Bona, Gloria, twins Kelly and Judy, Gloria's sons Ronald and Mike. Below, Jim and Gloria with friends Mr. and Mrs. F. Kirk Johnson in Italy. Jim's friendliness has endeared him to his fans abroad



Has success changed Ji



ever, the suits he has are very, very good. So are his favorite cashmere jackets, which he wears until leather pads have to be applied to the fraying elbows—and eventually leather pads for the leather pads. But never in his life has Hollywood's current king (a name he would vehemently oppose being called) stinted on quality. For instance, the bronze heads of their four children, which last Christmas were among the gifts he gave his wife, Gloria, were masterpieces. So have been the furs he has draped across Gloria's shoulders. And the termites currently residing at the Stewarts' 36-year-old dream house are superb specimens. The bronze heads are forever; the furs of a lasting luster; the termites thriving on a diet of choicest mahogany.

"There are no bargains," Jim maintains. "You get what you pay for. But extravagance is hard to figure."

Nevertheless, winning one of the top

still hates phonies, is tolerant of bores, finds extravagance hard to figure!



Scene from "The Spirit of St. Louis" when Jim, as Lindbergh, lands in France. Jim's quite a pilot, too, rose from Air Force private to colonel in World War II



With Doris Day in dramatic scene from "The Man Who Knew Too Much." Jim's slated to do "Designing Woman" with Grace Kelly—if the princess can make it!

motion picture accolades, while certainly not a bargain, did come as a welcome dividend. It climaxed Jim's hardest-working and most rewarding year, which included such top-notch films as "The Far Country," "Strategic Air Command," and "The Man from Laramie." Jim had a comment to make about becoming box-office king. He said, "Well!" And grinned. This is fairly eloquent for Jim. On another occasion he might have said, "Wull," and then paused, as if thinking out the rest of the sentence.

He was extremely pleased about being named Mr. Big; any actor would be. But Jim, without ever consciously working for it, has nevertheless waited a long time—more than twenty years. There is no reason to believe it was ever one of his major ambitions. Perhaps it never occurred to him that an actor whose screen personality is essentially timid and reserved would pull

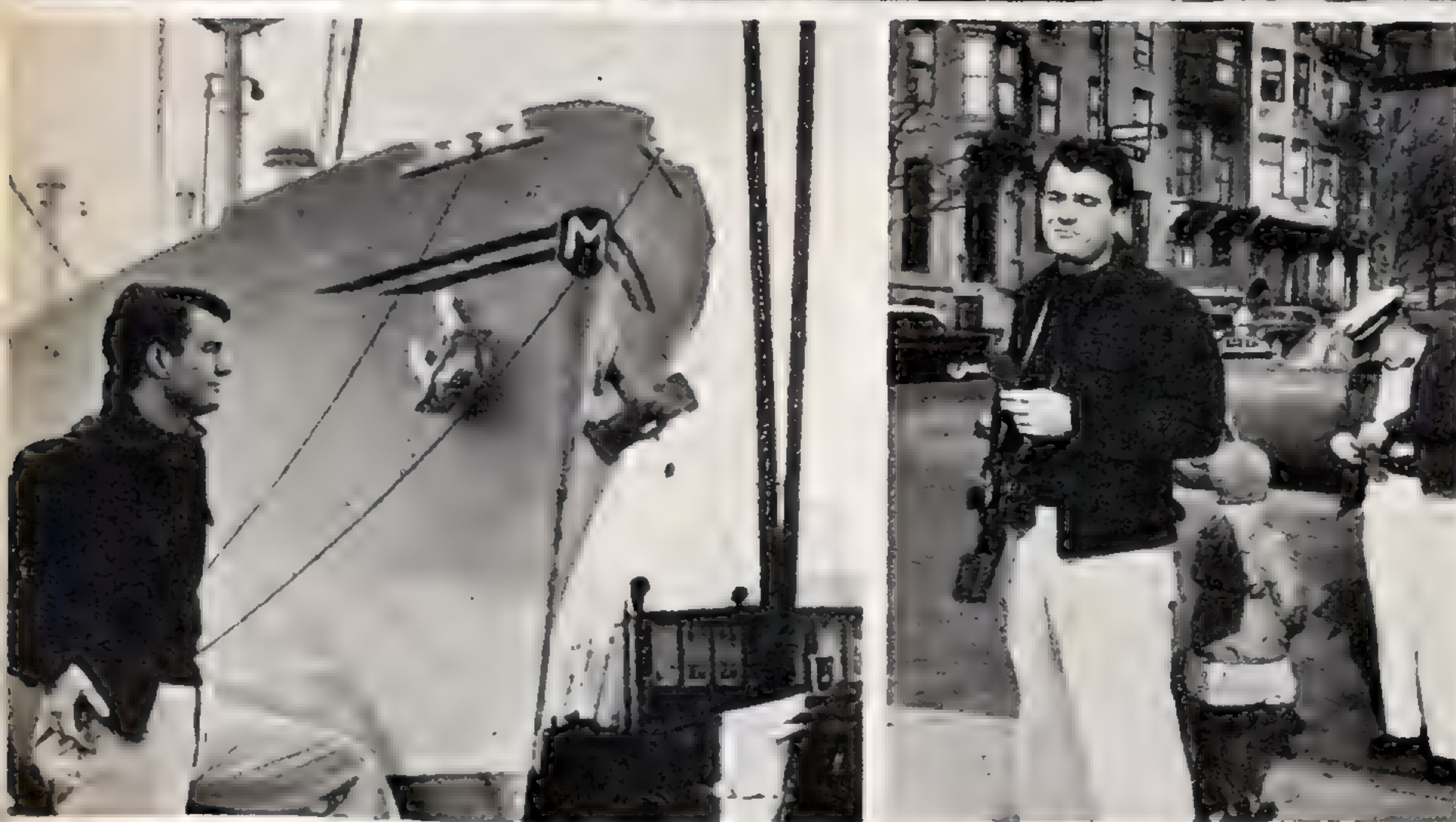
in many more votes than the crooners, the comics, the lovers, and the cowlicked extroverts. Established stardom, yes. He's had that for most of his screen career. He's also received the incidental rewards (especially if you think of a seven-figure fortune as incidental). But the box-office championship came as a joyful jolt.

In spite of all that has come his way, Jim continues to be what he has been for so long. To his friends, he's a thoroughly simple, uncomplicated man. To casual acquaintances, he seems somewhat intricate and contradictory. He really is a member of the executive board of the Los Angeles Area Council of the Boy Scouts, covering five western states and Hawaii. And he really works at it. He's also a church-going Presbyterian; the family doesn't miss a Sunday at church unless impeded by illness or minor disaster. As a family man, Jim is a fair but firm



Watching Jim's famous kissing scene with Grace Kelly in "Rear Window," Gloria exclaimed, "She went over him like a vacuum cleaner!"

disciplinarian of the children, quick-tempered on occasion, especially when he thinks his authority is being directly flouted. He is also a dedicated picnicker and fisherman, a golfer of fair talents, and he (Continued on page 96)



The sights and sounds of the Brooklyn waterfront bring back memories—of strange lands, bombings at sea, his exciting war years in the Navy. "The sea gets so much in your blood you can't give it up"



With date Anne Allen, friends Wilson and Roberta Ashley. Marriage is still on the far horizon for Cliff, who thinks he should settle down before proposing. Below, with Joan Crawford in "Autumn Leaves." "A glamorous star without the trimmings"



Adventure

BY TEX MADDUX

● "A man must be prepared, never in doubt," says Cliff Robertson, one of the newest, most fascinating young actors to join the ranks of Hollywood's very eligible bachelors.

Cliff's insistence on being prepared applies to all phases of his life—especially marriage. Intelligent, unaffected, and good-looking in a rugged way, this thirty-one-year-old has never been married. Nor is he currently in love. Cliff feels that he should remain single a while longer, until he is qualified to meet the many responsibilities of marriage and family life.

Now under contract to Columbia Pictures, with just two movies to his credit, "Picnic" and "Autumn Leaves," Cliff has caused many eyes, in Holly-

Loving Man

*A teenage yen to see the world
started Cliff Robertson traveling.
The Dean of his college
prompted him to act.
A tornado decided his future!*

wood and throughout the country, to look his way with great interest. And, not only is he worth watching, but there is much about this adventurous fellow worth knowing.

Calling Cliff adventurous is putting it mildly. During his young life, he has seen most of the world, a great deal of war action, and at various times has been a lobster fisherman, newspaperman, newscaster, seaman, waiter, stevedore, bodyguard and private detective!

Although he was born and raised in La Jolla, California, it might as well have been a million miles, rather than a hundred, from Hollywood for all it helped toward getting him into show business. His (*Continued on page 92*)



Deborah is also in "The Proud and Profane" (Paramount) and "Tea and Sympathy" (M-G-M)

The LADY Dared



As the spirited governess, Mrs. Anna, who defies the King of Siam (Yul Brynner) in "The King and I"

A lady and a cockeyed optimist—it took "Eternity" to show Hollywood the way Deborah Kerr meant to go

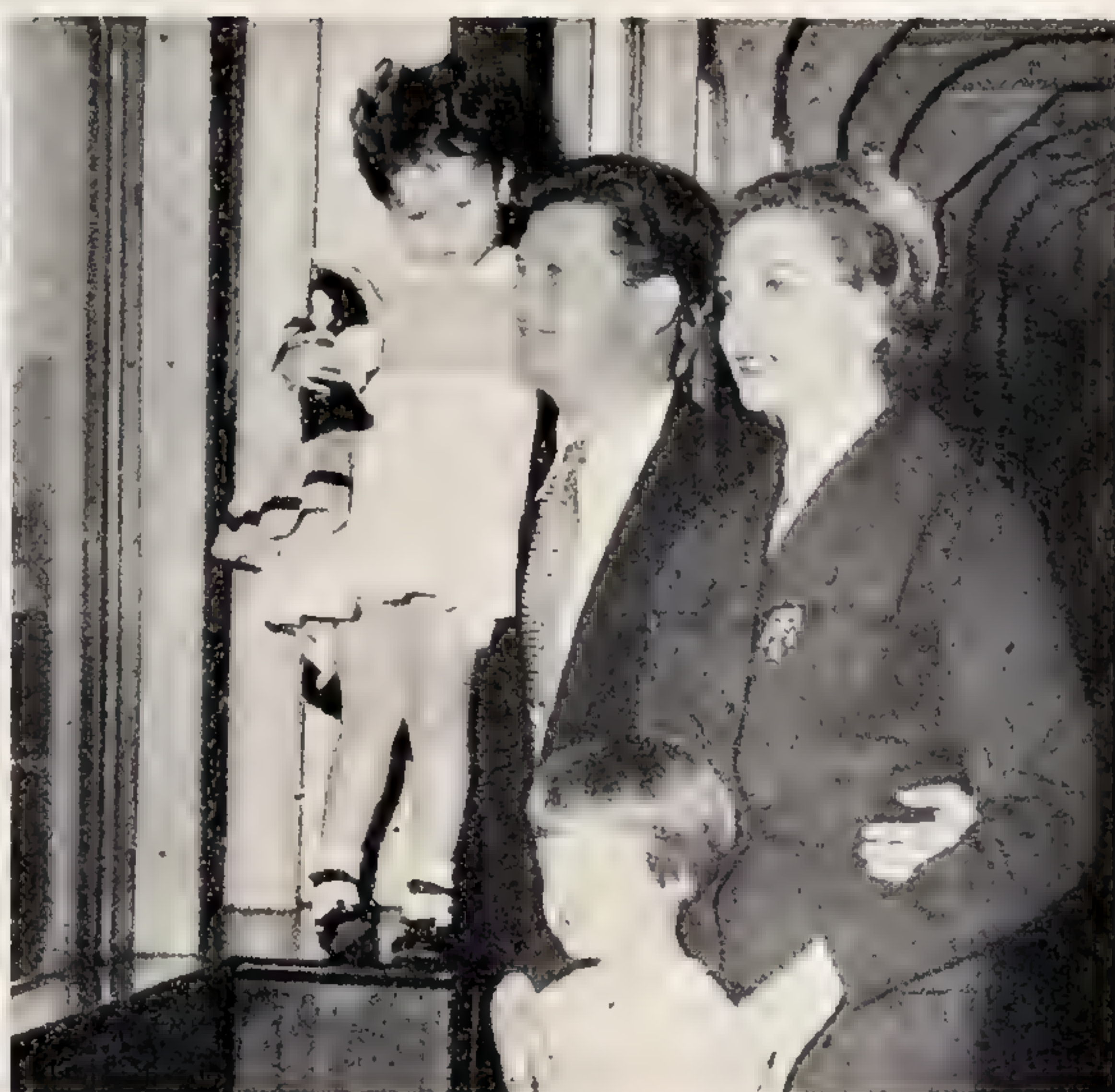
BY RADIE HARRIS

● It was nine Thanksgivings ago that I first met Deborah Kerr, and ever since I've been thankful for a friendship that has grown deeper with each passing year.

It isn't easy to have a close relationship with a film star. In the first place, "to have a friend, one must be one," and most actresses are too preoccupied with themselves to devote the time and effort necessary in any "give-and-take" relationship. Then, too, most actresses—aware of the hangers-on, who breed off success—are suspicious of new faces. They're also too single-minded in the pursuit of a career, to allow anyone not connected with their work to intrude in their private world. (Continued on page 89)



The house Deborah calls home. With its magnificent old trees, breathtaking view of the Pacific, it is one of the loveliest homes in Hollywood



Deb's treasures—husband Anthony Bartley, daughters Francesca Anne and Melanie Jane. Deb and Tony have been wed eleven happy years



James Hart, Sarah Siddons Society prexy, presents Deb with award as top actress of the year for her role on stage in "Tea and Sympathy"



Victoria is in "The Eddy Duchin Story"

Victoria Shaw. *An ex-model, she appreciates the detailed elegance of custom-made clothes. So she's getting a big thrill out of hearing friends rave over her dainty organdy blouse with its intricate stitching down the front and on the sleeves. Because she doodle it all—on her machine!*

Rita Moreno is a gay senorita who loves stoles. On warm evenings, one lets it slip to reveal a creamy shoulder—si? So, when she found an Elna portable sewing machine could produce the exotic designs she loves, Rita was happy. Stole she's making has a long fringe. These new machines are marvelous, no?



Rita is in "The Vagabond King" and "The King and I"



Elna is in "The Rack"

Elna Francis models a crisp taffeta-like silk for summer evenings. At all that rustling doesn't mean dollars. Elna made the dress herself. Machine-stitching joins velvet bands to the taffeta. As a finishing touch, she added velvet fringe to the stole. Presto—another do-it-yourself dream!



Jeanne is in "The Fastest Gun Alive"

Jeanne Crain. No wonder little Jeanine's wearing that broad smile. She's going to a party and if she isn't the belle of the ball we'll eat those flowers Mom embroidered. You'd never guess they're machine-stitched, would you? Some little boy's going to be mighty dazzled by this Crain creation!



Pat's currently in "The Hills of San Carlo"

Pat Crowley is the hostess with the mostess in this crisp organdy cocktail apron. Insets of white are machine-stitched in gray. "Easy as playing a record," says Pat, who's become a designing woman since she bought her new sewing machine. The gay flowers grew out of Pat's vivid imagination!

HOLLYWOOD SEWING BEE

The local ladies of Hollywood are on a do-it-yourself kick. The guys were in stitches until they saw what the gals were producing—some of the dreamiest clothes items in town. With the aid of a sewing machine that turns out fancy stitches with a custom-made look, glamour gals are dazzling their guys with home-made stoles, dresses, cocktail aprons and such. Even the young set's wearing something out of mama's do-it-yourself kit. So when you hear that hum along movie-town streets—it's the Hollywood Sewing Bee buzzing!

The clothes items mentioned on these pages were made on the Elna sewing machine from the Necchi-Elna Sewing Machine Co.



MAX FACTOR'S NEW *hi-fi* FLUID MAKE-UP

Hi-Fi ends the "made up" look once and for all! Because Max Factor, the make-up master, has achieved in Hi-Fi a whole new range of high fidelity shades never possible before.

Hi-Fi does for color what high fidelity does for music! Reproduces *perfect* natural skin tones that blend perfectly, naturally, with your own skin and stay soft and pretty, in bright sunlight or glaring artificial light.

Fluid Hi-Fi goes on like a dream... easily, quickly... veils flaws and heightens your own true beauty with fresh, lovely color.

You'll love the sheer-satin texture of Hi-Fi... the way it smooths and softens your skin. It never streaks or smears.

You'll love the Hi-Fi look... and the way it makes *him* look at you! It all began with color TV. Glaring lights of color television made existing make-ups appear hard, unflattering. So the great TV studios called on Max Factor, who developed for their exclusive use a new color principle in a make-up that stays smooth and radiant under the most glaring light. And now Max Factor has created a new make-up for *your* use, based on the same new color principle. Hi-Fi Fluid Make-Up!

It's the new idea, the young idea, the one make-up that makes you look just naturally lovely—day and night, in *any* light! Choose from six highly flattering, high fidelity shades in Hi-Fi Fluid Make-Up *today*. \$1.75 plus tax at your favorite cosmetics counters. FluidRouge in new high fidelity colors \$1.25 plus tax.

**NEW
HIGH FIDELITY
SKIN TONES
NEVER
BEFORE
POSSIBLE**



.....

Send in this coupon for "Try Size" Hi-Fi, enough for at least **TEN** make-ups for only 25¢! You will also receive **FREE** Max Factor's new book **"YOU AT YOUR LOVELIEST."**

Max Factor, P. O. Box 941, Hollywood 28, California.
Please send me my shade in the special "Try Size" Hi-Fi Fluid Make-Up. I enclose 25¢. My natural skin tone is (check one)
☐ fair (pink & white) ☐ ivory (creamy) ☐ medium (neutral) ☐ ruddy (rosy) ☐ olive (golden) ☐ t

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LIVING WITH

YOUNG IDEAS

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1965

how to look like
a movie star this fall



The torso is more so in this dreamy dress, left, with a new flaring trumpet flounce. Keynotes are a white linen collar, cascading dotted tie. By Nardis of Dallas. About \$35

Fabric: Washable blend of Pima cotton, silk. Black, brown. Button-off collar. Sizes 8-18

Fashion hit: a pretty back view. The sleek dress, right, has Empire bodice underscored with plaid taffeta that ends in a swoosh under the low back. By Mr. Mort. About \$35

Fabric: Crompton-Richmond velveteen. Camel or black with Tartan taffeta. Juniors' 5-15

**Like Valerie French,
flash a flaring
pleated flounce**

**Turn a pretty back
with Barbara Ruick's
plaid streamer**

To buy fashions, see stores listed on page 88

YOUNG IDEAS:

PHOTOPLAY STAR FASHIONS

*Like Terry Moore,
star the little
cropped jacket look*

*Focus
on the neckline
like Karen Steele's
pretty plaid*

step into the spotlight
in Photoplay's
first fall fashions
and you'll be
the star of your crowd

KAREN STEELE WILL BE SEEN IN U.A.'S "THE SHARKFIGHTERS"

A slender silhouette in muted plaid, topped with the fluff of a huge black organdy bow and frosted with a white spun-linen collar. The clever addition is a foldover clutch handbag in matching plaid for the girl who likes new ideas. By Parade. About \$25 complete

Fabric: Washable worsted-type cotton in Olive Watch plaid (green, black, gray). Sizes 10-18. The shiny black patent pumps by Capezio

SEE TERRY MOORE STARRING IN 20TH'S "THE DAY THE CENTURY ENDED"

Newest star of the fall season, the brief jacket ensemble. Here, a sleek sheath, its bateau neckline paved with black velvet. The Empire-banded jacket, going to proper fashion length, has same velvet inking at the notched collar. By Sandra Sage. Under \$30

Fabric: Crease-resistant cotton tweed with the textured look of wool. Gray tweed with black velvet only. Junior sizes 5-15

how to look like a movie star

continued



***Boost a wardrobe
with Barbara Ruick's
three-part fashion***



***Be gay as
Valerie French in
brass-buttoned plaid***

BARBARA RUICK STARS IN 20TH'S CINEMASCOPE 55 "CAROUSEL"

A fashion in three parts to fire the imagination, wear a dozen ways. Black, beltless sheath has scooped neck, pretty Empire bodice. Over it, a sleeveless white pique vestee. Then a notch-collared bolero in red and black plaid with half-belt back. By Miss Cane. About \$35
Fabric: M. & W. Thomas washable, crease-resistant cotton. Black and Royal Stewart plaid only. Sizes 8-16. Patent pumps by Capezio

VALERIE FRENCH IS IN "SECRET OF TREASURE MOUNTAIN," COLUMBIA

Lighthearted plaid in black and desert gold shapes a whirling dress with flattering notched collar, a double-breasted front panel agleam with rows of brass buttons. Below, an enormous floating skirt of artfully handled unpressed pleats. By Dorothy Hubbs. About \$25
Fabric: Wollman Mills' breezeweight washable cotton and silk blend in plaids of blue, red or desert gold with black. Sizes 10-16

To buy fashions, see stores listed on page 88

YOUNG IDEAS:

PHOTOPLAY STAR FASHIONS

*Flatter yourself
with Terry Moore's
touch of lingerie*

*Stop the show
in Nicole Maurey's
harlequin overblouse*

how to
look like
a movie star

continued

Hit of your wardrobe might well be this casual, cutaway overblouse, left, designed in the harlequin manner. It's back-buttoned, tops a slick black sheath crisped with a white linen collar, knotted tie in colors of the blouse. By Betty Carol for Mam'selle. About \$35

Fabric: Smooth fall-weight washable cotton broadcloth in black with toast and dove gray harlequin panels only. In junior sizes 5-15

Latest love of the fashion world—the delicate touch of a lingerie frill, feminizing almost everything. Above right, a sheath filled in with ruffled, lace-edged organdy, buttoning out. Cuffs, pockets are bound in shiny make-believe patent. By Junior Accent. Under \$40

Fabric: Diagonally ribbed cotton twill in a year-round weight. Black, taupe or pearl gray with white organdy. In junior sizes 5-15

To buy fashions, see stores on page 88

BY CHRIS DAGGETT

Now that summer's heat is upon us, while we drink all the cool drinks we can find in the house, we'll have time to sit down and read our favorite magazine (PHOTOPLAY, of course). We turn the dial to our favorite radio station, and we hear one of Elvis Presley's newest discs from his new album titled, "Elvis Presley." This album includes such teen favorites as "Tutti-Frutti" and "Blue Suede Shoes," which reflect some of the wild excitement this young man has caused in personal appearances. Only 21, Elvis was born in Tupelo, Mississippi, but now makes his home in Memphis, Tennessee. In the short space of a year, he has won all the trade-paper polls as "most promising new artist," has acquired two Cadillacs—one pink and one yellow—a station wagon and a motorcycle, and his father has retired at the age of 39. Presley has been smashing box-office records in theatres throughout the South and Southwest, and his recent appearances on CBS-Television's *Stage Show* stimulated an unprecedented amount of mail. Elvis has become, almost overnight, one of the most promising personalities to enter the music field for some time.

On Vik, a new label, there are a couple of items worth noting: The new Eddy Duchin album, and the new Richard Maltby album. The inimitable keyboard style of Eddy Duchin gave eloquent expression to the dancing hearts of the nation during the thirties, in such smart, long-departed dance meccas as the Central Park Casino. Duchin's unique talent, which struck a responsive chord with all dancers and admirers of deft and sophisticated keyboard artistry in that era, has lived on through his recordings. The new Columbia film, "The Eddy Duchin Story," starring Tyrone Power in the title role, commemorates his career. Also, Vik brings back the wonderful sounds produced by the magic fingers of this superb pianist in the album, "The Fabulous Eddy Duchin," which provides the listener with the very best of his repertoire. Typical of his light touch and sophisticated appeal are the "oldies" included in the album which have proved as lasting as the artistry of Duchin, himself. "I Cover the Waterfront," "Ill Wind," "Too Marvelous for Words," "One Hundred Years from Today," "Pennies from Heaven," and "Lights Out" are a few of the standards featured.

Every few years, there appears on the scene a new dance maestro who, by sheer innate skill and musicianship, gradually establishes a new legend in pop music annals. Although Richard Maltby's Vik recordings have graced the dance

what's spinning?



Prettiest music lover we know is Valerie French. The music we're talking about comes from an exciting new high-fidelity console encasing phonograph and radio, its modern lines belieing elegant sound. The phonograph is three-speed, all automatic. Radio, AM and FM. By Olympic. About \$149.95. Valerie's all decked out in separates of tweed-textured cotton. The blouse with high-line tab, linen collar, about \$9. Swirling skirt, Pellon-lined, about \$13, by Rona Sportswear

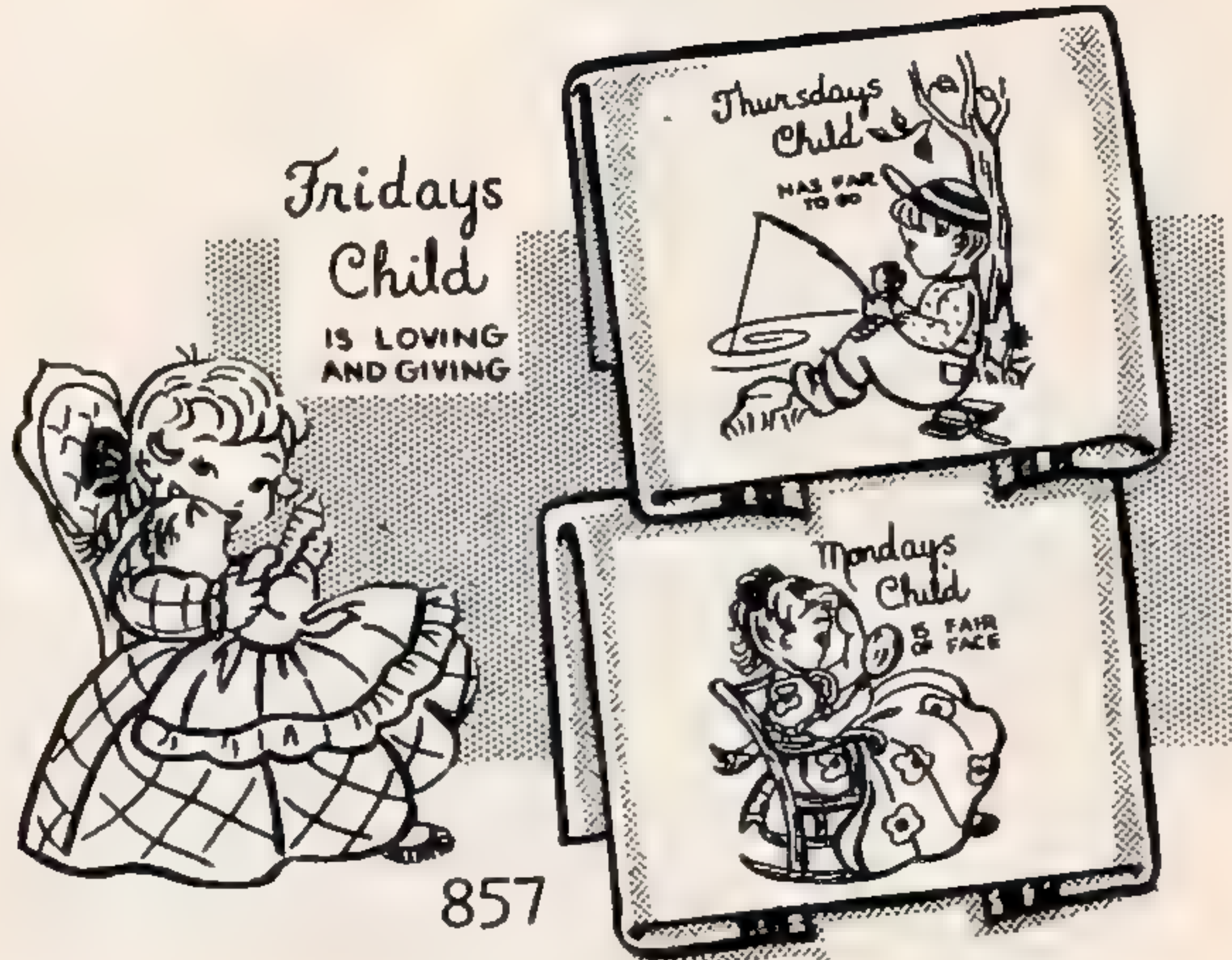
Fabric: Loomskill's tweed-printed cotton in brown, blue, gray, green with color-coordinated linen collar. Sizes 8-16

For Where to Buy fashions, see page 88

NEEDLE NEWS

7156—Graceful cape has your favorite eight-gore flare—so flattering to every figure. Embroidery transfers, pattern, directions for cape to fit small or medium sizes.

7036—Look neat, smart all summer in this lovely new maternity top. Novel neckline; pockets sparked with gay iron-on designs in combinations of blue, yellow, green. Maternity misses' sizes 10-12; 14-16 also.



857—Brighten kitchen towels with these gay motifs. Seven little cherubs to embroider—a cheery aid for each day of the week. Set of seven different embroidery transfers, each design about 6 x 6½ inches.

788—Graceful flower design in filet crochet—a lovely decoration, protection for furniture. Use it as a chair-set; buffet cover, too. Filet crochet chairback 13 x 16 inches, armrest 6 x 12 inches, in No. 50 mercerized cotton. Chart, directions included.

507—Lifelike roses in color sparkle on this stunning oval doily. Doily 32 x 15 inches in No. 30 mercerized cotton; smaller in No. 50 cotton.

Send twenty-five cents (in coin) for each pattern to: PHOTOPLAY, Needlecraft Service, P.O. Box 123, Old Chelsea Station, New York 11, New York. Add five cents for each pattern for first-class mailing. Send extra twenty-five cents for Needlecraft Catalog.

what's spinning

world for only two years, his smoot styling and originality already have given him a firm foothold, with a ever-widening audience. Now with his first album, "Make Mine Maltby," the maestro demonstrates the seasoned charm and provocative appeal which have previously distinguished other Maltby releases such as "St. Louis Blues Mambo" and "Book of Love." The former arranger and composer of his band instrumentals, Maltby's sun touch and imaginative approach are widely demonstrated in this album which combines some of his past hits with several new favorites, ranging from "Stardust Mambo" to "Jumpin' Trumpets."

If you haven't got Frankie Laine's latest album for Columbia, "Jazz Spectacular," you'd better get a copy before they're all gone. Featuring Buck Clayton's trumpet, this hit album finds the happy Mr. Laine singing at his best.

Frankie was born in Chicago, March 30, 1913. He began his singing career with a combo composed of Jess Stacy, Vic Abba, Frank Teschmaker, and LeRoy Buck. In 1937, Frankie replaced Perry Como as vocalist with Fred Carlone's band in Cleveland, then went on as a soloist on radio, first as a singer at Station WINS, in New York and later at NBC. Shortly after the war, he teamed up with pianist-songwriter Carl Fischer, with whom Frankie penned, "We'll Be Together Again." At the same time, he built up his vocal career with Fischer's aid. Frankie attracted a good deal of attention while singing Billy Berg's nitery in Hollywood, and soon after recorded his first hit, "Thank My Desire." By 1947, he was starring in night clubs, theatres and on record. He has also appeared in such pictures as "Make Believe Ballroom," "When You're Smiling," and "Sunny Side of the Street."

Two very sharp cats "dig" a fascinating chick in a lively new Columbia jazz melodrama, "Cat Meets Chick." The cats are trumpet player Buck Clayton and vocalist Jimmy Rushing; the chick is vibrant singer Ada Moore and the theme is "girl meets boy" in jazz classics. Buck "speaks" via trumpet, while Ada and Jimmy do the vocals. Buck Clayton, star of many jumping records, is a Count Basie band alumnus who can also be heard on Columbia's "Jazz Spectacular," with Frankie Laine. He also appeared in the film "The Benny Goodman Story." Jimmy Rushing is also a Basie alumnus, and his vocals contributed greatly to the band's success. Ada Moore appeared last season in the Broadway musical, "House of Flowers," as well as in numerous night clubs. In the

CROSSWORD PUZZLE

continued

ompanying band are such stellar sidemen as drummer Jo Jones, bassist Milt Hinton, trombonist Dickie Wells, and pianist Sir Charles Thompson. All the arrangements were done by Buck Clayton.

A striking photo decorates the cover of Chris Connor's newest album. The warm backgrounds for this collection of tunes (including "Anything Goes," "Something to Live For," "When the Wind Was Green," "Everytime") came from the talented pens of Ralph Burns and John Lewis. This "swinging side" is on the Atlantic label.

The wonderful Joni James is cast in the role of "Little Girl Blue" as she sings twelve top ballads with a blue feeling. It's Joni at her best in some of her finest performances on wax to date. Some of the standards found in this M-G-M album are, "Little Girl Blue," "It's the Talk of the Town," "These Foolish Things," and "Autumn Leaves."

For Your Collection:

If you have all ten, you're in the wing. If you have eight, you've missed a step. Only six and you've missed the beat completely.

1. Capitol records has done it once more—with Tennessee Ernie Ford's help of course. Ernie sings "Roving Gambler"; it's another that will hit the top.

2. Gogi Grant's melodic voice rings out loud and clear in his rendition of "Wayward Wind." (Era)

3. Don Cherry turns in a pair of likely successors to his recording of "Band of Gold." In "I'm Still a King to You" and the flip side "Wild Cherry," Don gives all he's got. On Columbia records. 4. "Theme from Picnic" and "Moon-glow" by Morris Stoloff on Decca, gets you into a nice romantic mood.

5. Carmen McRae, another Decca artist, sings "Star Eyes" and "Tonight He's Out to Break Another Heart."

6. Since Vic Damone has switched from Mercury to Columbia, he has recorded the lovely ballad called "The Street Where You Live," from the Broadway hit musical, "My Fair Lady."

7. The Ames Brothers on RCA Victor, sing "If You Want to See Mamie Every Night," from the 20th picture "The Revolt of Mamie Stover."

8. Peggy Lee's great style is put to use on an old standard, "They Can't Take That Away from Me," and "Joey, Joey, Joey." (Decca)

9. Mercury's Patti Page sings "You Too Can Be a Dreamer," a haunting ballad.

10. Be sure to watch for Harry Belafonte's newest album, containing calypso music and lots of it. (Victor)



Across

1. "..... Junction"
7. Starlet named after Crawford (initials)
9. Vehicle important in "It Happened One Night" and "The Man Who Knew Too Much"
12. "The Old Bucket"
13. She was *Diane* (initials)
15. Star of "The Last Wagon"
17. He was "Tennessee's Partner" (initials)
18. Many a lady spy
19. TV's Oscar
20. "The Bold and the Brave" saluted the ..
21. Seen in "The Girl Rush" (initials)
22. Newcomer in "The Scarlet Hour" (initials)
23. Sinatra's old bandleader
25. Burt's "... Tall Men"
26. "What's ...?" (song)
28. "On the Threshold of Space" was his final film
29. Neither "The Swan" ... "Hilda Crane" stars a bird
31. Cagney's latest heroine
33. They long to walk up to that on Oscar Night
34. Knights in "Richard III" didn't get this billing
35. He's "Alexander the Great" (initials)
37. Around noontime, shooting stops for
40. Cartoon studio
42. A villain's look
44. Male player's profession
46. Anna Alberghetti
47. "..... Foolish Things" (song)

48. Star of "Come Next Spring"

49. "The Heart," early Richard Todd film
50. "The Price of Fear" would have no plot if that car had run out of ...
51. DeMille, Hitchcock, etc.
56. Wife of "The Man in the Gray Flannel Suit"
57. Who's the ...-? top star?
61. "..... in Paris" (song)
64. Star of "The Proud Ones"
66. What film editors do
67. "No, ... Much" (song)
68. Foster, TV hero
71. Danny Kaye's daughter
72. 1920's sex appeal
73. ".... on Frisco Bay"
74. Locale of "Miracle in the Rain" (initials)
75. Fairbanks, ..., was the silents' adventure king

Down

1. Debbie's screen dad
2. "The They Fall"
3. Print the take that's ..
4. Locale of "The Searchers"
5. "..... Part of the Forest"
6. Source of "Helen of Troy"
7. People of Fairmount, Indiana, called him this
8. Coward on "D-Day"
9. Fernando Lamas' birthplace
10. "The Birds and the Bees" get that, too
11. "I've Got You Under My" (song)
14. Dan Dailey vehicle, 1953
15. Popular TV bandleader
16. "World in .. Corner"

24. Big shot in "The Houston Story" (initials)

25. Cagney's latest paid many to a bad man
27. "Mohawk," "Comanche"
30. Boat crews making "Moby Dick" had to know how to handle an ...
32. Murdered man's son in "Bad Day at Black Rock"
36. Phil or Macdonald
38. Star's daughter, named for him
39. Grant or Grayson
41. *Pa Kettle's* manners would never suit Emily
43. Horse-opera hero, last in "A Lawless Street"
45. Action-movie climax
46. Great Italian actress
52. "Meet Me .. Las Vegas"
53. "..... Without a Cause"
54. Big boss in "Patterns" (initials)
55. Last name of 22 Across
56. Joanne Dru's husband (initials)
58. "... in the Hole"
59. Good movies have long
60. Bette Davis' "The"
62. "... o' Gold"
63. Mean guy in "The Last Hunt" (initials)
64. Half-breed in the same movie (initials)
65. "... thing Goes"
69. Star of "The Revolt of Mamie Stover" (initials)
70. Mother of 38 down (initials)
71. Heroine of "Backlash" (initials)

right on her toes!

BY HARRIET SEGMAN



● If, like lovely Rita Moreno, you can't resist this summer's exciting backless, toeless, practically shoeless shoes, better be sure that you, too, can put your best foot forward. To soften rough skin on heels and sides of feet, scrub with a stiff brush and dry briskly with a rough towel. Smooth calluses by rubbing gently in a circular motion with a soapy pumice stone. After bathing, dry feet thoroughly and massage with hand lotion. If bunions, corns or calluses don't respond to simple remedies, skip the bathroom surgery and see a podiatrist. For toenails that sparkle in chipless perfection for a week to ten days, take the time to give yourself a full-dress pedicure. Clip nails straight across—rounded corners encourage ingrown toenails. Soak feet in warm soapy water for about three minutes. Dry with towel, pushing cuticle back gently. Work around sides and base of nail with an orangewood stick, wrapped in a wisp of cotton and moistened with cuticle remover. If loosened cuticle does not roll right off when pushed back with towel, cover each nail for two minutes with a cotton ball soaked in cuticle remover. Before applying polish, wipe nails with polish remover to remove all traces of oil or moisture. Polish adheres best to a whistle-clean surface. For longer wear, apply three coats, waiting between coats until nails are slick to a light touch. For a smooth surface, apply with light, quick strokes, first across base of nail, then up each side. Fill in center last. Be sure there is enough polish on brush to flow easily onto nail and provide good coverage. After each coat wipe off a hairline edge at the tips of nails, to help prevent chipping. A folded facial tissue, waver between your toes, will keep polish from smearing while it dries. You can speed up drying time with a squirt of aerosol spray. To be footloose as well as fancy, treat your feet, each night, to a refreshing spray under the bathtub tap, using hot and cold water alternately.

*Either barefoot for sports or wearing this year's
practically barefoot dress-up shoes,
Rita Moreno always puts her best foot forward*

DON'T EVER SHAMPOO YOUR HAIR

without putting back the life shampooing and hot summer
sun take out! Restore life, luster, manageability instantly!

If you always hate to shampoo your hair because it flies all over your head and looks terrible for days, *in summer you've got a double problem!*

Not only does shampooing make your hair too dry, but the hot summer sun further damages it and dries it out.

So what happens? After shampooing your hair, you have to wait *days and days* for the natural beauty oils to come back. Chances are . . . just when your hair begins to look and act alive, you need a shampoo again!

You have a real problem!

Let's face the facts: At this time of year, isn't your hair so dry most of the time that you can't do a thing with it?

Well, why don't you do something about this?

You aren't the only one who has this problem. Millions of women hate to shampoo their hair in summer for exactly the same reason. That's why Helene Curtis invented SUAVE. And look what it does.

The instant you finish washing and drying your hair, rub a little SUAVE over your palms, and stroke through your hair thoroughly. Then brush and arrange your hair . . . *and look at the amazing difference!*

Suddenly your hair combs, sets and arranges like magic! It's manageable! No wild wisps. Dryness is gone!

A miracle has happened!

Your hair is silky soft, bursting with highlights . . . with the prettiest, healthiest-looking glow you ever saw!

And it *stays* wonderfully in place, without the slightest oily look or feel!

That's the miracle of Helene Curtis' beauty discovery—*greaseless lanolin*—now in new SUAVE . . . a hairdressing so wonderful that it makes your hair soft, beautiful, radiant and manageable in 20 seconds after shampoo, even in summer!

So do as Helene Curtis tells you

"No matter if you are 16 or 60, don't ever shampoo your hair again without using SUAVE to restore the beauty oils you have just washed out. Do this, and I promise you your hair will look so radiantly beautiful, so satin-soft, so eager to wave, you'll get compliments galore!"

Start using SUAVE today! Choose the famous liquid or the new creme SUAVE, whichever type you prefer. At any cosmetic counter.



HELENE CURTIS
Suave*
HAIRDRESSING & CONDITIONER

Choose Liquid
or new Creme
59¢ and \$1
(plus tax)



(Continued from page 42)

the seventeen-year-old actor had been nominated for best male supporting actor.

"I didn't get an Oscar," Sal points out, "but I did get a giraffe. I keep it in my car." Then, suddenly aware of lifted eyebrows, he explains: "It's a toy giraffe. Some girl sent it as a consolation prize."

As Sal describes the big night, however, he scarcely sounds in need of consolation.

"It's a lucky thing I didn't win," he confesses. "It was such a relief when Jack Lemmon got it. The whole month before, I was in a daze. I didn't know exactly what the Awards were or what they meant. All I knew was—they were important. Back home, my sister, Sarina, had a place all saved for my Oscar. 'Don't put your heart on it,' I warned her. Then, it got so I couldn't write home at all."

"I took my mother to the Awards," he continues. "People kept asking: 'Who's your date?' And when I told them, 'My mother,' they all thought this was the most wonderful thing." Sal shakes his head, still amazed by the whole affair. "Mother was so excited, I thought any minute she would cry. Then afterwards, when I didn't get it, each of us thought the other needed comforting. I didn't mind for myself—I just thought she did. And Mother didn't mind for herself—she thought I did. But then people started coming up and congratulating us. They said it was an honor just being nominated. 'Look forward to the next movie,' they told me. 'That's the important thing.'"

Back home, however, Sal's sister was not so philosophical about it. "What do they know in Hollywood?" Sarina said.

In Hollywood, all they know is that Sal Mineo is one of the nicest, most refreshing kids ever to hit the film colony. With six big pictures to his credit and everyone "looking forward to his next movie," he is still as modest and unspoiled as the day he arrived.

It's no accident, either. "I'm never going to let this business change me," Sal insists. "I'm never—you know the old saying—'going Hollywood.'"

And as he talks about himself—tells something about his life before breaking into pictures—it's not hard to understand why. Sal will never "go Hollywood" for the simple reason that he's too "gone" on the Bronx. That's his real home, the Bronx section of New York. And the big thing around the Mineo household isn't Sal's film career—it's caskets!

"Yes, my father's a casket-maker." Sal says it dead-pan, then steals a sidelong glance to watch the effect on his audience. Apparently, it's always effective, and he can't keep from smiling. "Oh, we don't have anything to do with the bodies or anything," he adds quickly. "We just make and sell caskets."

The important point is the *we*, for the Universal Casket Company has always been a family business. But then, anything that happens to any one of the Mineos is family business. They live together, they work together. And anything they have, they share together. Critics who have been amazed at Sal's acting, wondering where he gets a perception so far beyond his years, can find the answer right in the Bronx. For the Mineos are *real* people, and the thing they have most of—the thing they share so freely with each other—is life itself.

Salvatore Mineo is not only Sal's real name, it's his father's, too.

"My father was born in Sicily," Sal says, launching into the family history like someone telling his favorite story. "He used to carve miniature animals in ivory

and wood. That's a big business in Italy, but not in America. He came here when he was sixteen and, for two years, he could only get odd jobs, doing all kinds of dirty work."

"Then he met my mother. She was born in New York of Neapolitan parentage. He tried to date her, but she wouldn't go out with him—not unless he could speak English. When my father finally took her out, she was amazed at how quickly he had learned the language. 'Here's a guy with ambition,' she felt."

She not only married him, she helped him realize these ambitions. It was Josephine Mineo's suggestion that her husband go into cabinet-making. She was the one who gave him the courage to turn down a tempting offer with a furniture company and hold out till he got the right job, with the Bronx Casket Company.

"My father was so good," Sal says proudly, "they made him a foreman. Only, it wasn't the usual foreman's job, just overseeing others. My father worked like a dog—even nights. It was my mother, though, who really made him. 'Here you are,' she told him, 'working like a dog for others. You should be working for yourself, and for your children.'"

"My father didn't have a dime," Sal continues, "but friends insisted on putting up the money to back him. So he went into business with my uncle."

Today, the Universal Casket Company consists of two buildings, one a factory, the other a casket showroom. And all those friends who put up money have long since been paid back. But Sal can still remember what it was like for his father in those early days.

"The first five years were the toughest," he recalls. "I never saw a man age so fast. He and my uncle used to do all the work themselves—hauling lumber, making the caskets, painting them, even delivering them. My mother used to go down every day. And, as soon as they were big enough, my two older brothers, Mike and Victor, worked at the company."

Sal had to stay home. His job was baby-sitting for Sarina, his younger sister.

"I guess that's why I'm so close to her," he says. "I took care of her—everything from feeding to good-night stories. Sure, I wanted to be out playing with the other kids, but we all had to help out."

Nevertheless, he managed to get in his share of swimming and baseball. "Like every other kid," he confesses, "I wanted to grow up to be Phil Rizzuto."

And even watching Sarina was fun. "Every weekend," he recalls, "I used to get a salary of fifty cents. You know what I'd do with it? I'd go down to the candy store and get some soda, ice cream and

jelly beans. Then I'd go home and we'd have a party—Sarina and I, and our two cats, Smoky and Tiger."

Somehow, although "they were broke and every cent had to go into the business," Mr. and Mrs. Mineo managed to see that none of their children ever wanted for anything, "even if they had to deprive themselves." And all of their sons received exactly the same treatment. When one of the boys wanted a bike, all three got them. Today, Sal still can't figure out how his parents managed it, but when he needed money to start his career—somehow, they raised it. And, somehow, they raised the money that enabled all their children to get the education they themselves could never afford.

"I've been a roving man," Sal declares, referring to the number of schools he went to. In the Bronx, he attended St. Mary's, Holy Family, and Public School 72. After going on the stage, he went to the Lodge Private School for young professionals.

"I had a lot of ambition to do something," Sal remembers, "but I didn't know just what." His brothers Mike and Victor knew that they wanted to study business administration in college, so they could help expand the Universal Casket Company. Even Sarina knew that she wanted to be her father's private secretary. Only Sal was uncertain. He knew he had a talent—but what was it?

He was eleven when he found out. An agent for Cheryl Crawford, the Broadway producer, noticed him in a dancing class because "he looks Italian." Sal was taken to an audition, along with fifteen other boys, and asked to say: "The goat is in the yard." He said it, and the next thing he knew, he was in Chicago—playing *Salvatore* in the stage version of "The Rose Tattoo."

After the Tennessee Williams' play, Sal did some summer stock. Then Oscar Hammerstein signed him to understudy the role of the crown prince in the Broadway musical, "The King and I." When the boy who originated the part outgrew it, Sal took over and played it for a year.

Sal's first film was "Six Bridges to Cross," in which he played Tony Curtis as a boy. It was a good start, and Sal began receiving offers to do bit parts. Mrs. Mineo advised him to turn them down, just as she had once advised his father to hold out for the right job. It was a big gamble, but "if you don't get good parts," she said, "I'd rather see you home."

The gamble paid off. Sal has gotten good parts—in "The Private War of Major Benson," "Rebel Without a Cause," "Giant," "Crime in the Streets," and finally, as Rocky Graziano's pal in "Somebody Up There Likes Me."

"Rebel Without a Cause" is Sal's favorite picture. "It wasn't just the part," he says, "it was the people I worked with." But he is proudest of his role as *Angel Obregon III*, in "Giant," the George Stevens production of Edna Ferber's novel. "I was only sixteen when I made the picture, but they had me playing an eighteen-year-old." He was also old enough to try playing angles.

"In the picture," he recalls, "I'm a Mexican. I go off to war, a soldier, and then I come back a hero—in a casket." Naturally, but to no avail, Sal tried to talk Warners into using a Universal Casket.

What with all this picture-making, Sal spends more time on the West Coast than the East. He still thinks of the Bronx as home, however, and the trip to Hollywood as just commuting.

Which reminds him: "Some people

(Continued on page 78)

EXCLUSIVE!

the untold story of

JAMES DEAN

as revealed by one of his closest friends. A memorable story, in three parts, beginning in

SEPTEMBER PHOTOPLAY

On sale August 7

LIGHT UP A LUCKY—it's light-up time!



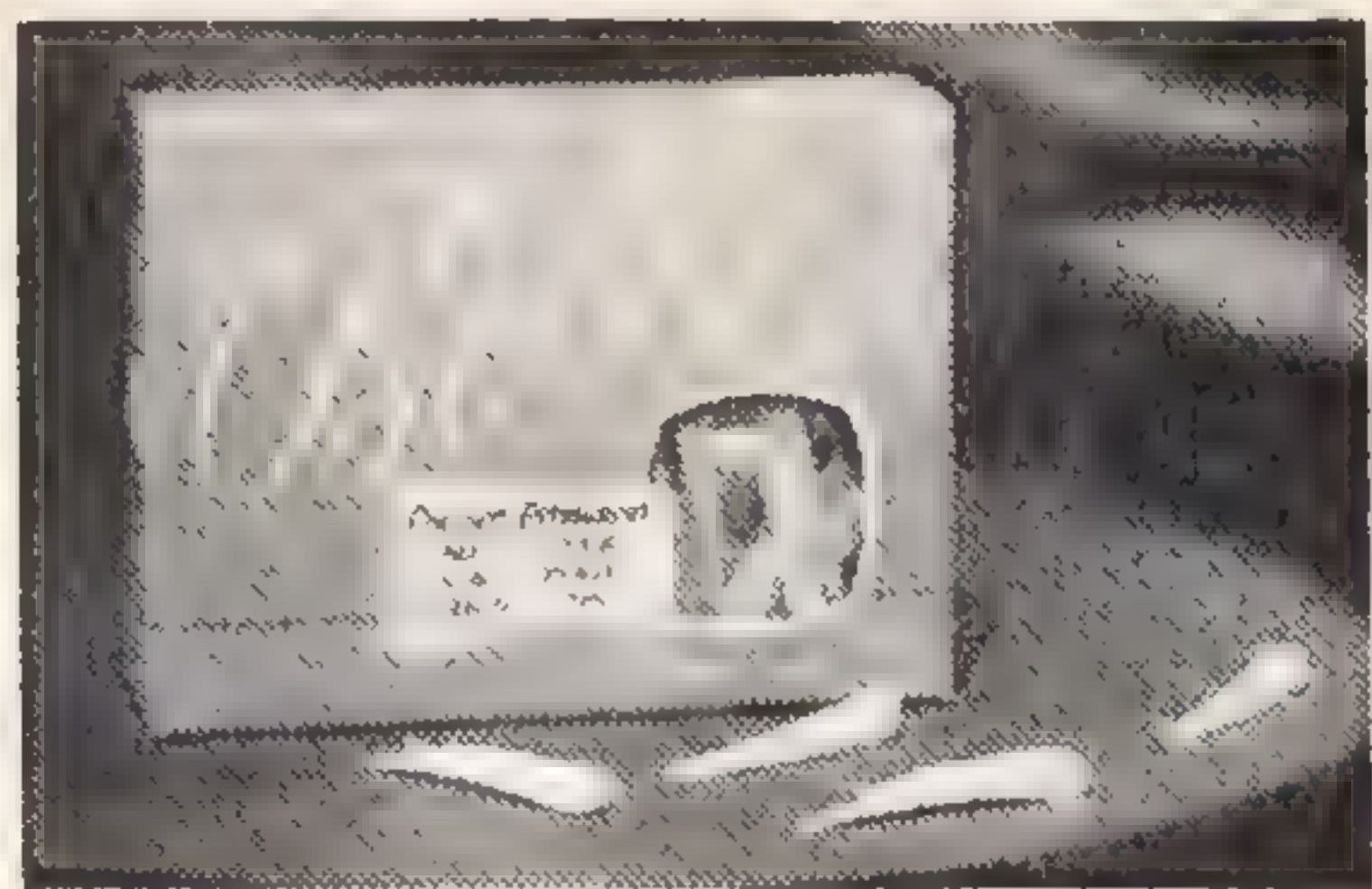
"IT'S TOASTED"
to taste better!

MAN OVERBOARD . . . for a great cigarette . . . for the taste only a Lucky can give you. Luckies taste better because they're made of fine tobacco . . . light, naturally good-tasting tobacco that's **TOASTED** to taste even better. You'll say a Lucky is the best-tasting cigarette you ever smoked.



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TASTE BETTER
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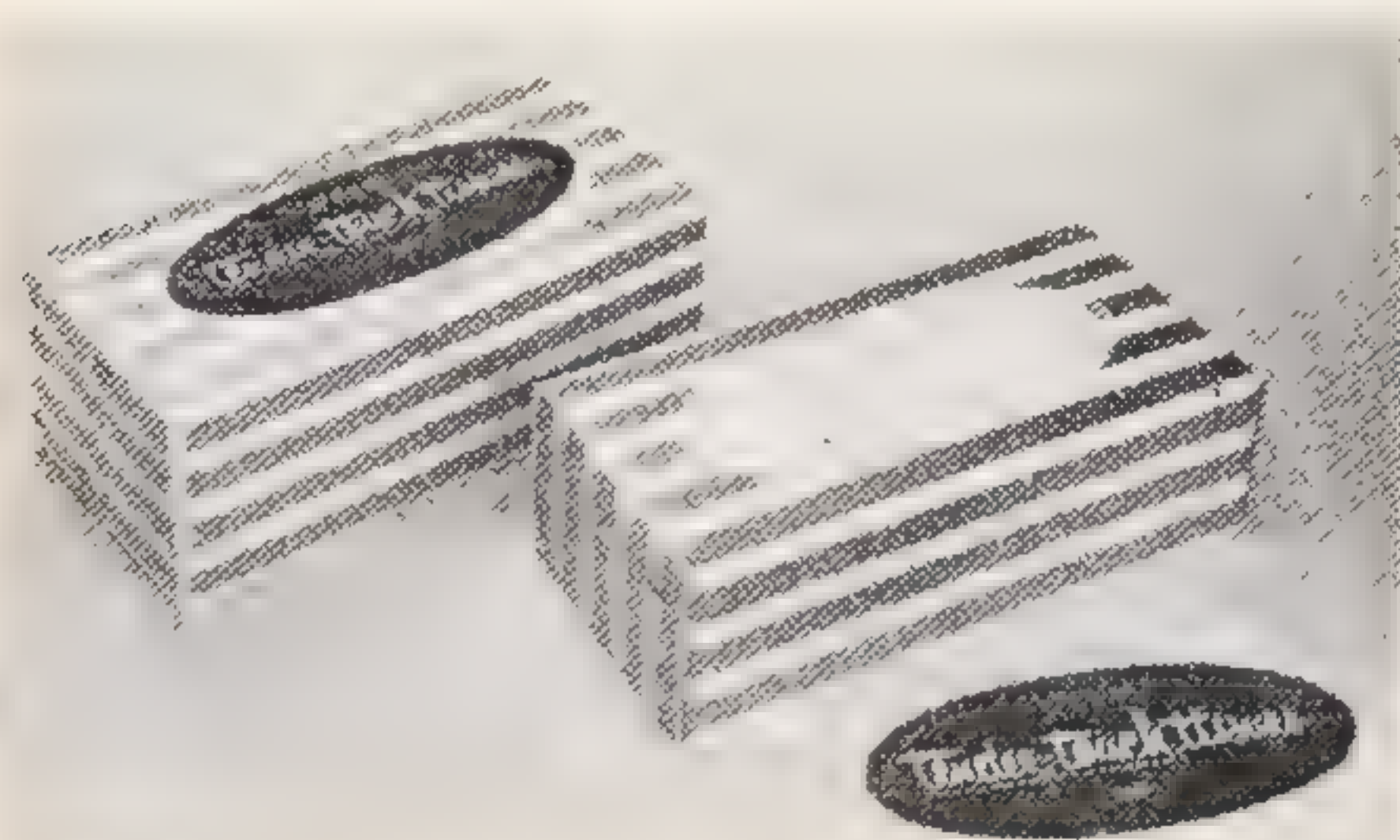
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Decorator's note: "Yes" tissues now come in a handsome gold and white striped boudoir package to harmonize with pretty bath and bedroom accessories. When opened, all printed copy is removed. Box of 300, 25¢; 400, 33¢.

* plus tax

(Continued from page 76)

think it's unbelievable. They're surprised that I still live in the Bronx. They expect me to live in Manhattan. And they're stunned when they still see me riding around in a '49 Mercury instead of a Cadillac. Even out in Hollywood, they can't understand why I live with a private family instead of in a big hotel or apartment house."

In Hollywood, Sal has a resident guardian; he is B. H. Hoene, an instructor in the Pullman Company.

"He has a wonderful family," Sal says. "I get rid of all my corny jokes on them. Every day, once I'm through at the studio, that's where I go. They've a son and daughter, eighteen and nineteen, and I go out with their friends, not just with the show business crowd."

As for his car, Sal's very proud of it, having worked on it himself.

"I got a week and a half off in between pictures," he recalls, "and I got a bug. I took my old car and stripped all the chrome off—this way it's a custom job—then I added rear radio antennas, hoods over the headlights, tail lights, and put skirts on it." He even took off the letters of the make, plugged up the hole, and substituted his own brand name—*Rum-Crier!* "Then I had it painted a wild color—midnight blue."

He looks at you frankly. "Crazy?" he asks. But Sal doesn't mean crazy-wild, for he's not out to break any speed records. In fact, he's an honorary member of the Kirb Krushers, a car club that "throws you out if you so much as get a ticket." When it comes to driving, Sal only has one ambition.

"At the next big premiere," he says, "you know what I'd like to do? Instead of driving up in a studio Cadillac, I'd like to drive up in a hot rod." Delighted with the idea, he tries to make you visualize it as clearly as he does. Imitating a loudspeaker, he announces: "Here we have Mr. Mineo's car." Then he makes like a crazy, souped-up automobile horn. Laughing, he can't help sighing, "Oh, it's a lot of fun!"

But then, everything is a lot of fun for Sal. "I get a kick out of going to drive-ins—all kinds. I like bowling and pool. No, you better make that billiards; people might not understand. I don't play pool in pool halls. As for baseball, I guess I grew out of it. Now it's water-skiing. I can spend four or five hours at it. When I'm through, I can't walk. And yet, I have a ball."

Sal's enthusiasm for water-skiing dates back to his Broadway days, when he was playing in "The King and I." Yul Brynner, who played the king, rented a home in Connecticut, on Long Island sound, and Sal used to visit him every weekend.

"He showed me the basic principles of water-skiing right on the pier," Sal recalls, "then told me to get on skis. When he saw how much I liked it, he gave me a pair of my own." Sal remembers returning home with the skis and crying out: "Look, Ma, now we have to get a boat!"

But Yul Brynner, who plays another king in Cecil B. DeMille's forthcoming "The Ten Commandments," also inspired Sal with another of his enthusiasms—directing.

"Here he was," Sal says, "the star of the biggest musical on Broadway, and he was directing television shows on the side. In fact, he directed me in my first lead on television, in an *Omnibus* show."

Thus, while everything is "a ball" to Sal, he has his serious side, too. "First, I want to be a good actor," he insists. "And then, if I'm good enough, maybe people will give me the opportunity to direct."

He also has two other ambitions. One is to go to college to study playwrighting and directing and also "meet thousands of kids out of the business. I like to be with a regular bunch and sort of live my own life." The other ambition is to gain weight.

"I saw a kinescope of myself," he confesses. "My head and face were older than my body. I figure if I can put on fifteen pounds, then maybe I can play in an Indian movie—or do one of those *Sabu* things. I've started a campaign. I'm now drinking ginger ale mixed with cream. That's supposed to put flab on, you know. I hope to go from 121 to 138 pounds."

Whenever he is home, Sal eats "all the spaghetti and fattening Italian foods" his mother can cook. The only mystery is, when does she get the time? For Josephine Mineo, like the rest of the family, is doing all she can to help Sal go further in his career.

"I'd be lost without them," he admits. "There are a lot of things I can't handle. My schedule, for one thing. Mother keeps it for me, handing me a list each day. 'This is what you're to do tomorrow,' she says."

In order to make out that list, however, and keep it as short as possible, Mrs. Mineo has to spend most of the day by the telephone, evaluating all the calls that come in. Not all of the phone calls are business. Many are fans asking to speak to Sal. But there are as many adults among the fans as teenagers. They feel that Sal is like their own son. And Mrs. Mineo, understanding this, hasn't the heart to change the phone number. These are the people who have helped make her son a success, and she feels as responsible to them as Sal does.

He has had to hire two secretaries just to handle the requests for photographs. This, too, is a family enterprise, with his two older brothers helping him pack the photographs in cartons, loading them in a car, and driving them down to the post office. And then there's the fan mail.

"I like to read every letter," Sal says. "And I try to answer them all."

But the one who has been affected most by Sal's success is his sister, Sarina. Suddenly, she has found herself surrounded by more girlfriends than she knows what to do with. By some coincidence, they seem to prefer visiting her when Sal is in town. And sometimes, when the pressure becomes too great, she has to produce her famous brother at parties. At such times, the girls are allowed to look—but they mustn't touch. Sarina's brothers sometimes wonder why she just doesn't charge admission.

But, although the Mineos all help one another, there's one thing Sal must handle alone—and that's "his women." When he arrives at the airport, for instance, there is invariably a crowd of girls waiting. Each one wants a handkerchief or some article of clothing. And Sal is well aware, from his own experience, that "if I give a hanky to one girl, it isn't fair to the others, and pretty soon I'd have no clothes on at all."

Then there's that girl in the Bronx who wants Sal to take her to a prom. "I wouldn't mind," Sal admits, a bit wistfully. "In fact, I'd like to. Only, it wouldn't be fair to the other girls."

If his brothers Mike and Victor groan inwardly at this, it's because they know Sal is making it twice as hard on himself. It's hard enough being "fair" with one woman, let alone hundreds. But they agree with their kid brother. "It's fantastic!" They don't know how else to describe it.

THE END



Actual photo of Barbara Brown, Forest Hills, N. Y. Left side washed with New Woodbury, right side with another popular shampoo. See the difference!

A famous laboratory★ proves:

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**Woodbury's special "curl-keeping"
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The left side of this girl's head was washed with New Woodbury Shampoo — the right with her regular brand. You can see what's happened. The right side is limp, straggly. The Woodbury side is springy, curly, beautifully manageable. Leading shampoos were tested this way on hundreds of women and the results were thoroughly checked by ★Good Housekeeping Magazine's laboratory. The tests showed: *Hair washed with Woodbury holds curl better, keeps set longer*

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Glamour Gab of Hollywood

(Continued from page 39)

church in the Valley where she worshipped as a teenager, wore a Paris outfit that you sewing-wise girls could copy. Ann has a matching sweater and skirt set: the sweater is cashmere, the skirt pure silk, both of the most heavenly blue. Dotted all over the sweater are bunches of artificial forget-me-nots. All over the skirt are tiny blue velvet bows. Couldn't be more feminine, just like Annie.

Marilyn's Old Look

Marilyn Monroe, never noted for her grooming, off-screen, has turned out



worse than ever since she returned from her year's stay in New York. Her studio is horrified but helpless when, day after day, she arrives and leaves the lot, her hair hanging lank and uncombed, her face guiltless of make-up, her outfit usually a tight black skirt, a tighter black sweater. On the whole, the press adores Marilyn, and I am no exception. I think she is the most exciting female on the screen, bar none. I know she has a superior educated mind, which she slyly tries to hide, and her personal honesty and integrity are the finest. But this sloppiness of hers is too much. Dear Marilyn, the natural glamour you possess is a rare gift that you shouldn't carelessly cast aside. Have a heart for those of us for whom you can make life so very colorful.

He's a Smoothie

If I were the king of Hollywood, I'd crack down on the ungroomed boys as much as the ungroomed girls. The only fellow in the young crowd I know who is always perfectly groomed is Jeff Richards. He's loud sometimes, sure, in the checked-coat division, but not too often. He always has his hair slicked back, a big grin on that broad, healthy face of his, and the welcoming hand is always outstretched.

It's been paying off for Jeff, too. The role he was given in "The Opposite Sex" was originally nothing much more than a

big-hunk-of-man type. However, with the new crop of artistic and thin lads in town, Jeff loomed up so positively masculine to the preview audience, he's now got five pictures lined up.

"B.T." Gable is what his wife Vicki calls Jeff—meaning "Better Than."

They Make Sense

When Burt Lancaster appeared at the Academy Awards without his wife Norma, the Hollywood rumor factory, as usual, misunderstood. Then, matters became more confused when Norma turned up at the Awards party afterward and danced every



Married couples please copy the Fernando Lamases' recipe for looking wonderful

Friends who visit Doris Day leave their calling cards on her new friendship walk

dance with her tall, handsome husband.

Norma and Burt weren't a bit confused, because it is their rule never to mix business and pleasure. The Academy Awards, to them, was business. Dancing is fun. Burt's theory is: A couple that shares work is sharing a calculated risk, but the couple that shares fun is setting up a fund of mutual happiness.

Hostesses With the Mostess

Mrs. Charles Brackett, wife of the producer, wanting to jazz up a buffet table, got a live white rabbit. Then, in an antique shop, she found a tall, beautiful Victorian birdcage. Putting the rabbit in the cage, she surrounded him with lettuce and flowers. Then the buffet food was put on the table around him. It was tremendously effective, and the rabbit, nibbling away, had a ball—nibbling its own lettuce and roses, naturally.

At a recent party, Mrs. Walter Lang, wife of the director of the sensational "King and I," provided great fun by simply having scads of musical instruments scattered around her playroom. Said instruments ranged from bongo drums to mouth organs, and the idea was to see which guests could compose the best orchestra. You haven't lived till you've seen Clifton Webb trying to do an Andre Kostelanetz while sawing away on a dollar-store violin.

Doris Day has borrowed an idea from music-man Jimmy Van Heusen, who you can borrow from both of them, if you like—and if you like friends. It's a friendship walk. Very fascinating if you are building a new home. Nothing wrong with it either if your house is old.

Doris came across this friendship walk at Jimmy Van Heusen's place in Palmdale, and as a conversation piece, it was the end. Jimmy had the cement for the path around his place made in various colors—pink, green, tulip yellow and the like. (This is a cinch. You, or your builder, just mix in any color you want with your cement.) Then you invite your most particular friends to come calling. In Jimmy's case, Doris and another singer named Frank Sinatra. When they arrive, you have them put their footprints and handprints in the wet cement, then autograph them with a good, stout stick which you have provided. Or, if the cement has already set, you mix up a small new batch, smear some across, and there you are, sweet flattery for your friends, sweet memories for you. And the walk can grow and grow. Dodo is now putting such a path around her North Hollywood house.

However, if you do this, I hope you don't have any such moment as happened years ago, at Grauman's Chinese Theatre in Hollywood, where this cement-autographing, hand-and-foot-setting started. The most glamorous girl of that year was doing this bit. She wore a very, very low-cut gown and, just as she bent over with her hands and feet firmly planted, the gown let her down. The numerous gentlemen present were so startled they didn't know what was the polite thing to do until a quick-witted Grauman's usher snatched a hanging off the theatre wall and wrapped it around the blushing blond.

Glamour Gatherings

Hollywood is steadily getting more elegant. The sort of dime-store glitter has always had is being replaced by more jewel-like quality, and nothing proves it better than this year's parties.

Take a character like Bob Mitchum. In the short interval after he had returned from European and Cuban picture locations and was about to head for England for another, he and his tall, beautiful wife, Dorothy, gave a dinner-dance in the Crown Room at Romanoff's. Bob used to make a big thing of being a diamond in-the-really-rough. He'd do anything to shock you.

He was almost a shock the night of his dinner-dance, so handsome was he in his very correct dinner jacket, and so truly charming. And those words also apply to the party—handsome, correct and charming. There was a lovely trick used on the tables: very thin, very tall lighted candles standing among very low, very colorful flowers. Freddie Karger and his comb supplied the music, which was fine, too, since everybody knows Freddie, particularly since his marriage and divorce from Jane Wyman.

The best couple to watch on the dance floor were June Allyson and Jack Lemmon flawlessly going through steps that would have felled Arthur Murray. Joan Dru, there alone because John Ireland was detained with his tennis club in Phoenix, looked like a fan waltzing—mean a real fanning fan. The bodice of her low-cut gown was black, the skirt a mass of deep white ruffles. When she did the mambo with Dean Martin, she held

full skirt high in her right hand, so the ruffles cascaded sweetly down. Ursula and Bob Taylor were a brilliant pair in black-and-white also, Ursula, with her dark hair, in all white chiffon. Her gown was high-necked, but subtle as a whisper—for, while it ended in a little pearl necklace tight around her lovely throat, the line from the waistline in the back and down to the very deep décolletage in the front, was of the sheerest. Bob was very charming, telling about the changes made in his life since the arrival of his son, Terry. Seems that every night at exactly 11 P.M., Bob has always had one highball. But it turned out that Terry likes to eat exactly, too. So the Taylor men and Terry finally come to terms: Terry sits on the end of the couch before the fireplace and sips his milk, while Pa sits on the other end with his Scotch.

Crazily enough, at the Mitchum party, there were two men who stole the fashion show—two more different men than they couldn't find: Rory Calhoun and Paul Douglas. Rory drew all eyes, wearing an off-white shirt with cross-wise tucks about as deep, set off by gray pearl studs. He drew gasps by using the gold lorgnette his wife Jan had given him. It was a very thin and could fold up to vest-pocket size—but a lorgnette, just like Grandma's, it indubitably was, and it was Grandma's one better by having a little red tassel at the end of it.

There were about a hundred people at the Mitchum party and next day, at Professor Charles Brackett's soiree, it seemed as though they had all arrived there, plus a few wonderful others, such as Deborah Kerr, Clifton Webb, the Van Heflins. But the eyes were held by Arlene Dahl, who had cut her hair very short, and is more beautiful than ever.

At dinner, Fernando Lamas sat next to me and I noticed that he, too, looked very handsome. I asked him why. He said, "It's all because Arlene and I have been six months together in Europe, where there were no pressures on us. That gave me time to share happiness together, to become acquainted during the weeks on the trip. When, after our work, we saw no one but one another. This let us fall more deeply in love than ever."

To Be Very, Very Popular

For his independent picture, Audie Murphy decided he'd like to get Natalie Wood. Crazily enough, the film is based on the book, *The Wood's Colt*. Nat was delighted with the script as Audie was delighted with his interview with her. "I'll get in touch with Warners about casting you," Audie said. "Oh, no, don't do that," said brainy Natalie. "Let me tell them I want to be in your picture. You see, if you approach them they'll put my price up. But if I approach them, you'll get me at a bargain." By his method, did Mr. Murphy become the most popular of the vast band of Wood admirers.

To Be Very, Very Smart

In "The Opposite Sex," musical-comedy star Dolores Gray, decided to prove she could be dramatic and get by without singing. Whereupon, in the very same picture, my own favorite cutie-pie, June Allyson, decided that she'd cut back to singing, as she had done in her very first picture. In fact, she's even going to sing the very same tune. You see, Junie knows that dramatic is dramatic, top box-office. But she also knows that a perfectly straight role, as the one she has in "The Opposite Sex," will be very much animated by this kind of musical comedy. **THE END**

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GARDOL IS COLGATE'S TRADE-MARK
FOR SODIUM N-LAURYL SARCOSINATE.

He Leaves His Heart in Rome

(Continued from page 52)

time, duplicating the marital services which had first united them fifteen years before in Rome. Then, young, stubborn, and very much in love, they had ignored the objections of both their families and had married without parental consent.

No one from their families came to that first wedding ceremony, and the young couple began their married life in the lonely gloom of parental disapproval.

How different was this second ceremony! The Pope himself had sent the Brazzis a special benediction. Everyone from both their families, including Rossano's widowed mother, his brother and sister, Lidia's parents, and all their in-laws—nieces, nephews, aunts and uncles—were there to drink to their health and wish them well.

"My wife's family, who are titled, first objected to me because I didn't come from nobility," explains Rossano. "They thought Lidia should have married the stuffy lawyer she was engaged to before I came along."

"Rossano's family thought an early marriage might hurt his career. Besides, everyone thought we were both too young and headstrong," is Lidia Brazzi's explanation.

Anyway, that was all in the turbulent past, and both families now enjoy a close relationship. In fact, Lidia's parents make the Brazzi apartment in Rome their winter headquarters.

The span of fifteen years, which had witnessed the shift in family sentiments, had also marked a few changes in Rossano's professional life. After more than a decade of success in Italy, this veteran of 80 pictures and numerous plays has found himself, at the age of 39, suddenly "discovered" by Hollywood as a romantic screen lover, the epitome of continental charm and Latin gallantry.

Hundreds of perfumed letters, throbbing with daring declarations of love and longing, pour in daily at Rossano's apartment in Rome. Most of them come from America. One woman, the mother of three children, was inspired to pen him the following verse: "God made wine, God made cheese, God made Rossano for me to squeeze." Another sent him a solid gold watch.

When Rossano was in New York last year for the premiere of "Summertime," a magnificent Cadillac was delivered to his hotel, with a note—and five pictures of herself—from a fan living in Chicago, who invited him to visit her in the Windy City. The invitation was generously, if reluctantly, extended to his wife also. Twenty fans in Japan have asked Rossano to come to their country—at their expense—and spend a day in each one's home.

Rossano reacts with gratitude but caution to all these overtures and demonstrations from his fans. "Life would mean very little, if there were no women," he purrs. "I admit I have a great liking for them." Then he wisely adds, "But remember, I have been happily married for fifteen years, and each year I think I love my wife more."

The roving, caressing eye, which has become the Brazzi trademark, goes well with his movie cloak of Casanova, but off-screen Rossano is a deeply devoted husband. His wife, Lidia, a buxom, jovial, blue-eyed bundle of energy and charm, is the solid foundation of strength and understanding on which Rossano has built his life. Although their relationship is occasionally beset by raging arguments, for each has a violent temper, Rossano could not visualize life without Lidia.

"Of all the women I have met, both on

the screen and off," he says, "I still think my wife is the most interesting."

In addition to her witty and bright personality, Lidia Brazzi has a rare understanding of the demands of Rossano's career. She never interferes with his plans, never questions his appointments, is always there when he needs her. Sometimes, however, she feels that her presence may be a drawback in his professional life, so she keeps in the background as much as possible. This is at her own insistence.

"I have been to a studio to watch Rossano work only once, and that was enough for me," she says, her eyes twinkling in good humor. "It was several years ago, here in Rome, and Rossano was making a picture with Alida Valli. As I started to go on the set, an assistant director approached me and, with an embarrassed air, explained that Rossano was in the midst of a love scene with Miss Valli. It had never quite hit me with such violence before that making love to other women was a part of Rossano's work. I smiled and whispered to the assistant, 'Don't tell him that I've come here. I'll wait for him in the car.' I've never visited a set since."

We were sitting in the tastefully furnished Brazzi apartment in Rome. While chatting fluently in her gently accented English, Lidia kept one ear cocked toward the door in the event she was needed by Rossano, who was resting after a slight case of flu. She had just recovered from a serious bout of the same sickness, in time to take care of Rossano.

"It is very easy to be Rossano's wife," Lidia said gaily. "He is such a good boy. We have many fights, of course, but it is impossible to stay angry with him very long. When he screams, sometimes I scream louder than he does."

"When he sulks, I am quiet. I say nothing. Once we had a terrible quarrel. We had to stop it because we were expecting guests for lunch. At the table, I served everyone except Rossano. I spoke to everyone, but not a word to him. I kept this up for two days. I laughed and sang, as I always do around the house, but I never addressed a word to him."

"Finally he couldn't stand it any longer. 'Why don't you talk to me?' he pleaded like a little boy. How could I stay angry with him?" she smiled.

Lidia learned very early in their married life that generous portions of trust and confidence are the basic ingredients for a happy marriage. Rossano has been attractive to women ever since he was eight and his father boxed his ears for flirting with a girl of twenty. Lidia soon realized that, if she was not going to be haunted by doubts and fears every minute he was out of her sight, she had to have faith in him.

"When Rossano goes off to work, I say, 'Goodbye, take care of yourself, work hard.' I never ask him what time he will be home; I don't call the studio if he isn't back at his normal time; I don't try to control him. I realize that actors often have obligations outside their home. Sometimes he says, 'I'll be home about midnight.' 'Okay,' I say."

"But maybe he comes earlier than he had planned. During our entire married life, I have never had the sensation that he was involved with another woman."

Sometimes, to tease him, Lidia says, "Poor Rossano, poor man, don't you wish you were free?"

Then Rossano gets angry and cries, "Don't say such things! I'm happy. I have everything I want."

Lidia has put on about eighty pounds

since her marriage, but she is not conscious about her weight. She loves dance and is as light as a feather or feet. Not in defiance, but because she loves them, she usually wears low-cut dresses which emphasize her ample bosom. Instead of skipping over the subject, she jokes about her stoutness. When Rossano occasionally chides her and suggests she reduce, she answers indignantly, "Should I? You are the beauty of the family, not me. Leave me alone."

Actually, Lidia has made several successful human efforts to cut down her weight and she is a delicate eater. As she says, "This is my nature, what can I do?"

But not for an instant does she become self-conscious or submerged when in a group. She overcomes her lack of shyness with her charm and personality.

Lidia usually accompanies Rossano on his film engagements outside of Rome. In rare times they take a plane, they travel together.

The only time they have ever been apart for any length of time was last year when Rossano's personal appearance tour took him to America for the opening of "Summertime."

"Forty-eight days," Lidia sighed. "It was our longest separation since our marriage. During that trip, Rossano phoned me in Rome every night. He would recount his adventures in the various cities he had visited. He went to tea with ten newspaperwomen in Boston, and before he left it, was accompanying them on a night club tour that lasted until four in the morning. But before he hopped into the plane, he called Lidia to tell her all about it."

Lidia is Rossano's severest critic. She analyzes all his performances with a discerning eye, and admits ruefully that she has made more bad movies than good ones. "Summertime" is still her favorite. She knew Rossano was good, but never expected him to be the sensation he became. Rossano, too, had been somewhat amazed at his success.

"They have seen nothing yet," he says. "I shall surprise everyone with my pictures. I am going to do much better."

Rossano's assurance in himself is based on over-confidence, but as he says, "I've found the gimmick. I know what is expected of me—a continental manner and accent, with the emphasis on sex appeal."

"I cannot compete with American performers as an actor," he adds. "The language difficulty. I speak English, of course, but to interpret a role in a creative manner, one must understand the nuance of each word. That I cannot do, so I must express myself with my hands and my eyes, in my own fashion."

It is perfectly natural that Rossano's satisfaction over his recent good fortune is tinged with a note of triumph. "I wish it had happened years ago," he says, "it could have so easily. When I first came to Hollywood, in 1949, I wanted to play romantic roles, but no producer thought I could be convincing."

Rossano almost shudders in horror when he thinks of the year he and Lidia spent in Hollywood. He prefers to forget about it. He thought it would be the big break of his life, but it proved to be nothing more than heartbreaking.

David Selznick, impressed by Rossano's reputation as the Latin Errol Flynn, usually arrived in my co-star's arms, leaping over high walls and ramparts, brought him to Hollywood in 1949.

"For a long time," Rossano recalls, "I sat around and did nothing. There was nothing for me at the studio, so finally

nick lent me to M-G-M. I must explain that my English was not very good those days. They handed me a script and a teacher to coach me in my lines. I read them and repeated them mechanically, but I had no idea what I was saying. I began to get suspicious that all was well when make-up men began trying wigs and beards. 'What are they doing to me?' I said to myself. 'Did I come to America to play the part of an old man?' The picture was already rolling when Rossano realized that he had been cast as Professor Bhaer, the middle-aged German music teacher in the re-make of "Little Women." But it was too late. All he could do was heartily agree with Selznick, who said to an M-G-M executive, "I lent you Brazzi, but without beard or glasses." Although Rossano had a disillusioning professional experience in Hollywood, both he and Lidia fell in love with the community and its way of life. They made many friends, and it was not unusual for him to entertain as many as seventy-five people several times a week at mammoth ghetti dinners. But even their friends and a busy social life could not compensate for Rossano's happiness over his work. Lidia realized and cheerfully endorsed his decision to ask for his release. Refusing the title part in "The Life of Valentino," he sailed home, a sad and disillusioned man. After my return to Italy, I had a rough time getting parts," says Rossano. "Everytime I thought I had flopped in Hollywood and that that was the reason I had come home. They figured if Hollywood didn't want me, they wanted no part of me either." So he tried his hand at producing, but he lost most of his personal fortune in ill-fated films. Then, gradually, he

began to regain his former position as Italy's top male star. It was at this time that Jean Negulesco convinced him to accept the role of the penniless lawyer in "Three Coins in the Fountain."

"It was a small part," says Rossano, "and I realized it. I had already refused several Hollywood pictures because I didn't want to be burned again. But I felt that this one was the second chance I had been hoping for."

Rossano had no sooner finished "Three Coins" when he was offered the part of the count in "The Barefoot Contessa." Again he hesitated. "The physical handicap of the character was an unattractive factor," he explains. "Despite his charm, he was certainly not a likable person. But it was a challenge."

The dent Rossano made in the hearts of the female movie-going public is proof of how well he met the challenge. The nightmare of his shaggy-beard days in Hollywood was fading into a fuzzy memory, and with "Summertime" he was definitely established as one of the leading romantic heart throbs of the day.

Now, Rossano has a contract with Universal-International, which provides for three pictures in the next three years, and gives him the right to outside commitments. Recently, he finished the English production (for United Artists release) of Graham Greene's "Losers Take All." It's a comedy set in Monte Carlo, and also stars Glynis Johns. This summer, he will make his first U-I film, "Interlude."

Rossano and Lidia will have only a few weeks' vacation in their favorite resort spot in the south of Italy before he is due in London for the lead opposite Joan Crawford in Columbia's "Esther Costello."

That will bring him well into 1957. By then, Rossano hopes, a shooting date will

have been set for "South Pacific." He is Rodgers and Hammerstein's favorite candidate for the male lead, and he makes no bones about his fervent desire to play it. Rossano has a fine trained baritone voice, but he's never had a chance to sing on the screen. He is now studying under Rome's finest singing teacher, who was so impressed with his voice that he offered Rossano a month's lessons free of charge. "You can put Sinatra to shame," the professor told him recently.

Rossano's success and newly awakened international fame has not changed his way of living. His small apartment on Rome's swank Via Sistina, is still crowded with relatives and friends who drop in at all times of the day and evening.

The Brazzis are warm and hospitable hosts, and they rarely sit down to lunch without sharing it with some member of the family. The only concession they are making to Rossano's new contract is a Hollywood-type villa, complete with tennis court and swimming pool, which they are building on the outskirts of Rome. And, for what promises to be frequent visits to Hollywood, Rossano is planning to buy a home in Beverly Hills. But he will always make his permanent residence in the Italian capital, and he invests his savings in property and factories in Florence.

"I do not forget that I am Italian," he says.

Rossano, the son of a wealthy leather manufacturer, was born in the ancient university city of Bologna. When he was very young, his family moved to Florence, and there he grew up with his younger brother, Oscar, and his baby sister, Franca.

At an early age, he decided to become a lawyer, but he was equally as interested in amateur dramatics and sports. At thirteen, he toured Italy in a musical comedy;

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HIPS	35	36	37 1/2	39	41
SIZE	10	12	14	16	18



at seventeen, he was amateur basketball champion of Italy, as well as a champion tennis player. At eighteen, while a student at the San Marco University at Florence (where he received his law doctorate) he won a prize as the best actor.

It was about this time that he met Lidia Bertolini, member of an aristocratic Florentine family. They were both students at the university, Rossano in law, Lidia in literature, but their first glimpse of each other was at a drama school they were attending.

One day in class, Lidia's girlfriend nudged her and whispered, "There's Benito. Isn't he handsome?"

Lidia recalls today that she wasn't particularly impressed. Later, she saw him in a school play and thought he did a fine job. She went backstage and told him so.

They didn't meet again until several weeks later. Lidia was traveling by train to a village near Florence where one of the school plays was to be presented. Her girlfriend pointed to Rossano who was standing in the corridor, watching Lidia intently. Lidia remembers that he wore a high-necked Russian blouse and looked very dashing, but pretending not to be interested, she commented to her friend, "This one has a stupid face."

She saw Rossano again at the time where the school troupe was staying. He was frantically going through his suitcase looking for a shirt. "He looked miserable, and the suitcase was in such a mess," Lidia recalls today. "His mother hadn't had time to pack it for him, so he had done it himself. We began to talk and we talked the rest of the evening."

"We must get married," Rossano said almost immediately. Lidia was engaged at the time, but she broke it off. They were together for two years, in spite of constant family opposition, before they decided to go off to Rome and get married.

"You can change your mind," Lidia used to tell Rossano at regular intervals up to the day of their wedding. "It's not too late. You might be sorry one day."

"I will never regret it," Rossano said at the time, and he still says it today.

Rossano's parents didn't approve of his getting married, but they were even more opposed to his abandoning law in favor of the stage. He spent three months dividing his time between the court room and rehearsal halls, until one day he decided to concentrate on swaying audiences, rather than juries, with his rich voice.

His first important stage role was in the Italian version of "Strange Interlude," for which he received fine notices. For two years and Lidia played in the same company.

Rossano was seriously interested in breaking into movies, but an unsuccessful screen test had left him discouraged. One night he and Lidia were sitting in the Castellino, a theatrical hangout, when a friend came over to their table.

"Hey, Rossano, there's a big movie rector over there. He wants to talk to you." Rossano got up and went over to talk to him. After a few minutes he came back and said glumly to Lidia, "It's for you."

Lidia didn't want to take the part the rector was offering her. She hated acting all she wanted to do was stay at home and take care of Rossano, but he urged her. "We need the money," he reasoned.

Lidia worked for one day in a bit. It was enough to convince her that she wanted no part of movies. Sometimes when Rossano returns home from the studio, tired and listless, and Lidia is upon going out, saying, "Oh, you can't be that tired," Rossano reminds her of the day. "Don't you remember how weary we were, how you said your feet felt as if they had been glued to your shoes? Well, it

"I feel." Then, of course, she relents. Rossano received his first real break in picture called, "The Trial and Death of Socrates." After that it was easy going, and he became the most sought-after male in Italy. Then Selznick saw him in "Black Eagle" and signed him. His first trip to Hollywood may have been a disillusioning experience in many ways, but it was there that Lidia learned to cook. "I had nothing else to do all day," she says, "so I practiced different recipes."

Lidia is Rossano's favorite cook, and the first time he enters their apartment he can tell by the aromas coming from the kitchen that Lidia has cooked the day's meal for him. The dish he prefers above all is his own recipe for Tortinelli, a type of ravioli, made with meat and cheese, and served with broth. Like most Italians, Rossano has a keen interest in food, and he is an expert cook himself. He recently invented a sauce for chicken, and a well-known Roman restaurant is featuring it on its menu as *Poletto à la Brazzi*.

Rossano is essentially a homebody, and he likes nothing better than an evening at home playing bridge or canasta with friends. "Lidia is a better player than I am," he says, "but I will never admit it to her." But Lidia loves to go out, so when Rossano is not working, the Brazzis are out for first-nighters and frequent night-clubbers.

The couple's deepest sorrow is that they have no children, and they pour their love and affection on animals of all kinds. They have two French poodles, which they bought in Hollywood, and a Spanish bloodhound. A less conventional member of the family is their little rabbit, which Rossano acquired three years ago, while on location in Spain. He had just put his rabbit in a basket into his car when he saw

a gray streak headed for the basket. He put his coat over it, wondering what kind of creature he had captured. It was a wild rabbit, and it has been a member of the Brazzi family ever since.

Perhaps the main reason for Rossano's appeal to women, both on screen and off, is his suave virility. He can kiss a woman's hand with elegance, but he is also a formidable opponent in a boxing ring. He is an expert skier—he and Lidia spend most winter weekends at the ski resort of Terminillo, an hour's drive from Rome—a keen soccer and tennis fan, and is passionately interested in racing. "I don't drive any more," he says. "I drive too fast, and am much too nervous."

Rossano's interest in sports does not prevent him from also being a serious student of languages and music. He knows Latin and Greek, as well as five modern tongues. He adds to his vast record collection by exchanging, with his American fans, books on Italian art for the newest discs. In modern music, George Gershwin is his idol.

Although he loves his work and is restless when he has nothing to do, Rossano wants to limit his pictures to two a year. As Lidia says, "There must be time to enjoy life. Money—after all, what is it? If you have enough to do what you want, that is all that is important. I am no happier now that Rossano can give me a mink coat and diamonds than I was when he was earning 100 lire a day."

Lidia stopped suddenly in the midst of her thoughts and glanced toward the bedroom door. It opened slowly, and Rossano, fetchingly handsome in a Scotch plaid bathrobe, stood there rubbing his eyes.

"Ah, the beauty is up," Lidia smiled at him affectionately, and began humming a song happily. Her whole attitude changed now that Rossano was in her presence. "Cicci, how is the cold?" she asked him

anxiously. ("Cicci," an untranslatable term used between lovers, is Rossano's and Lidia's nickname for each other.)

"Better, much better," Rossano answered, stifling a sneeze.

"Poor boy," Lidia sighed, looking at her husband sympathetically. Then, her words changed as rapidly as her thoughts, and she said, "Now, what is more correct in English for *Noze di Rame*, fifteenth wedding anniversary—is it copper or brass?"

Before I had a chance to answer, she shook her finger playfully at her husband, and said, "If only he would speak English with me, I wouldn't have to ask these things."

"If I speak English with you, I will forget how to speak it properly," Rossano answered with dignity.

"Ah," said Lidia, "I will look it up in the dictionary. But, no, why should I bother? Who cares anyway for our fifteenth wedding anniversary?"

"What do you mean?" cried Rossano. "I care, that's who cares!"

It was obvious tiny clouds were gathering for a minor storm in the Brazzi household. It was time for me to go.

Rossano said goodbye warmly and prudently avoided the drafty hall. Despite my vehement protests about the cold, Lidia insisted upon accompanying me to the outside door. From inside came wafts of sound which resembled Rossano's voice.

"Lidia, you just got out of bed with the flu. Don't stay in that drafty hall! You will catch cold again, and I'm the one who has to pay the doctor bills." The voice got fainter and fainter. Lidia glanced at me, winked slyly, and said with a happy smile, "Let him scream."

As the elevator drifted slowly down, I could hear the strains of what had now become a duet, without music. All was well in the Brazzi household. THE END

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(Continued from page 46)

second audition. From this number, fifteen or twenty are selected for membership.

Paul had a friend who had passed her first studio audition and was scheduled for a second. However, shortly before the all-important date, the boy with whom she was to play her scene had been called out of town. So she'd asked Paul to fill in.

Paul willingly obliged and, when the audition was over, went on his way. He was too new to New York to even think of the impossible. Someday, he hoped, he'd have an audition of his own. . . .

But now the card of acceptance was in his hand. He glanced at it again. "The only way I can figure it is that they made a mistake. They must have thought I'd been there before. And even then it doesn't make sense . . ." his voice trailed away in puzzlement.

"It makes sense to me," Jackie replied.

Today, his success is equally logical to his wife, although Paul still shakes his head when he thinks of his good fortune. "I've been lucky," he says. "I've always sort of fallen into things."

To Paul, the Actors' Studio bid could hardly have come at a better time. Fresh from the Yale School of Drama, he was being given concrete proof that he had taken the right step when he had decided upon acting as a profession.

The decision had been a difficult one. A little over a year before, he had been running his family's sporting goods business in Cleveland, Ohio. It had meant a comfortable income, security for a young man, his wife and their infant son, Scott, who is now five. Yet, Paul had been dissatisfied. "I figured I had to do something else," he says today. "It wasn't that there was so much theatre in my blood—there just didn't seem to be any sporting goods in my blood."

Paul was born in Cleveland and, as he recalls, "started fooling around in the theatre when I was in grammar school. Then I did some things at the Cleveland Playhouse, which had a children's group."

As Paul grew older, he had no conscious intention of taking acting seriously, although he continued to be interested in dramatics. After he was graduated from high school, he enrolled in Kenyon College, to major in economics. The war interrupted his education for four years, but when he returned to Kenyon, he still had economics in mind—or so he thought.

"I guess I became a familiar face around

the department in charge of changing majors," he says now. "Next, I decided to major in English. And finally, drama."

Outside the classroom, Paul was active in football, basketball, boxing and swimming. He still retains his interest in sports, and particularly enjoys swimming and horseback riding. He once managed a golf range, and thereupon decided to learn the sport himself. He still plays when he has the opportunity.

After finally choosing drama as his major, Paul stayed with it and, several hours after he received his degree, in 1949, he was on his way to Wisconsin to join the Williams Bay stock group. Following this, he won a scholarship to appear with the Woodstock Players in Woodstock, Illinois.

One play that stands out in his collection of special memories is "John Loves Mary." "What else were they doing in stock in 1949?" he grins.

But there was another, more important reason. She was blond, brown-eyed and very, very pretty. Her name was Jackie Witte, he learned, and she was also in the production. They rehearsed together, off-stage as well as on, and eventually a company wit began to call the play, "Paul Loves Jackie." The feeling was quite mutual and they were married that year.

A short time after their wedding, Paul's father died and Paul and his bride returned to Cleveland to assume the responsibility of the family business. He stayed with it for nearly twelve months—and each month he became more uncertain. "I have to do something else," he told Jackie. "I'm going to try acting."

He enrolled in the Yale School of Drama and studied there for a year. After that, the Newmans set out to tackle New York, fully aware of the odds against them. "I got some television work at first," Paul remembers. "After that, I was admitted to The Actors' Studio." As for his regard for that esteemed organization, Paul says, "The Studio is responsible for any progress I've made."

Exactly five months after his departure from Yale, Paul was signed to understudy Ralph Meeker and to play the newsboy in "Picnic." "They'd given the role of Ralph's college friend to another actor," Paul recalls. "When it didn't work out, they let me play the part for three days." Then another actor was hired and Paul returned to his job as understudy.

Still another actor came into the cast, and left it. Paul was called upon again. He rehearsed for five uncertain days. On

the fifth, he was summoned for a conference. "A few people are coming to the Theatre Guild tonight," he was told. "If it's all right with them and the producers, you'll stay in the role."

Paul was elated—until the performance hour grew near. "A few people!" he smiles. "There were fifty. Among them, Elia Kazan and Tennessee Williams was so terrified and so wound up when I saw them walk in that I gave a performance the likes of which I never gave on Broadway." He played the college caddy for fourteen months.

As luck would have it, Paul left "Picnic" at the time when Warner Bros. was searching for an actor to portray the character of Basil in "The Silver Chalice." Upon seeing Paul, the studio executives were in agreement. "He looks like Basil. Give him the full treatment."

The full treatment included a screen test with one of Warners' top stars, Virginia Mayo. Paul won the role and a contract.

Following the completion of "Chalice," he returned to Broadway for the stage production of "The Desperate Hours." It ran for seven months and, even to Paul, can hardly believe this particular stroke of good fortune. "I've done only two plays and I was on Broadway for over two years," he says. "Heaven knows the number of actors who've been in seven or eight or ten shows and have never had a hit!"

Paul "fell" back into motion pictures when he returned to California to do a televised version of "Our Town." At that time, one of his friends, writer Steven Stern, was nearing completion on the script of "The Rack." The problem of a leading man was uppermost in the minds of everyone connected with the film.

The part was that of a former war hero who is accused of collaborating with the enemy and is brought to trial by the Army. A great portion of the picture was to take place in a courtroom.

"To say that we were worried about finding a lead would be putting it mildly," says Arthur Loew Jr., who produced "The Rack." "There were to be long stretches of time in the courtroom—involving most solo scenes for the star. When an actor has to talk and talk and talk, it can be the most boring thing in the world and drive everyone out of the theatre. We had to find someone who could hold the audience."

Writer Stern was insistent. "Newman was the boy for the part," he kept repeating. "He could do it to perfection."

"I'd like to talk to him," said the writer, Arthur Loew.

An introduction was arranged and Loew soon realized that Paul was his man. "He came to have a tremendous grasp of the character," says the producer. "Steven Stern, the director and I had been working on the script for so long that, for a while, it was difficult to be non-objective. Then, at the end, we found we'd become too subjective. Paul brought in a fresh approach with his comments and criticisms. By the time he got to the set, he had made a deep and penetrating study of the character and the problems involved."

As Paul, himself, says, "There are many kinds of emotions and experiences and attitudes in understanding a character. To have all of them would be a bit of luck. Those you don't have, you have to find."

Paul's own service experiences had no way resembled those of the man he was to portray. He'd enlisted in the Navy in 1942, and was sent to Yale on the

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rogram. However, he was dropped from the Naval Air Officers Training Unit because of color blindness. Later, he served for three years in the Pacific as a radio-gram third class in naval torpedo planes. For "The Rack," he had to find the greater part of the characterization outside of himself. To do this, he read newspaper reports about turncoats and their relatives. He went through magazine after magazine for articles on the subject. He held almost nightly conferences with members of the cast or production staff of the picture, hashing out reactions. Paul knew the conflicting emotions that come to men in battle, and that fear is human, even in the bravest. But what of the war between captor and prisoner? What makes a man turn traitor? How much can a man take before he reaches the breaking point?

Paul came to feel a deep sympathy for the man he was portraying. Although the soldier's actions, his weaknesses, could not be justified, he, himself, deserved to be understood . . . and perhaps his story might save others from a similar fate. That Paul was successful in his characterization was evidenced by the reaction of some three hundred members of the audience who filled in preview cards for the picture's first showing. These were counted and read in the theatre manager's office. "What's the reaction to Paul?" asked Arthur Loew.

Another studio official pointed to several piles of neatly stacked cards. "Those say he's outstanding," he replied. He then nodded to the remaining piles. "And those say he's better than outstanding."

Paul Newman's motion picture career has really on the way. However, despite the fame Fortune's generosity, Paul has found one drawback. When he is in Hollywood making a movie, his family remains at home on Long Island, New York. "It's a problem that confronts anyone trying to do stage and television work—the East and pictures on the West coast," he says. "We have three children—Scott, Susan and Stephanie. Kids need a home, roots. You can't keep shuffling them around all the time, much as you miss them when you're away. I just can't stay away any longer than I can help. I'm hoping to do a new play this fall. Then the only commuting I'll be doing is to and from Long Island."

In California, Paul lives in an apartment, and particularly enjoys visiting friends who have children. "He's wonderful with kids," says Margaret Smith, a friend who handles his fan mail. "At Christmas time he gave my sons boxing gloves and one of those punching bags on a stand. When he's in town, he'll stop in and give them lessons on how to deal with the left and cross with the right."

Paul likes nothing better than to have dinner with his friends and he's noted for being willing to help with the dishes—provided he's allowed to wash them. Otherwise, there's an argument.

When they know he's coming, his hosts invariably have a large hunk of celery and vinegar and oil on hand. The Paul Newman Celery Salad is steadily gaining fame in Hollywood. If he's dining at someone's home he steps into the kitchen and prepares the dish himself. When he goes to a restaurant, he prefers to order the ingredients and mix his own dressing. This can lead to complications, and it has. One evening, Paul asked the waiter for a bowl of chopped celery, with oil and vinegar on the side. By mistake the man in the kitchen mixed and added the dressing. When it arrived, Paul said nothing. He simply picked up the bowl,



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walked into the men's room and proceeded to rinse off the celery. He was not unaware of the puzzled stares that greeted him. "Don't mind me," he said in a serious tone. "I'm just the chef and we're a little crowded in the kitchen."

With that, he turned off the faucet, drained the celery and marched back to his table. Then he placed another order for oil and vinegar.

Such situations have always come quite naturally to Paul. When he tackles a project—celery salad, dishwashing or what-have-you—something is bound to happen. For instance, while in college he ran a school laundry for a time. One day, several students arrived with large baskets of weekly wash. This was not unusual—except that beneath the clothing lay a number of cans of beer.

Naturally, the group concluded, a way had to be found to chill the beer. It was only logical that they fill one of the washing machines with ice, and it worked like a charm. But this social aspect of laundry life ended when college authorities discovered and verbally took a dim view of the matter. Thereafter, the foam in the laundry was strictly from suds.

In the Navy, all Paul needed was a spare moment to be mistaken as a mechanic. One day, an officer, on his way past, ordered him to warm up the engine of one of the planes. Being a radioman, this wasn't in Paul's line. He was still standing there when the officer rushed past again and stopped long enough to hand him a paper. "Sign it," he commanded.

"What is it?" asked Paul.

It was a statement stating that the plane was in good condition and ready to fly. "I can't sign this," said Paul.

The officer glared. "Haven't you warmed up the engine?"

"Look," said Paul, "I'm no mechanic. I haven't the slightest idea whether the plane can fly or swim or anything else." With that he hastily took his leave.

In addition to his celery salad, Paul is known for his love of popcorn. "Go to a movie with Paul," says a friend, "and you go with a bag of homemade popcorn—one of those huge grocery store variety bags."

Usually, Paul spends his Hollywood weekends horseback riding in Griffith Park. He learned to ride during his first stay in California, and he's enjoyed it ever since. One weekend, however, he gave up riding in favor of sailing, a decision he eventually regretted.

Paul and Arthur Loew chartered a schooner, complete with crew, and planned to make their way to Catalina Island, which is about twenty-five miles off the Los Angeles shore. "We picked a great day," Paul remembers. "It usually takes four hours to make the trip, but that day there was a wind from the west. We bucked it for seven and a half hours."

"For a while we thought we'd missed the island and figured we'd be sighting Hawaii in a few weeks. Coming back was better, timewise. With the wind behind us we got into Los Angeles in three and a half hours. We also ripped three sails," he says thoughtfully. The following weekend he was back in Griffith Park.

Paul likes nothing better than the great outdoors. He'd rather have a picnic at the beach on the spur of the moment than go to the most lavish party in the world. Socially, he prefers the sit-on-the-floor type soirees at someone's home.

Paul spent one of Hollywood's most festive evenings at a friend's house, sitting on the floor. It was Academy Award night and he'd been invited to watch the show on television. He missed the first

portion, however, because he'd volunteered to bring dessert, and had trouble finding a bakery. After an hour's search, he'd driven up to a Frosty Free place and settled for four quarts of the fanciest ice cream.

After he finally arrived, Paul sat himself down on the floor in front of the set, with a dish of pretzels. As the presentations proceeded, he enthusiastically applauded and argued with the group that had gathered to watch.

Paul is as determined to keep his promises as he is to prove a point if questioned. And he'll go to great lengths. When working on "The Silver Chalice," he got into a friendly disagreement with the associate producer about the name of the fellow who once played third base for Cleveland—if, indeed, he had ever played for Cleveland. "Would you care to place a small bet?" inquired the producer.

"I would," replied Paul.

"Then ten cents says I'm right."

Paul won the bet—at a loss of five dollars and ninety cents. He simply adjourned to the nearest bookshop and purchased a five-dollar sports almanac. He presented it to the producer with his regards, pocketed the dime and went away whistling.

If there's a challenge, Paul Newman will meet it. And large or small, he'll tackle it with the same degree of energy and enthusiasm. Nevertheless, he's apt to toss it all off with the remark, "Things have always come easily for me. Sometimes, too easily."

Which makes his friend, Tony Zale, smile. "Sure," says Tony. "Easy the hard way." Tony, a former middleweight boxing champion, was a technical advisor on Paul's newest film, "Somebody Up There Likes Me."

Made-up as Rocky Graziano, whom he portrays in the picture, Paul's face was often a checkerboard of bruises and bandages, not all of which were false. "The broken nose is mine," he explains. "It happened when I was playing football in school. Actually, it happened twice."

Paul had boxed in college and in the Navy, but he still had a lot to learn about his portrayal of Graziano.

As he went into training, Zale carefully looked on, noticed as Paul thoughtfully studied the still pictures taken on the set. He listened as he moaned, "My left hand isn't in the right position. The toes are pointed the wrong way."

Then, too, there was the matter of absorbing the combinations of punches. In movies, punches are pulled to avoid mutilating the actors. Long accustomed to the real thing, Zale had to concentrate on holding back. "Get the combinations down," he warned Paul. "I might forget and let you have it."

However, the day arrived when Paul overlooked one of them. A few moments later, Tony was picking him up off the floor. "He came right back for more," says Zale. "He's a worker, this one."

Paul's schedule during the picture included more than the learning of lines. He spent eight days with Graziano, talking to the fighter's friends. They went to fights together and spent a considerable amount of time in Stillman's Gym. Then Paul went into training. Often his workday would begin around dawn and end as late as eight in the evening.

The results are now on film, which will soon be released. And they're already saying that next year Paul will be going formal to the Academy Award presentations—as a nominee. There is probably only one person in Hollywood who would consider this feat incredible. His name is Paul Newman.

THE 10

The Lady Dared

(Continued from page 63)

But Deborah isn't like most actresses. She's that rare person, who in all phases of her life—marriage, motherhood, career and friendships—is successful and contented.

She doesn't give the impression of being a glamour queen. She has had only one husband, Anthony Bartley, and she has been happily married to him for eleven years. She has lived in the same house, with the same household staff, since she arrived in Hollywood, nine years ago. She is never rated a glance from a scandal magazine for one good reason—there is no skeleton in her closet. She has never been on a press junket, attended a film festival, or prompted publicity for herself via mad hats, Bikini bathing suits and tight-fitting sweaters. She has had many disappointments and setbacks in her climb to the envious pinnacle she has achieved, but she has never wasted a moment in regret. Marilyn Monroe, Anita Berg and Jayne Mansfield get more fan mail than Deborah does, but she's won 13 awards as "best actress" on both the stage and screen. Although Paulette Goddard and Sonja Henie have more fabulous jewels, Deborah has two that no money can buy—her nine-year-old daughter, Melanie Jane, and her six-year-old, Francesca Anne. Her friends aren't confined to the motion picture colony in Hollywood, the Sardi set in New York, or the Caprice crowd in London. In film Beach last Christmas, she, Tony and the children occupied the Tony Pulitzer guest house. In Detroit, the Henry Fords entertained for them. In England, they were week-end guests of Nancy and Lord Alton at Cliveden. Lord Beaverbrook's granddaughter, Lady Jane Campbell, is Tony's godchild. His father is Sir Charles Bartley. But neither Tony nor Deborah are social snobs.

Deborah's first paycheck was ten shillings. Today, she is one of the top-salaried stars in Hollywood and on Broadway. But she has never been blasé about worldly goods. On her last birthday, Tony gifted her with a Van Cleef and Arpels gold compact, and she was so excited, you would have thought it was the Hope diamond! Women trust her, men admire her, and no one envies her success, because Deborah has earned it—by a dedication to whatever job she undertakes; by never stepping on anyone in her own climb up the ladder; by being a trouper; by having the lasting trademark of every great star . . . talent.

It is this talent that has won for her in the past year three roles that only an actress of her versatility could portray—Mrs. Anna in her first musical, 20th's "The King and I"; a Red Cross nurse in Paramount's "The Proud and Profane"; and the wife of an English professor in a boys' prep school in M-G-M's "Tea and Sympathy." This last part she created on the Broadway stage and for it she earned the most prized awards in the theatre—the Donaldson Award, the Variety Drama Critics Poll, and the Sarah Siddons Award.

Deborah (no one who really knows her intimately ever calls her Debbie) has a philosophy of life which has guided her through the rough shoals of a career that hasn't been as smooth-sailing as it is now. "I believe that life is a pendulum," she says, "and that everything goes along to a period of time in one cycle and then changes to another phase. This happens to many people. And at the time you are in a certain cycle you may not quite realize it; a whole series of events has followed

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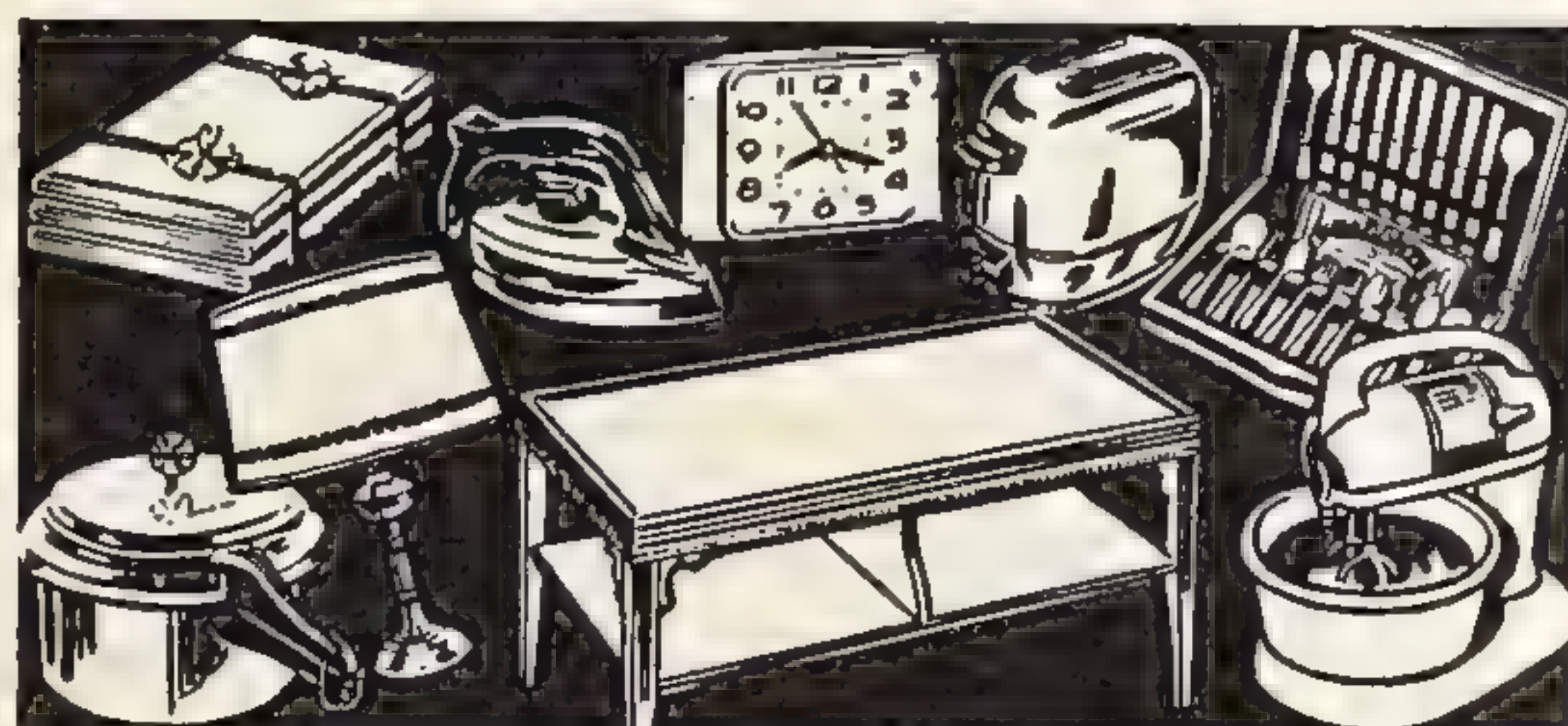
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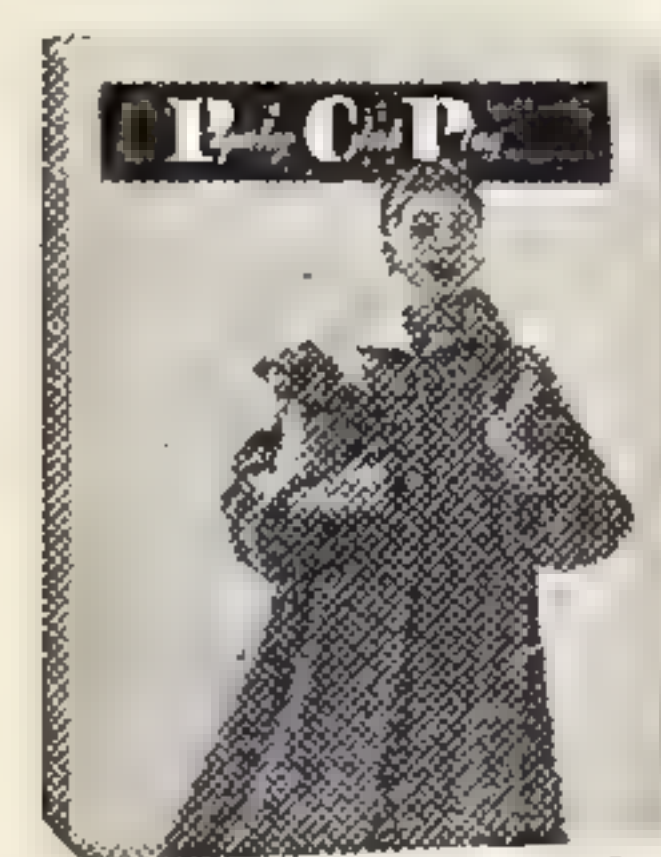
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through in the same vein. Then, when the cycle changes, you can look back and see that a certain phase has completed itself. For a two-year period now, I have been in a wonderful cycle. I'm indeed fortunate that the pendulum is swinging favorably in my direction now, and I'm thoroughly enjoying the wonderful things that are coming my way."

I have known Deborah during most of these cycles, ever since she first sailed into New York harbor, in November of 1947. That there is a "destiny that shapes our lives" was proven the very night of her arrival. A mutual friend, who had crossed on the *Queen Elizabeth* with the Bartleys, called me and suggested that we make up a party of four and help entertain these "bundles from Britain" on their one night in town, before they took off for Hollywood. I invited them to join me at the Waldorf to hear a singer, who had skyrocketed to fantastic heights. Would Deborah and Tony like to hear Frank Sinatra, too? They would adore it, since they were great fans of his, having heard his records in England, and it would be such a thrill to see him now "in person." So, off we went to the Empire Room, and as Frankie crooned his love songs to the elite of Park Avenue and Deborah decorated the ringside with her delicate beauty, little did either of them dream that seven years later they would meet again in "From Here to Eternity," the picture that was to change the whole future of both their careers!

That was the first cycle. Cycle Number Two came in Hollywood, several months later. Catching up with Deborah and Tony again in their Pacific Palisades home was like catching up with life-long friends, a feeling I have never lost, no matter how long the absences between our reunions. Outwardly, I noted a few changes in Deborah. Her flowing red hair that she had worn shoulder-length was now a short bob. She had put on some excess poundage, ordinarily fatal to a film star, but a delight to Deborah. She was expecting the first Bartley heir, who turned out to be an enchanting daughter, Melanie Jane. Deborah's peaches-and-cream complexion, which seems to be the reward for English dampness, hadn't been ruined by the hot California sun (principally because she never sits in it without a big hat to protect her delicate skin). But from within, she radiated the same natural charm and modesty that had endeared her to me in New York.

"Is Hollywood anything like you imagined it would be?" I asked as we lingered over the dinner table.

"Yes and no," was Deborah's reply. "It's as fabulous as we expected. The luxury of living, especially all those divine, modern conveniences like refrigerators, washing machines and every electrical gadget, are like magic toys to us Britishers. And the supermarkets, bulging with all sorts of food, are unbelievable, after our strict rationing all through the war years. Another great difference between Hollywood and England is that people over here are so very much more friendly to strangers. It is wonderful and bewildering at the same time. For instance, we are always getting invitations to parties from hosts and hostesses that we have never even met, and we are warned if we don't accept, we will be considered high-hat. In London, a man's home is his castle, and he only invites those into it whom he considers close friends. I've also been told that, as a newcomer to Hollywood, I should be seen in public restaurants like Romanoff's, Chasen's and The Macombo, because it will get me into the columns—which would be helpful to my career. Tony and I love our home, so it seems silly to dash out to a crowded restaurant when we can dine in the comfort of our own fireside, with chums like Dinah Shore and George Montgomery, who have become our greatest pals here. And, then, there's one more 'pearl of wisdom' I've been given from my Hollywood advisers. When word slipped out that we were 'blessed eventing,' as you so quaintly put it over here, I was quickly admonished not to tell Louella before Hedda, and vice versa. Back home, when you're expecting a visit from the stork, you confide in your parents and most intimate friends, but you wouldn't dream of calling a columnist. Over here, it seems the definition of a modern parent is 'someone who knows she is having a baby before Walter Winchell does!' Frankly, we're so bewildered by all this advice, we don't know what to do. Do you think that following this accepted Hollywood behavior pattern really helps a career?"

"Frankly," I replied, "I think you can go to every Hollywood party, be seen in every Hollywood restaurant, give every columnist an exclusive story and, in the final analysis, the *only* thing that matters is what's up there on the screen!"

"Bless you for saying that!" Deborah exclaimed. "That confirms exactly how

Tony and I have both felt all along.

Unfortunately for Deborah's cycle in the next few years, "what's up there on the screen"—with the exception of "Edward My Son" which won her Academy Award nomination—didn't matter very much. In British films, Deborah had had an impressive record of standing pictures, and it was on the strength of this that Metro-Goldwyn Mayer persuaded the late Gabriel Pascal to part with her for the "persuasive" of \$250,000! Amazingly enough, once arrived in Hollywood, Metro didn't seem to realize what valuable property they had acquired. They put Deborah in namby-pamby colorless roles that gave her no opportunity to showcase her superb dramatic talent. For some incredible reason, the fact that she was a "lady" was supposed to rob her of sex appeal. This, of course, was in the pre-Grace Kelly days! And so, while the Marilyn Monroe type of sextacular appeal was being given the build-up, Deborah was relegated to costume spectacles like "Prisoner of Zenda," "Quo Vadis" and "Julius Caesar."

Naturally, she felt frustrated and stifled, but she never complained or became embittered. "I'm just a cockeyed optimist, so I felt if I were patient enough, the cycle was bound to change!" Deborah once told me, in recalling those dark days.

It was during this period that Deborah and Tony flew back to London to fetch off their daughter Melanie to her grandparents and relatives. Deborah was always be grateful that she made the visit when she did. The following year she visited her beloved mother, who had come home scathed through the blitz all during the terrifying war years, was tragically killed in a motor accident.

On this trans-Atlantic crossing, Deborah didn't have Melanie's English "Nanny" along. She wanted to take advantage of this Summer Sabbatical to give Melanie her undivided attention. Deborah decided to play at being Mother when the girls suits her, it's her favorite role. I've seen her turn down invitations to the most spectacular social gatherings, to stay home and baby-sit. When she was the queen of Broadway, in "Tea and Sympathy," seasons ago, she could never be lured to a cocktail party, because she had early dinner every night with the children, followed by a reading session or riddle playing. Melanie, who looks like Deborah is a pixie and a born ham. It is safe to predict that she will not only act but will write her own roles, too. Her flights of imagination are staggering in one young! Francesca, who is nicknamed "Frankie," bears an amazing resemblance to her father; she's almost a miniature replica of Tony. Unlike many children of Hollywood parents, Melanie and Francesca have had the advantage of security. Not the security that comes with millions of estates, emerald swimming pools, chauffeured cars, but the security of being rooted and permanent affection. They have only had one set of parents and have never heard an angry word exchanged between them. They have lived in the same house since they were born and have had the same "Nanny" to take care of them. They breathe an atmosphere that exudes serene and gracious living. They know that their mother is an actress and when they go out with her they stare, and sometimes take their pictures, but they accept this with the same matter-of-factness they accept their father as a CBS executive.

Deborah, unlike some Hollywood mothers, has no objections if her children want to follow in her footsteps.

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It's what they want to do, why not? I'll give them the same advice I give to all aspiring actresses: Be terribly honest with yourself and find out from someone whose opinion you respect whether you have anything worth developing for the stage or screen. If you have, don't hang around waiting for a job, but do anything to exercise that talent, so that when the breaks come, you'll be prepared. Putting yourself on top without that equipment will pull you down the ladder faster than you got up there. The days have ended when the Lana Turners were covered at a soda fountain and just a pretty face and figure got you a contract. The stars of tomorrow are hard-working, earnest youngsters, like Susan Strasberg, John Kerr, Don Dubbins, and Tony Persell! At the mention of the last three names, Deborah's blue eyes danced in excitement. "All three of them played with me in 'Tea and Sympathy.' And now I have recreated his role in the film version, Tony has a contract with Paramount, and Don with Metro."

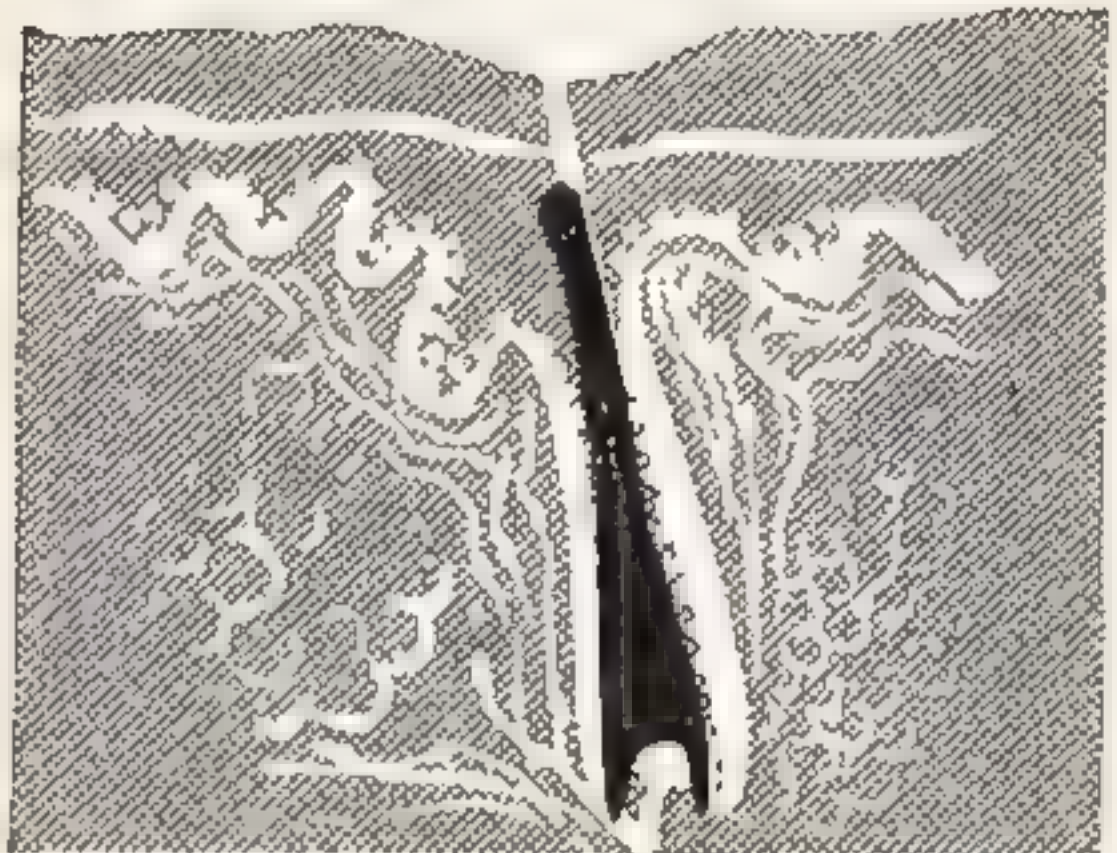
After her triumphant success in "From Here to Eternity," Deborah could have gotten her own ticket at any studio. But during the shooting, she had read the script of "Tea and Sympathy." She knew that leaving Hollywood when she had such a hot property and gamble on the vagaries of Broadway might be a terrific risk. On the other hand, it might have been a very strategic move. She decided to take the gamble. Her good luck was still with her: All nine of the top-string New York drama critics embraced her as their newest Valentine. I'll never forget Deborah's playing in "Tea and Sympathy." I was at the opening night in New York and the closing night in Los Angeles. And in between, while Deborah was emoting at the Ethel Barrymore Theatre, her husband Tony and I would go see another show, then pick her up later, for a full report over supper. We always arrived just in time to stand in back of the theatre and watch the final, climactic scene, and the audience reaction was always the same. I could hear a pin drop in those agonizingly tender moments, and then as the curtain fell, the applause would break out like a thunderstorm. Afterward, in her dressing room, there was always a parade of backstage visitors. One evening after the Trevor, Esther Williams, Charles Lighton and Claudette Colbert had left, Deborah laughingly exclaimed, "I've seen more people from Hollywood in my dressing room than in all the years I lived here!"

There is a human frailty that most stage actresses pray for success and then get tired to death if they have a long run. They also hate to tour. But again, Deborah is an exception. She played "Tea and Sympathy" for a whole season on Broadway and then toured with it for another season. It was an exhausting job, and some nights she didn't think she could have the strength to go on, but she always did and never once let down the audience or the rest of the company by giving an indifferent performance. Everyone adored her, from the ushers out front, to the backstage crew, to the ensemble cast. I know because I saw it with my own eyes at a Sunday brunch that Deborah hosted for the whole gang during their L.A. engagement. The only "outsiders" invited were Jean Simmons and myself. On the closing night at the Ethel Barrymore Theatre, the company manager made a speech to the audience—the first time a thing like this had ever happened in the history of the theatre. He said that in all his veteran years, he had never known any star so untemperamental, un-

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spoiled and unaffected as Deborah. Then, on behalf of the company, he presented her with a silver frame inscribed: "D.K. First Lady of the Theatre. May you always remain supreme. With love from the 'Tea and Sympathy' Company." It is one of Deborah's most prized possessions along with her Degas print, given her by director Elia Kazan; her Durer engraving, a gift from John Kerr; and the pen and ink portrait of her as *Laura* in "Tea and Sympathy," sketched by Bill Holden.

Rarely does a star who has created a role on the stage get the chance to recreate it on the screen. Usually, the Front Office gives the command, "Get someone like Nancy Kelly or Deborah Kerr." But since, nowadays, "what Deborah wants, Deborah gets," she inherited the same role for the film version, along with John Kerr and Lief Ericson of the original cast.

Before reporting for "Tea and Sympathy," Deborah came to New York for a shopping whirl, and over a luncheon gabfest, we caught up where we had left off in Hollywood last summer, just before she'd left on location to the Virgin Islands for "The Proud and Profane."

"Join the movies and see the world, that's me!" said Deborah. "But I don't recommend San Juan in the summer. It's exotic and colorful, but humid and mosquito-ridden. The kids, Bill Holden's and mine, had a ball, though. They went sailing every day while we slaved in the midday sun. But everything has its compensations. I think it's a fine picture, and it brought Bill and Ardis Holden into our lives. We number them among our closest friends now. I've also fallen in love since you last saw me."

In answer to my startled look, Deborah hastened to explain, "with 'The King and I.' Funny, when I saw 'The King and I' in London several years ago, I never dreamed that I would someday play *Mrs. Anna* on the screen. What an absolutely heavenly part it is, so fairytale in its quality, yet so real—and so full of changing moods. I sing two of the numbers

myself, 'Getting to Know You' and 'Shall I Tell You What I Think of You?' The rest of the Rodgers and Hammerstein score is beyond my vocal range now, so I just start them and when it comes to the high notes, Marni Nixon, a glorious singer, takes over. But the dubbing is so perfect, I've almost convinced myself that I sing *all* the numbers. Actually, I never worked so hard on any picture or enjoyed myself so much. I hope to do another musical one of these days, but I'm afraid I'm spoiled. *Mrs. Anna*, to me, is what *Scarlett O'Hara* was to Vivien Leigh. Where can I ever find another role to equal it?"

"In the right cycle," was my reply. "Remember?"

Deborah laughed. "You're so right! For the present, I'm not looking for anything except a long summer holiday in London with Tony and the children. As you know, Tony's new job keeps him in London most of the year. Of course, every time we separate, the rumors start flying that we are getting divorced. At first, it used to upset me, because in England, where military or marine service is so customary, a British wife adjusts herself to separations, with no fuss or gossip from the local busybodies. Tony's career and success is vital to his happiness and mine. He knew when we were married that acting was to be part of the life that he would share with me, and he wouldn't dream of asking me to give it up. Nor would I expect him to sacrifice any opportunity to further his career no matter where it took him, because I was only concerned with my own loneliness or malicious rumors. If there's a mutual trust in any marital relationship, it will survive. If there isn't, it is destined for an unhappy ending. Happiness isn't a question of geography; it's what people bring to it anywhere. We have attained it wherever we happen to be at the time. Maybe it's because we're lucky enough to be two well-adjusted people. So, thank goodness, are Melanie and Frankie."

"But if you had to narrow your choice

down to one spot," I asked, "where would you most prefer to live?"

"Hollywood, I guess, because it's easier to maintain a happier family life when making pictures than on the stage. When I'm filming, I get an occasional day to spend at home, and now with the new five-day week schedule, it's so wonderful to have long weekends with the children, at the beach or Palm Springs, just lazying at home together around the pool. I adore our house, and it never looked so good to me as when I came back to it after living out of town sleeping in strange beds, all during the road tour of 'Tea and Sympathy.'"

To me, their house which is a home, the loveliest of all the stars' homes I have visited in Hollywood. Located in Pacific Palisades, on a high bluff, it looks like a villa on the Mediterranean, with its Spanish tile roof and its breathtaking three-sided view of the Pacific. The living room and loggia are decorated in light green, cocoa and white. The sitting room is in pearl gray, yellow and gold. Deborah's bedroom is in Wedgewood blue and white, with white sofas, accented with coral and turquoise pillows. The whole sprawling house reflects Deborah's and Tony's own sunny warmth.

Deborah doesn't have much time for hobbies, but she has managed to collect a priceless assortment of antique china during her travels—teacups and pots from Worcester, Lowestoft, Dresden, Sevres; a complete Ironstone miniature tea set; and one of the rare and prized Crown Derby among the 200 sets made for Queen Elizabeth's Coronation.

And although she, herself, is as fragile as this china, Deborah is unbreakable determination, courage, integrity and the lasting things of life. These qualities have brought her to the present pinnacle of her career, and the pendulum will continue to swing in the future, to bless her with continued success and happiness. Next March, when she romps off with the Academy Award, remember you read it here first!

THE E

Adventure Loving Man

(Continued from page 61)

parents had been Texas ranchers, and they died before Cliff was two years old. After that, he was brought up by his beloved grandmother.

"She is a remarkable woman," Cliff says appreciatively. "She'd already raised her own family, but she came out from Denver and took up nursing to bring up two other grandchildren, too, when their mother died of tuberculosis. Grandma gave us a houseful of happiness, and she'll always be in my heart."

During his school days, Cliff alternated between wanting to become a flier and a sailor. It was to be a long, eventful time before he finally decided on acting. "I was in high school plays," he says, "because I was always interested in dramatics. But I'd never have been allowed to think of acting as a future. Grandma was conventional," he grins. "She felt it was fine just as a hobby." Nevertheless, she was pleased and proud about Cliff's being president of the high school dramatic club for three years, as she was about all his efforts to get ahead.

Always a restless youngster, Cliff recalls, "I couldn't wait to see more of the world. I wasn't rebellious—merely independent." At the end of his junior year, he asserted his independence and decided to hitchhike to Dallas to try out for the summer theatre there.

"When I told Grandma my plan," says Cliff, "she surprised me by replying, 'Well, Clifford, you use your own good judgment!' Her trust was the best gift she could have given me. A woman should let a boy try to become a man."

Cliff had earned enough money working after school to pay for his busfare to Dallas, plus twenty dollars extra "to last until I talked myself into a job at the theatre." At least, that's the way he had planned it. However, he recalls ruefully, "When the bus stopped in a little town in New Mexico, I lost my money gambling. They shouldn't let kids gamble, but they do in some places." As if this weren't bad enough, Cliff then proceeded to cash in the remainder of his bus ticket—to gamble some more. "I promptly lost the rest of my money," he confesses, "except for twenty cents I'd saved for food."

The first thing to do, he told himself, was to be practical. But, with just twenty cents—how? "I knew that carrots were healthy and very cheap, so I bought a big bunch to survive on. Then I headed for the freight yard to camp out until I figured how to get out of the mess."

Of course, he was too independent—and proud—to ask his grandmother to "bail him out." Then he thought of a friend, Emmett Blake, who worked on a newspaper in Maryland. "I sent him a collect wire, asking for a loan of twelve

dollars," Cliff says. "Those were the longest two and a half days I've ever lived. I still can't look at raw carrots!"

Cliff haunted the Western Union office, waiting for a reply from Emmett Blake, all the while nibbling on his dwindling supply of carrots. When the money came, he proceeded on his way to Dallas.

There, he recalls, "I hung around a little theatre until they couldn't say no. They were doing Shakespeare, and I made the fastest changes in my life, playing three supporting roles, when they put me in 'The Merchant of Venice.' I've been a hustler to hurry ever since," he grins.

By the end of the summer, Cliff had earned enough to return home by train. In order to see more of the country, he routed his way via Colorado and San Francisco. Once again, he contracted gambling fever. "You'd think I'd have learned my lesson," he smiles, "but I hadn't. I threw away my cash in a slot machine and had to send another wire to Emmett from Denver, asking him to send me ten dollars."

While waiting for Emmett to rescue him a second time, Cliff didn't want to waste time. Recalling Richard Halliburton's exciting travel tales, which he had read with great envy, it occurred to Cliff that climbing Pikes Peak would be a wonderful adventure. It was an adventure, but terrifying is a better word for

"I hitchhiked directly to the foot of the mountain," he relates. "It was pretty cool when I got there at six that evening, and was wearing only a cloth jacket. But I sat down in a hot-dog stand for an hour and warmed up. It was twenty-eight miles up the mountain by auto, and nine by cable car or the trail. It was dark at even, when I started up through the woods. At 2 A.M. I was still climbing, but not at a brisk space. It was icy, almost freezing, and I remember stumbling sideways and nearly falling over a cliff. When I pulled myself together I began climbing again. At 5:30 A.M. the sun rose over the Rockies; that was a magnificent sight. I've never in my life been so miserable from the cold, but the tremendous thrill made it worthwhile.

"There was one last steep grade before I reached the top at 7 A.M.," Cliff goes on. "I hadn't eaten the day before, and everyone was merrily stuffing themselves in the coffee shop—the smell was marvelous. I had fifteen cents in my pocket, and when I found coffee and a doughnut cost twenty-five cents, I spent my last fifteen cents for the coffee alone. One good reason helped me to get by on it," Cliff adds. "I wanted to climb that mountain."

When he returned to Denver, still not having had anything to eat, the money from Emmett hadn't arrived. Cold and hungry, he tramped the streets all day, when he went into the railroad station to get warm. "I was so bushed," Cliff recalls, "I crawled into an empty baggage car in the freight yard to sleep. I woke up suddenly with awful hunger cramps. I yelled for help, but there was no answer."

Finally, the next day, the money arrived, and Cliff continued on his trip as planned. In San Francisco, he spent a whole day on the waterfront in wide-eyed fascination. Then, since he had a week left before school started, he decided to look around Hollywood."

Just the sight of the movie studios intrigued him, and he spent a long time staring at each and every one of them. "I can't recall seeing any important stars," Cliff says.

During his senior year in high school, Cliff was accepted to Antioch College, in Ohio. "I wanted to go there because my friend Emmett had liked it." To earn money for his fare and some new clothes, he became a lobster fisherman. "I had a little boat," he explains, "and every day at 4 A.M. I'd go out and set my lobster traps. After school, I sold the lobsters." However, once graduation day had passed, the restless desire to travel once again took hold of Cliff and he decided to postpone college for a year. Another friend, Bill Meanly, agreed to be his traveling buddy.

"When I said I was going to sea," Cliff recalls, "the other guys thought I was wacky. They wondered who I knew to get it. I got a big laundry bag, which seemed like a sea bag to me. You have to be brave when you claim you're going to do a thing. I didn't even know how you got a job on a boat," he grins, "but I was afraid to chicken out.

When Bill came to pick me up in his car, I said goodbye to Grandma and Bill and Norma, my cousins who were like my brother and sister. I had to keep reassuring myself, 'Am I actually doing this?' We drove to San Francisco like the wind. When we got there we didn't know the procedure, but we soon learned we needed papers. I was too young, so I had to write home for permission. Next we had to join the union. Then they put me on a list, and we'd check daily at Seafarers' Hall.

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onto a Danish freighter on which no English was spoken. 'Well, buddy,' he said, 'this is it!' I thought, 'Oh, my gosh, how am I going to make out?'"

True to tradition, Cliff managed, and soon he was signed onto an old freighter which was going to the Philippines. "I was signed on as an ordinary seaman. Nothing appeared more romantic to me than heading out through the Golden Gate.

"There were two other young fellows in the crew: Joe Bananas, a big blond; and Lipsky, from the South Side of Chicago. Both were rough, but good-hearted."

Naturally, since Cliff was around, there was bound to be some excitement, and the first round came when they had nearly reached the Philippines. "I was coming off my watch," says Cliff, "and I was attracted by a plane coming toward us. As it came closer, I saw its bomb bay open. I couldn't believe it when it began to bomb us!"

As the shrapnel began to fly, Cliff raced below deck to rouse Joe Bananas from his bunk. "Since we weren't at war," says Cliff, "and didn't know Pearl Harbor had just been bombed, Joe was stubborn. 'We're being attacked!' I shouted. 'I mean it!'"

"Then I grabbed my life preserver and my camera—which was empty, of course—as another bomb sent more shrapnel shrieking. Joe finally got the message—he had nothing on when he tore up those stairs and into a lifeboat!"

The freighter was left to sink, but, says Cliff, "They hadn't hit us directly, so we were able to make it to port—Zamboango."

In spite of the damage, the ship sailed on. "We spent a month getting to Australia," Cliff recalls. "Manila was at war, so we camouflaged the ship and moved under wraps at night, hiding days. There are thousands of small islands around there. When we got to Australia, they gave us a big celebration—only we weren't permitted off the ship!"

The freighter moved on to New Zealand, where Cliff decided to look for another kind of adventure. "I had a bug about flying," he says. "A pal of mine had joined the R.A.F. in England, so I decided to join the New Zealand Air Force then and there. I jumped ship for a week to try to get into action, but the Air Force said my eyes were too weak."

So he returned to his ship. "I had a thrilling voyage back," Cliff recalls. "Twelve thousand miles of zigzagging, because we had no arms and it was rumored that the Japs were lurking all the way. Everybody swore we wouldn't make it, and it was even reported that our ship was lost. Back home, Grandma was the only one who wouldn't believe the news. 'I know Cliff's alive!' she insisted. When I finally got back, the guys around town greeted me with, 'Hey, you're dead!'"

Cliff remained home for four days, just long enough to pack his things for Antioch College. And, although he attended for only a year, it proved to be the most decisive time of his life.

"Antioch was great," he says. "It's a progressive school, where you study for a while, then work for a while; they feel so many people prepare for what they find they don't like, so they try to prevent this. I asked to be a special student, one who works at a full-time job all along."

Permission granted, Cliff got a job in near-by Springfield. First he was a copy boy on a newspaper, then radio editor. "I was fired for hobnobbing with the radio stations, so I went to work as a local newscaster."

At school, Cliff became great friends with the dean. "He was the first person

who was positive I should be an actor," says Cliff. "They gave a fantastic test there, a comprehensive which lasted eight hours a day for a week. Then Dean Pillard talked to me about the results. He began a three-hour session with me by telling me things about myself that no one had ever mentioned. 'You're lucky,' he concluded. 'You're capable of doing what you want to do, so go ahead and become an actor. Don't worry any more about what people will say!'"

"You know," says Cliff seriously, "Dean Pillard's saying I had the basic talent has kept me plugging away ever since. I swore not to listen to anyone who said I couldn't do it."

However, thoughts about acting were temporarily put aside while Cliff went to war. When he enlisted in the Navy, his previous sea experience led to his being assigned to the Maritime Service. "I was sent to Catalina as an instructor; a lot of the fellows couldn't even swim. But I wanted action, and I finally got it as an able seaman." Two years of war later, Cliff was ordered to New London for further training. As a third mate, he was sent back to the South Pacific. And later, when he participated in the invasion of Italy, and in dangerous North Atlantic

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crossings at the peak of the war, he never received a scratch. Today, he still qualifies as a third mate and is a lieutenant j. g. in the Naval Reserve.

"After the war," Cliff goes on, "I spent eight more months at sea on a combined cargo-passenger ship that went to the West Indies. I bided my time, because I wanted to make enough money to tide me over when I later took a crack at the stage. I was happy at sea—never got seasick once—but it can get so much in your blood you'll never give it up. I vowed I'd not go back to sea once I'd left it. Later, when I was almost down and out in New York, I lived near the waterfront, and the sea haunted me."

It was 1946 and he had taken a job as a waiter. It lasted for five days. "I was going nuts trying to take care of the crowd," says Cliff. "A prissy headwaiter kept flitting about, goading me to be quicker. I'd already learned to hurry, so when he didn't knock it off I finally threw my whole tray of desserts on the floor. All the people laughed. I walked into the kitchen and out the back door. I never went back."

When nothing else clicked, Cliff landed work as a longshoreman, loading ships. It was tough work, but it didn't do his physique any harm.

Then, gradually, he began inching his way into show business. "When I was twenty-two," he recalls, "I worked with Jack Lemmon at a music hall on Third

Avenue. They were presenting 'Drunkard,' the old-time melodrama. I was the roving master of ceremonies, after I did my bit I doubled as bus boy."

After that came some summer stock small towns throughout New England. Back in Manhattan in the winter, Cliff managed to get parts on radio once in a while. Then came some TV roles. Always, when the rent was due, there was a scramble. When constant trips to casting offices resulted in nothing but rejections, Cliff worked as a bodyguard, then as a private detective. After a year of scraping by, he got his first decent break, in the road company of "Miss Roberts." He toured with the show two years, which landed him in quite a few cities he'd otherwise have missed.

By the time he was twenty-five, Cliff was back in New York, aching to act on Broadway. Instead, he found himself doing more and more in radio and television. Then, since he had never attended a dramatic school, he decided to try to get into the famous Actors' Studio.

"It took me two and a half years to even get up nerve enough to try," says Cliff. "I didn't want to fail if I applied." He finally auditioned, along with a hundred other hopefuls. At the end of the year there were thirty-seven finalists, three of whom were finally accepted as students. Cliff was one of them.

Cliff ultimately debuted on Broadway because he never stopped studying and working. Between plays he scored more than a hundred of the best dramatic shows on TV. After he made his Broadway appearance, with Henry Hayes in "The Wisteria Trees," he received the movie bid that he felt, at last, was the right one. He'd received offers from Hollywood for five years, but after talking to actors who'd worked in films he decided to consider each cautiously. He also relied on his instinct. He wanted to possess a sense of values that wouldn't be warped. "I felt that professionally and emotionally I wasn't mature enough to try the movie," he says of his postponing previous bids.

While acting in "The Wisteria Trees," Cliff was spotted as a possible for a role in "Picnic." Columbia gave him a screen test in New York for it. At the same time, he was standing by to replace Gazzara in the lead of the hit play, "On a Hot Tin Roof."

"I didn't know what to do," Cliff says, "so I decided to check directly with Kazan, who was going to give me the big break on the stage. He happened to be in Greece. I phoned him long-distance—after all, if you're going to do something, do it! 'Well, kid,' he answered, 'you're back from Hollywood in a few weeks, I can get a replacement for you till then.'"

When Cliff reached the Kansas location for the picture, a tornado delayed the shooting schedule and he couldn't return in time for the play. So he stayed in Hollywood and became a star there instead.

"I expected work in Hollywood to be different. I figured I'd have to learn to relearn for the movies," Cliff says. "Everyone's been tremendously kind. I don't know anything about the camera. I like the change, though. What's surprised me is the great talent I've encountered. I've met writers, directors, and actors who have extraordinary ability, and their skill is not being misused. They're not parked on a shelf. Hollywood has a healthier working atmosphere than I anticipated."

Cliff has been in excellent company. Holden sat up many an evening on the "Picnic" location, generously giving advice. Rosalind Russell, an ace ex-

a stage and movie star, discussed the aspects of working in both mediums. And he found Kim Novak one of the hardest-working girls he's ever known.

Cliff played his role of the fellow who had everything handed to him so convincingly, he was cast next opposite Joan Crawford in "Autumn Leaves." In striking contrast, he plays a husband who is upset he goes violently berserk.

"Joan couldn't have been more helpful either the test or in making the picture," says Cliff. "She's the most glamorous of stars, yet she dared something entirely different for her because it's a challenge. As an average secretary, in 'Autumn Leaves,' she has none of her usual luxury, wears only what any working girl can afford. She's still glamorous without all the trimmings, demonstrating that you don't need a lot of money to be well-groomed."

Cliff has been particularly impressed by the team spirit shown on movie sets. "There's a pride," he says, "in doing your best in Hollywood that is an inspiration!"

Now under long-term contract to Columbia, Cliff will make two films a year, with the studio having an option for a third. He can do one outside film of his own choice each year, and all the TV and stage plays he wishes that don't conflict. After two years, he'll be allowed a whole year off. He can make any deals on the salary he may draw then, or he can travel. "I'd like to combine stage, screen, and TV, because," he grins, "acting isn't like marriage—professionally, you can have three loves at once!"

This eligible candidate for marriage-type love has also studied singing, dancing, boxing, and riding since he's come to Hollywood. And he's delighted by movie love scenes, explaining, "On the stage, kisses are faked; but the movie camera comes so close, they can't be faked."

Cliff is an individualist, but not an exhibitionist. In Hollywood, he's been living in a garage apartment until he's more permanently settled. His place is forever in need of a feminine hand. "I have no sense of organization," he admits. "I can't get around to the little things. I've kept my apartment in New York. In one corner of it there is a can of paint I bought four years ago that's still unopened. Next to the paint there's the rug I bought three years ago, still wrapped up."

Cliff's friends, who are not all in show business, agree a wife could have a wonderful time with him, in many ways. Thus far, however, romance has added up to no more than taking a girl out for a quiet dinner and the movies. "I don't go for excessive beauty," he says frankly. Partial to blonds, he doesn't care for artificial make-up. Nor does he want his social life arranged so he'll be seen only with important names.

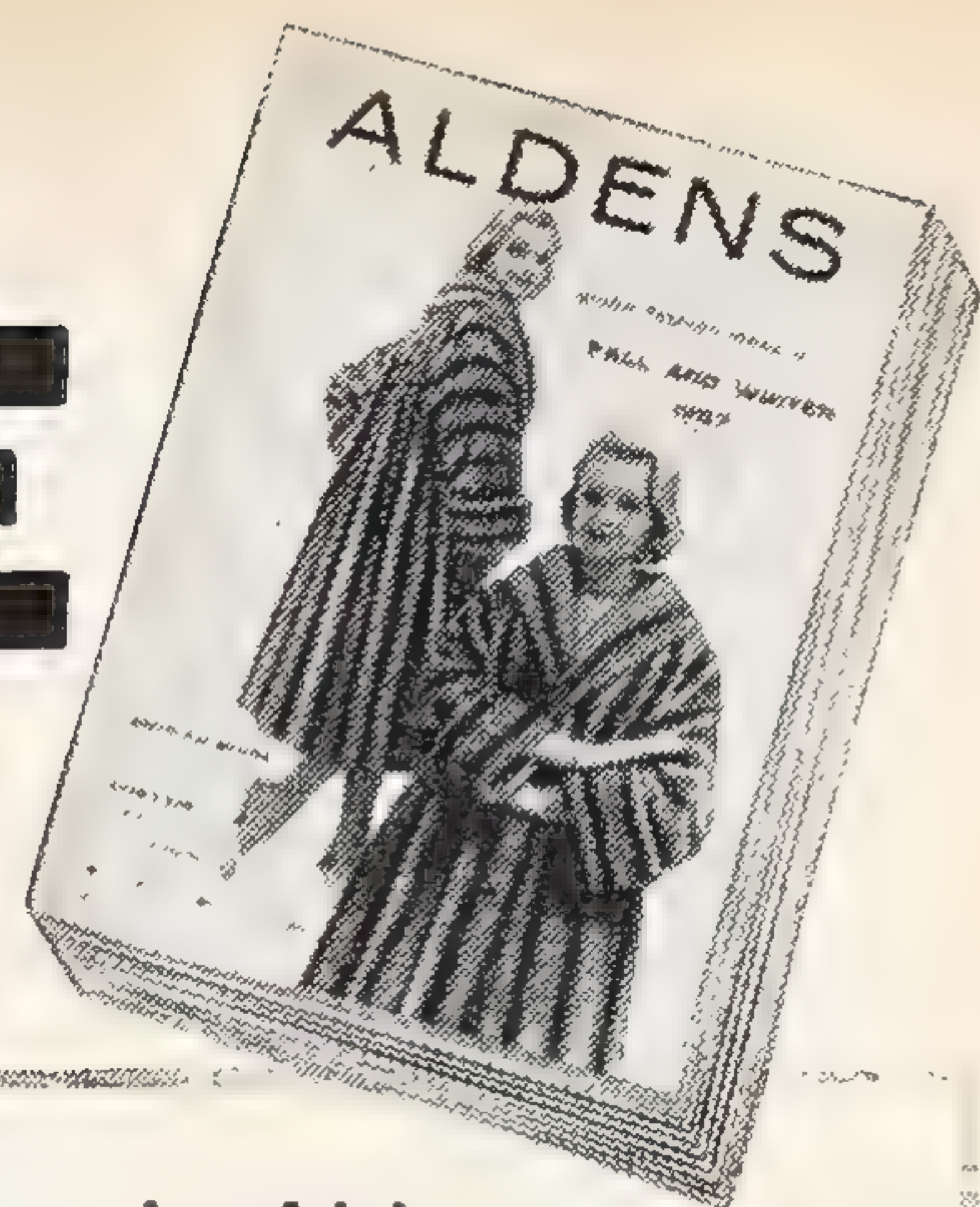
Cliff has gone with a lot of girls, but has never proposed because of his acute sense of responsibility. "I just couldn't afford to marry while I've been so uncertain about myself. In this precarious business, I believe it would be better to marry someone who understands all its ups and downs, but who isn't involved personally." Added to his unaffected and homesick traits, Cliff shows a definite fondness for sports. He plays tennis, skis, goes to ballgames, and fishes. He also has a passion for sailing—as you may have guessed—and he someday wants to make a clear across the Pacific alone!

Cliff isn't just lucky. It's taken him five years, and he started from the very bottom. But now his struggles are behind him and, although he has long since left the sea, it seems certain that there's a bright sailing ahead for this talented, adventure-loving young man. **THE END**

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"Slim" Pickin'

(Continued from page 59)

likes to play the accordion occasionally.

When Jim speaks, his twangy, nasal speech is deliberate and thoughtful. He is careful with words—but not miserly. He really isn't untalkative, despite the early phases of his courtship of Gloria, when he found his vocal chords paralyzed. It's just that he has no use for idle chatter. He likes sense and taste to be integral parts of all conversations. This is a trait which has been known to severely unnerve interviewers, as happened recently. One question asked by a reporter had not been a very good one and Jim, as is his custom, answered it by saying nothing. The silence grew painful, though not to Jim—he was simply thinking. Finally, he said what he thought: "That's sorta silly, isn't it?" It was.

Jim, himself, lost verbal control on only one notable occasion, and that was the first time he met Charles Lindbergh, a man as shy and withdrawn as Mr. Stewart. It happened at Romanoff's (the only place Jim likes to eat lunch out) two years ago, and for once Jim found himself out-silenced. Actually, he had good reason to be awestruck, for Lindbergh had been his boyhood idol. However, Jim realized the mute impasse had to be cracked, and so he cracked it. Still finding himself alone on the platform, so to speak, he began babbling. To this day, he has little idea of what he said. Probably Lindbergh hasn't either. Nevertheless, they have a great deal of respect for each other.

Jim has been charged—if "charge" it is—with being a personality rather than an actor. In show business jargon, this means that he does not submerge himself in any given role to the extent that the audience is apt to forget they are watching James Stewart. This observation is probably an unjust one, because although Jim's mannerisms are his, so are anyone else's theirs, and twenty years of constantly putting them on exhibition as an actor have inevitably made his traits well known to the public.

But that he *deliberately* injects his personality into a part can be disproved by noting his early preparations for the portrayal of Lindbergh. Jim spent many long hours watching all the available newsreel—some 50,000 feet—of his hero. He studied Lindbergh's walk, the carriage of his head, his smallest mannerisms, until he knew them cold. Thus, if he appears again to be James Stewart in "The Spirit of St. Louis"—it will have to be because Lindbergh is imitating him!

As a matter of fact, Jim very nearly didn't get the Lindbergh role. It took two years for it to happen, and then it happened in two minutes. Leland Hayward, the producer of the picture and one of Jim's closest friends, was pretty convinced he wanted an unknown for the part. Well, he *had* considered Jim but, rather privately, thought he was too old for the part. Then, too, Hayward hadn't the slightest idea whether Jim would be interested, and professional ethics had prevented Jim from saying so. But, just as privately, Jim wanted the part badly. As a boy, not only had he worshipped Lindbergh, but in May of 1927, when Lindbergh had taken off for Paris, Jim—clerking in his father's hardware store in Indiana, Pennsylvania—had placed his self-built model of *The Spirit of St. Louis* in the store window and periodically posted bulletins of Lindbergh's flight.

Now, one night twenty-seven years later, things came to a head. The James Stewarts and the Leland Haywards, along with Jim's father, Alexander Stewart, and

his new bride, were dining at Chasen's (where the Stewarts prefer to have dinner out). The Lindbergh picture was mentioned and Jim's father, who's never believed in holding back, stood up and announced to Hayward and the restaurant at large that his son, and only his son, should portray the great man for posterity. While Jim felt like swooning from sheer embarrassment, Hayward was impressed. Alexander Stewart is an impressive gentleman, and pretty soon the matter was sewed up.

While making "The Spirit of St. Louis" was exciting, Jim also found it extremely arduous, since he appears throughout most of the picture. Also, for endless stretches, while sitting in a cockpit or cabin, he was forced to convey emotion only through facial expressions (as he had to in "Strategic Air Command"). It's a ticklish job of acting, as well as fatiguing. Then, too, he had to put up with that reddish hair. So much touching up was necessary, Jim finally remarked: "Now I know what a woman goes through!"

Although he has never completely lost some of his small-town ways, nor fully taken on the highly polished airs of the movie world, Jim has always displayed a keen business sense. The description of the late Wendell Willkie as "the barefoot boy from Wall Street" aptly applies to Jim, too, for he knows how to make himself a pretty good deal.

Take, for example, his recent negotiations with M-G-M. They approached Jim about making "Designing Woman." This was before they had decided to put Grace Kelly in the picture, too—and, of course, before she had contemplated becoming Princess of Monaco. Jim, according to all reports, said he'd sign if he could have Grace Kelly—to which Metro hastily agreed—both, he went on, in "Designing Woman" and on loan-out for whatever picture he decided to do next. Before anyone knew it, Metro had agreed again—then they went about for days muttering, "What happened?" The barefoot boy from Princeton had scored again.

Gloria Stewart is also an admirer of Grace Kelly's screen abilities. In fact,

once she was fairly dazzled by them. Referring to the famous kissing scene Grace did with Jim in "Rear Window," Mr. Stewart said, "She went over him like a vacuum cleaner!"

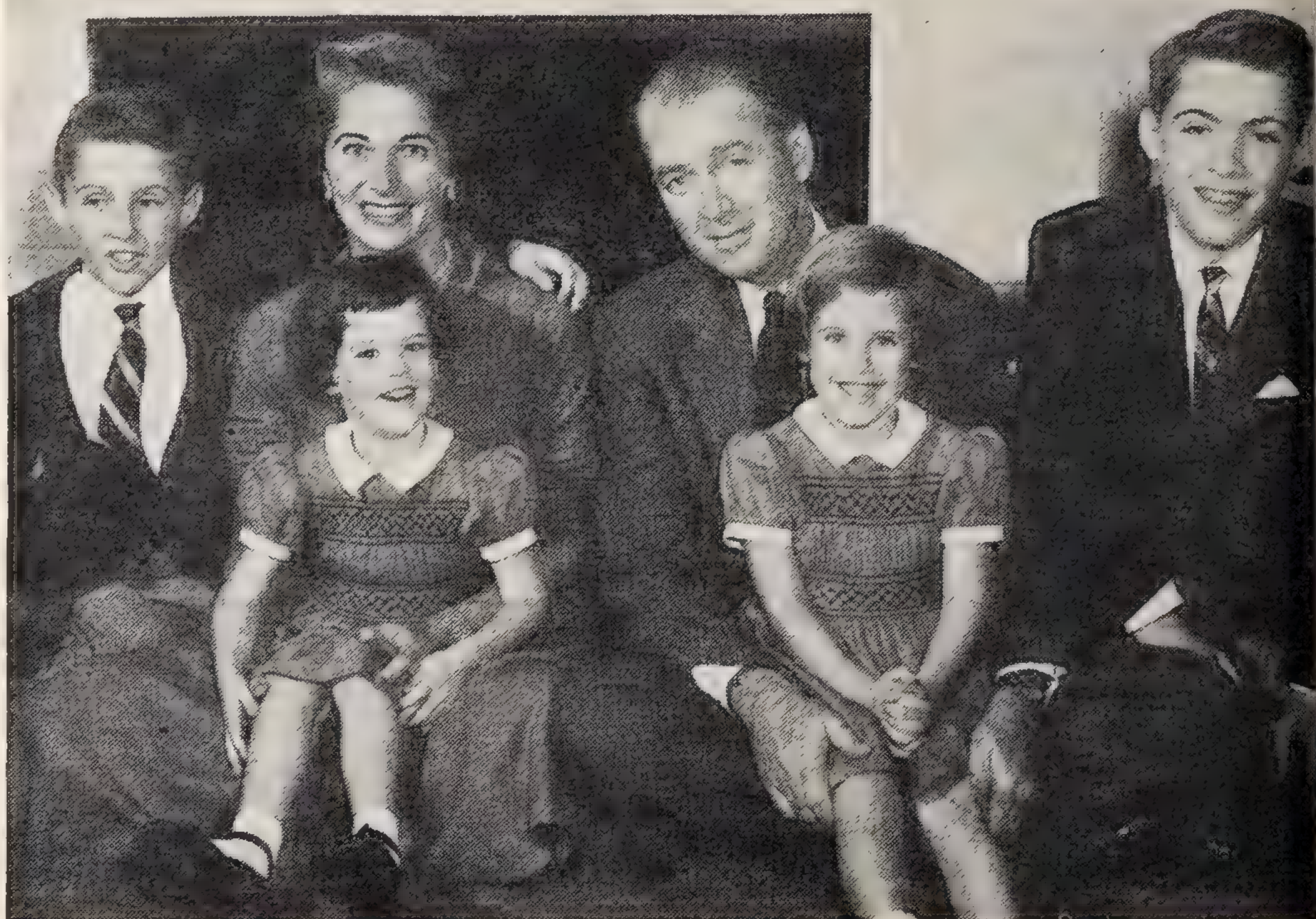
Jim has seldom subjected himself to making personal appearances—not because he dislikes being in the spotlight, but because he refuses to be personally exploited. However, his strong feeling about good international relationships, plus an intense curiosity about other countries prompted him to agree, during a recent trip to Japan, to appear at a Tokyo theater during the run of one of his pictures. As to his credit, Jim was still cheerful after being informed that his appearances would begin at 8:30 in the morning, the time Tokyo movie houses open. After evening show that day, Jim followed his screaming image onstage—an experience which would dismay even veteran vaudevillians.

Apparently, this created a great deal of good will among the Japanese. Soon after Jim's appearance, moviemanager T. Ise of Tokyo wrote to an official at Paramount: "Never before," the letter read, "has a star of any country brought such wonderful results than the recent visit here of Mr. and Mrs. James Stewart. Not only from our business standpoint for 'Rear Window,' but from the standpoint of people's diplomacy, the tremendous and heartwarming results given by their visit have been immensely gratifying."

"As various episodes which impressed Mr. and Mrs. Stewart eloquently showed, the sincere welcome and good will shown by the Japanese fans were unusually enthusiastic. They, in turn, were so warm (responsive to) the great heart shown by Mr. and Mrs. Stewart that the results of their recent visit have become so great and so fruitful as have never been witnessed before, for which I wish to express my heartfelt gratitude."

Forwarding a copy of this letter to Jimmy, the Paramount executive added: "Dear Jimmy: The above was not inspired by me, but is purely spontaneous. Thanks a million."

Assuming top rank at the box office hasn't changed Jim much except that



Mention his "family" and Jim's eyes light up—and out come those snapshots. Above with Gloria's sons Mike and Ronald, Gloria, their twins Kelly and Ju-

is made him even more happy and grateful to all those who made it possible. Otherwise, he's the same-as-ever James Stewart. He still likes his sport coats perfectly tailored, his food cooked to perfection—even though he still doesn't eat of it. (He absolutely cannot gain weight. Once ordered to a hospital for fattening-treatment, at a studio's request, Jim lay in one place for ten days and gorged himself on the chubbiest diet science had devised. Result: He lost five pounds.) He still carries the leather script-holder Salond Russell gave him in 1937, when they made "No Time for Comedy," and he probably always will. He still has no use for phonies, and is tolerant of bores. It could be said, then, that after twenty years in Hollywood, James Stewart is, in many respects, the same as he was as a boy, growing up in Indiana, Pennsylvania. He always loved planes, and spent much time building models. Today, he owns a full-sized one. Naturally, it's a good plane and, although Jim doesn't own an airline, he could probably afford to buy one. And he's still a camera bug. In his home, his home overflows with photographic equipment.

Jim was a fair-to-middlin' artist at Arcersburg Prep School, and later, at Princeton, he showed promise of becoming a fine architect. But after graduation, he took an artistic detour and stepped into acting.

Jim's war record is still noteworthy. He flew on twenty-five bombing missions and rose from private to full colonel in the Army Air Force during World War II. As with many actors, however, his stretch in the Air Corps took a big hunk out of the middle of Jim's picture career. But he returned from the war to become bigger and better than ever. He also discovered the various career benefits of the Western. A well-made Western always pays handsome dividends—especially if its star happens to own part of the picture, and a part of a picture is what Jim can do command. Besides, he likes to make Westerns and says of them, "They are the true literature of this medium, its greatest natural form."

The Stewarts have two sons by Gloria's former marriage and twin daughters of her own. Ronald is 12, Michael, 10, and Jay and Kelly are 5. Although it took him forty-one years to join the marriage, he has more than made up for lost time. Whenever he speaks of his "family," his eyes light up and he's apt to pull out a few snapshots for proud display. And he particularly enjoys being told that his twin daughters resemble him.

Both Jim and Gloria prefer quiet evenings at home or with close friends, in contrast to "doing the town." Jim readily admits he hates being separated from his family, even for a short time, which was frequently necessary during the past year. Making "The Man Who Knew Too Much," with Doris Day, took him to North Africa and England, then back to this country. And, two days after he finished the Alfred Hitchcock thriller, Jim was off again, to Paris, to start filming "The Spirit of St. Louis." Gloria always accompanies Jim on his foreign locations and always, at home or abroad, her vivacious, witty personality perfectly complements Jim's reserved, thoughtful manner.

Becoming box-office king had been his dream, it could be said that Jim had a long wait. But Jim has never sought it; it just came to him. Rather, his aim in life has been to do his work right, to live decently and in peace.

Still, Hollywood is mighty pleased with its new "king," and hopes he will reign for a long time. And there doesn't seem to be a speck on the horizon that says Jim is not.

THE END



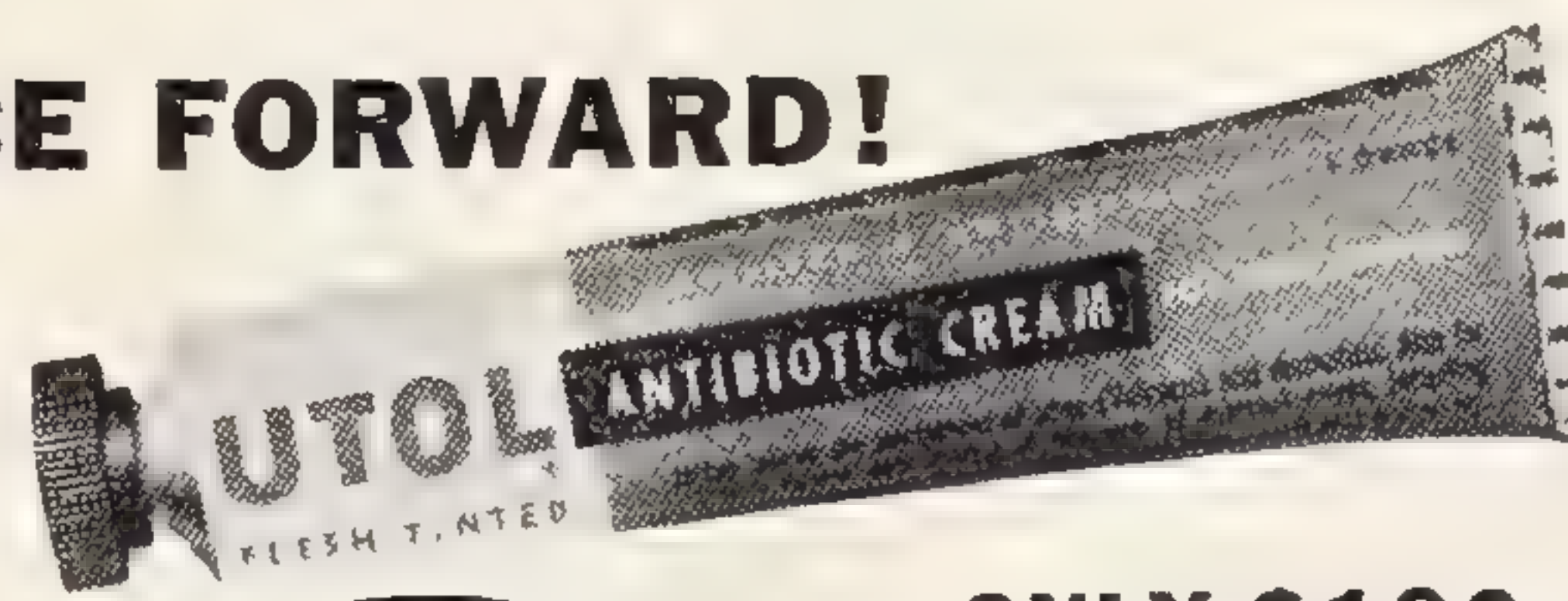
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(Continued from page 55)

brother Reginald, sisters Marie Louise and Margaret. But the fact that they were laughing was disconcerting. That particular afternoon's fare had not been a comedy.

Victoria didn't follow the usual custom, that of holding her head high and announcing that someday she'd show them... someday she would be a great actress. She just looked sheepish and silently vowed to keep the bedroom door closed from then on.

She'd never given acting much thought, at least not as a career. Her dream was of a different nature. More than anything else she wanted to go to the United States. "I seem to have been born with the United States in mind," she says today. "The idea of acting dawned upon me much later."

The idea was somewhat of a revolutionary one when it did dawn. None of the Shaws had ever considered entering show business. "I seem to be the family black-sheep," Victoria said soon after her arrival in Hollywood. "Marie Louise is married and has several children. Margaret, who's eighteen, is a secretary. And Frances, six, is just starting school."

"Sometimes I envy their attitude, Marie Louise's and Margaret's," she went on. "I believe in getting married and having a lot of children."

It was only last year, in July, that twenty-year-old Victoria packed her bags and flew from Australia to California. And the land of opportunity did not disappoint her. The following week she became a movie star—starring, no less, with Tyrone Power and Kim Novak, in "The Eddy Duchin Story." She also resolved that for the time being she would be a career girl, the dedicated kind.

So she enrolled in Benno Schneider's drama class and studied long hours with other dedicated young people, among them one Roger Smith. Roger, too, was a newcomer who had been signed by Columbia Studios. Eventually they were assigned a scene together, the beach scene from "From Here to Eternity." "We really ought to go out on the beach and practice sometime," Roger said jokingly.

Victoria laughed. "Then how about Disneyland?" he asked her. Victoria accepted the date.

It was like an evening in Wonderland. They took in all of the rides, but there was still time for conversation. Victoria learned that Roger had once made a living singing and playing the guitar in night clubs. She discovered that he'd spent

two years in the Navy in Honolulu and had met James Cagney there. "If you ever come to Hollywood, look me up," Cagney had said.

"But when I arrived, I couldn't find him," Roger told Victoria. "He was in the East."

Roger had taken a singing job and then had studied at the Warner Brothers' studio school for a month. Following this, he had been signed by Columbia and enrolled in the Schneider class. "The greatest thing that ever happened to me," he smiled down at her.

As the evening progressed, Victoria and Roger realized that something was happening to both of them. "We didn't talk about it," says Victoria. "But we both knew that neither of us would ever again date anyone else."

A short time later, Victoria wrote to her family for permission to become engaged. "I'd been telling them about Roger in my letters," she says. "And he had been writing to them. So they felt as if they already knew him and were very happy for us. We set May 25 as our official engagement date. It was my twenty-first birthday. We'll be married in October, November."

It takes one glance at Victoria's radiant face for her friends to say that someone should put the Victoria Shaw story in screenplay form. "It would make an awfully happy picture," says one of her chums.

Yet many overlook the fact that there was an element of risk involved in her flight to the United States, not to mention a great deal of soul-searching. Upon leaving her home last year, Victoria realized that there would be no friends to greet her, to introduce her to the new, quite different country. There would be no one she could count on for help should she need it so many miles from Australia. The only person she knew in the States was a near-stranger—someone who had said the familiar, "If you come to the States, call me."

Victoria had been Australia's top model, still she had no idea as to whether she might have an ounce of talent. Her financial status allowed her exactly the time to make the grade in an industry that often demands years of struggle before success. After carefully weighing the matter, however, she decided to take her chances. "What can I lose?" she asked herself.

Soon she had an answer. For one thing there was her luggage. It was misplaced in Honolulu. She'd left Australia on

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ed, rainy day, wearing a woolen dress. She spent three sweltering days in the same outfit before the suitcases arrived. Then, too, there was her confidence. It began to slip away as she stepped from the plane at Los Angeles, and gazed out on the sea of casual Californians. Her first thought was a stricken, "No one looks like anyone at home."

In Sydney, people dress to the teeth, even to see others off on a trip. In California, there were women in shorts, men hanging around in blue jeans and T-shirts. And the children—most of the little tykes seemed to have their heads shorn, a style which Victoria later learned was called a crewcut. "At the time, I couldn't have felt more out of place if I'd had a pin through my nose," she says today. "What else could she lose? As she proceeded into town, she realized her courage was fading fast. The Sydney bank manager had recommended a hotel in downtown Los Angeles. At home, the city was the place where one shopped rather than lived. And here was Los Angeles, such a big city. She was frightened at the thought of taking up residence smack in the middle of it."

Once in her hotel room, Victoria sat looking out the window, down at the hustle and bustle of it all, and listening to the radio. "I was so petrified that I didn't go out for two days," she recalls. "I went to the hotel drugstore and restaurant, but I couldn't bring myself to go out onto the street."

Finally, she reached for a telephone directory and found the number of Mack Millar, press agent to Bob Hope. She'd known him in Australia when Bing Crosby's favorite cohort had made personal appearances there.

Victoria had been among the models engaged for the show, and one night before going on she'd happened to run into Millar backstage. He'd been shopping for his family and was shuddering about the high cost of gifts. "Why, you've been to the wrong places," Victoria declared as she told him his story. "And you've paid too much—quite unnecessarily."

He'd offered to take Millar to the right places and handle the complicated money exchange. And the following day they'd set out on a tour.

Now, sitting in her hotel room, she trembled as she remembered all of the questions she'd put to the poor man, how she'd teased him about Hollywood—"What it's like, how one got on there."

Millar had patiently answered every query. "And if you ever come over, look me up," he had added with a grateful smile, from behind his armload of bundles. "Maybe I can return this favor."

Now Victoria picked up the telephone, dialed and put it down again. Would it seem too presumptuous to call him? She looked at her four walls and sighed. "Well, the trip turns out to be nothing more than a vacation, this is a cowardly way to spend it," she told herself and she gave the operator the number.

Millar seemed delighted to hear from her and promptly invited her to lunch. As the meal progressed, they talked of her places in motion pictures. "I did a picture once," she confessed. "When I was a child. One of those villain-and-the-thingies. It was a terrible film."

At the same, Millar suggested that they go by to see Louis Shurr, Bob Hope's agent, and Operation Stardom was under way. To Victoria, it was confusing to say the least. As press agent Millar introduced her to the agent Shurr, Victoria responded in her crisp accent, "How do you do?"

Shurr said nothing for a moment. Then he exclaimed, "Chiquita!"

"Victoria," Miss Shaw corrected politely. "Anyone could make a mistake."

"Chiquita!" Shurr said again. Victoria took a step toward the door and then froze. "Don't move," the man was almost shouting.

She glanced at Millar. Surely this couldn't be an agency. An asylum, perhaps? But Millar was taking it calmly as Shurr began to roar into the phone, "We've found Chiquita!"

The lady from Australia was ready to return there. "I thought there must be some girl around town named Chiquita who'd stolen something . . . or something—" she describes her reaction, still in a bit of a daze.

However, the telephone call was to an executive at Columbia Studios. Victoria met him the following day and he told her that she was to make a screen test. The very next week she was sent to New York to begin her first American film role, portraying Eddy Duchin's second wife, an English girl named Chiquita.

All this and the States, too. Victoria could hardly believe her good fortune. En route, she watched the countryside go by. Arizona, New Mexico—so different from the Australian plains where the grass often grows six feet high after a rain. She saw cars speeding along wide highways and she wondered what American motorists would do if confronted by a kangaroo. At home, on country roads—even on the main ones—you drove slowly to avoid hitting them. You never knew when a kangaroo might suddenly jump down out of a tree into the path of the car. "And then New York," she still shakes her head in wonder. "Imagine building a city on an island!"

Then, too, she mused upon her arrival, this business of being a visiting movie star wasn't quite what she'd expected. Somehow, in her mind's eye, she'd conjured up a picture of a lavish hotel suite, breakfasting in bed in a filmy negligee—a bed, incidentally, with satin sheets. And naturally there would be dozens of roses every day.

As she mused, Victoria sat in a tiny hotel room, writing letters home, getting up now and again to turn the air-conditioning unit closer to zero. And from the warmth of her flannel pajamas she vowed that she would go shopping for a cooler wardrobe the minute she had a spare minute.

Autographs? In New York, she gave them all the time. "Miss Kelly," they asked. "Will you sign my book?"

"But I'm not Grace Kelly."

"Aw, who're you trying to kid?"

She envisioned the comparative privacy of a small movie set. However, Victoria made her debut on the largest set in the world, New York City. She'd known nerve-racking times before, in the course of her work as a model. In Australia, models travel to many towns to appear in parades. And it seemed that every time Victoria climbed aboard a plane something was destined to happen. For instance, there was the crash landing in a farmer's field. "We sat for hours in a hundred and five degree temperature waiting to be rescued. And I'm afraid we completely ruined the farmer's crops when we came down," she can now say matter-of-factly.

Another time, while cruising over the mountains of New Zealand, the plane in which she was riding was struck by lightning and a piece was ripped out of the side. "It seemed we barely managed to stay together long enough to find the airport," she remembers.

For that matter, she could never forget being assigned to pose in a sundress and having the photographer place a Koala on



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her shoulder. A Koala is a deceptive little animal—it looks like a miniature panda, but has the claws of a full-grown tiger... or so those claws felt as they dug into Victoria's skin. "We got the pictures, but I had scars on my shoulders for weeks," she says.

Still, she's convinced that nothing could be as nerve-racking as her first day of outdoor shooting on "The Eddy Duchin Story."

There were thousands of people peering over the tops of the buildings, hanging out of windows, standing behind a section roped off for the action. Victoria and Tyrone Power were to play an extremely emotional scene along the promenade by the East River.

The first try wasn't so bad, she admits, because she was facing the river instead of the crowd. However, the second time, she found herself face to face with what seemed like a million eyes, and above the roar of the traffic she heard a hundred voices whispering, "Look. There's Tyrone Power!"

She, too, was conscious of Tyrone. What would this Hollywood veteran think of such an inexperienced newcomer? How could she look at all those faces and go through with the scene? Yet what could she say? The situation was almost impossible for her, but somehow she managed. And when they had finished, Ty put his arm around her shoulder. "You were great," he said and there was admiration in his voice, not to mention a touch of awe. "I could never have done the scene looking at that mob. As a matter of fact," he added, "that's why I turned you around!"

After a while, Victoria learned to take the lights, cameras and action in her stride. Hollywood, too. Except for Hollywood movies and movie stars, that is. Even now that she knows how pictures are made, she goes to the sad ones and weeps buckets. And when she's seen a science-fiction feature, she's almost cowardly about heading home.

She reads every fan magazine in print. "I read about everybody," she says. Not since England's Jean Simmons arrived on these shores with an autograph book in her hand has there been such a star-fan. "If I could do anything with autographs, I'm sure I'd ask for them," says Victoria. "Oh, I know I'm not supposed to be impressed. But I was in church last Sunday and Ann Blyth walked in looking so divine at eight in the morning, I could hardly take my eyes off her. And the time I went to the movies and saw Julie Adams and Ray Danton in the same row, I'm afraid I nearly fell into their laps from staring."

At parties, Victoria promises herself that she will not stare at celebrities. "But I forget," she says.

At the PHOTOPLAY Gold Medal Award Dinner, she stepped into the powder room and was about to apply some lipstick when someone nudged her. "Your lipstick," said the lady gently. "You have it aimed your chin."

Victoria was too busy eyeing Jarrod Leigh, who was freshening her make-up a few mirrors away, to take proper aim.

"When director George Sidney gave the party at Romanoff's I hardly knew a soul," she says. "A studio executive introduced me to most of the people in the room, but I still felt a bit uneasy. And do you know who did the most to put me at ease? Zsa Zsa and Eva Gabor! I'd always wondered what they'd be like. They were so charming to me, made me feel as if I really belonged there."

One of her biggest thrills was meeting Joe DiMaggio in New York. "I didn't dare," she says. "We were just in the same crowd. But I'm sure that walking down the street with the Mayor couldn't have been more exciting than walking down the street with Joe DiMaggio."

"Everyone stopped him to say hello. I didn't know most of the people. A corner newsboy called to him and Joe went over to talk with him, too. Then we reached the traffic signal and stood waiting for the lights to change. A huge bus came along, the driver spotted Joe and went straight through the red light. Brakes went on, people were howling and screaming. There was a near riot. What an institution this man is in this country!" she finishes.

But she blushes slightly when she recalls failing to recognize still another American institution. The error was an embarrassing one. Soon after her arrival, she interrupted a conversation to inquire about the subject matter. "Who," she asked "is Davy Crockett?"

She quickly learned. And if it's any consolation to Walt Disney, Victoria counts Disneyland among her favorite places. "It's so exciting to grownups," she smiles. "Imagine what it would be like to see it as a child!"

Born on May 25, 1935, Victoria spent a great portion of her own childhood at a sheep station. During the war, her family moved there from Sydney. Her father, a captain in the Australian army, is in charge of the army health system throughout the eastern Australian states. "As a result of this," she says, "we always had an army of tortoises, snakes and guinea pigs around."

Victoria attended a convent until she was fifteen. Upon graduation, she still hadn't decided what she wanted to do with

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er life and, during her first six months away from school, she held a variety of jobs. For a time she was a salesgirl. Next she worked in an insurance office, then in the office of a dry-cleaning establishment.

However, during her schooldays, Victoria had always pleaded with her mother to take her to see the local parades. In Australia, models are comparable to American movie stars, and Victoria worshipped them from afar. And so one day she went in to see a woman who ran a modeling school. "Girls at home all begin modeling when they're fifteen or sixteen," she says. "Consequently, I enrolled right away."

The following year, she was voted Artists' Model of the Year and she became the most photographed model in her country. Few realized that the younger had a business head that would come close to revolutionizing the modeling business. "The pay is nothing like that in America," Victoria explains. "And there was no scale. Newcomers were getting as much as more experienced girls. So eventually I simply upped my fees. It started a commotion, because then came the 'I'm as good as she is' reaction, and everyone else began to raise their fees, too."

Victoria's appearance is also deceiving. Small, delicate, with the lady-like air of Grace Kelly, she looks as if she has never been anything more energetic than balance teacup. Then, before you know it, she launches into a tale about the time she hunted kangaroos. "They're so plentiful you don't have to have a license," she says. And when I made my one picture over there, we'd take rifles and go out on the plains at night.

"Kangaroos roam in herds and you have to hit them from quite a ways off. You never go in close to shoot them as they ought to defend themselves.

"You have to hit them at the base of the spine or through the temple to kill them," she continues. "It's after they're down that you have to make certain they're dead so they won't suffer. It can be dangerous because if they're only slightly wounded they can crush you with their front paws."

My Princess Yum Yum

(Continued from page 50)

"You didn't call me to say you enjoyed your date or anything. Did you dislike me? Didn't you know I wanted to hear from you?"

Brother! I'd never heard a woman talk like that.

A reporter recently asked me if Mitzi has any eccentricities, like sleeping with the light on. Personally, I think her two greatest eccentricities are being honest and sincere. In Hollywood, these two traits are not only unusual, they're downright odd. I think I must have begun falling in love with Mitzi during that first telephone conversation. I got myself out of the doghouse by explaining I had been out of town for a few days. But I was fascinated. What kind of a girl was this, anyway? I asked my dazed self. Could anyone alive be this honest?

Just as that phone conversation gave me the first real clue as to what Mitzi is like, so sixty percent of what I learned about her, was learned on the phone. She was dating other fellows then, and I was working nights, so I would talk to her at midnight, when she got home from a date with some other fellow. We would have an hour of conversation, during which we discussed everything, including our respective philosophies of life.

In a way, ours was a strange courtship.

"They grow to seven feet tall, you know."

Victoria also speaks glowingly of deep-sea diving and spear fishing, interests she shares with her fiancé. "The girl is fearless," says Roger.

"Except when I'm standing beside a kitchen stove," says Victoria. "Then I'm terrified."

Before her engagement, Victoria claimed that even water was lumpy when she removed it from the burner. "I'm improving," she says. "I do manage breakfast, but it's still fairly terrible! I hope by the time we're married I'll be able to cook sufficiently to keep Roger alive."

Roger offers encouragement by dropping in for dinner and beaming at the meals she prepares—in addition to eating them. "He's the one who's fearless," she grins.

Victoria much prefers cleaning and ironing to cooking. At present, her housekeeping is relatively simple since home is a small, one-bedroom apartment in Hollywood. Also a part of her life these days is a monkey!

Victoria's heart goes out to anyone who is lonely—even monkeys. She was visiting a pet shop one day with some friends and noticed this forlorn little fellow sitting in his cage. She learned that a previous owner had left him there, and she felt there was nothing to do but take him home. "He's just like a baby," she says. "It's like having a child in the house."

However, Victoria fears for her guests. "I have to warn them not to pick him up. He bites. But if you sit down, in a few minutes he'll be on your lap. I suppose he prefers to select his own friends."

Victoria is looking forward to marrying "and having a lot of children. I hope I'll be able to do one picture a year and spend the rest of the time attending to my home. And," she adds, grinning at Roger, "I believe in the man being the boss, which most people seem to forget over here."

After their marriage, Victoria and Roger will move into the home they are now building in Tarzana. And although her studio has great plans for her, "Home will come first," beams the star-struck, love-struck future Mrs. Smith of the U.S.A.

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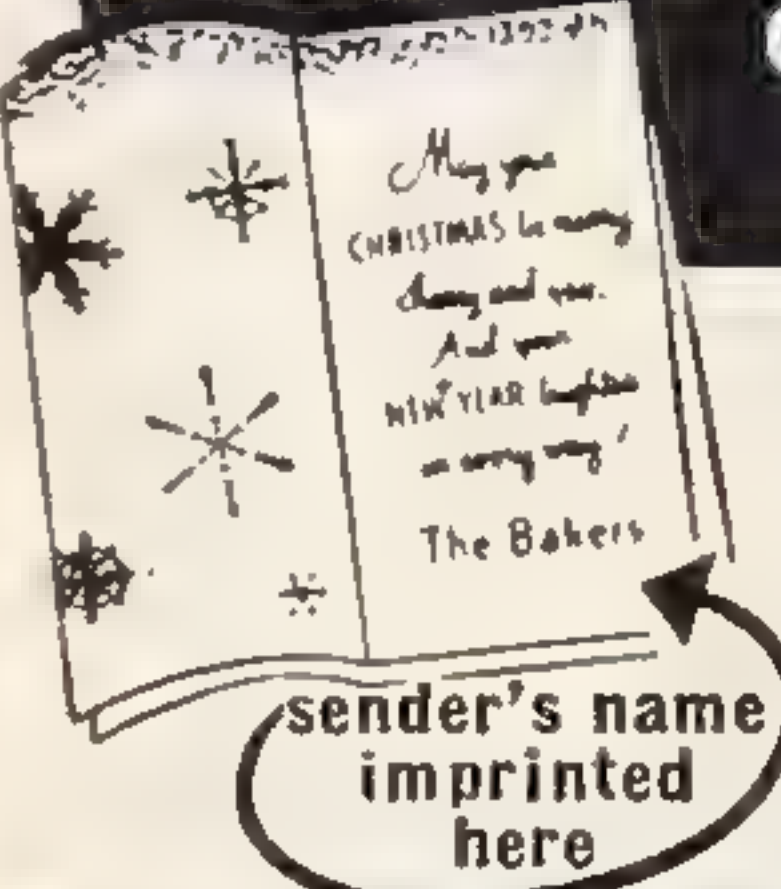
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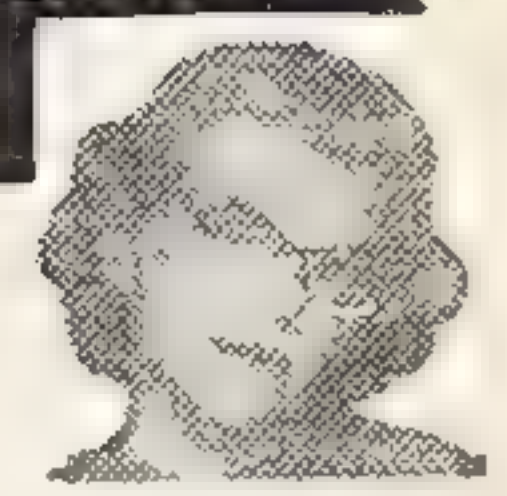
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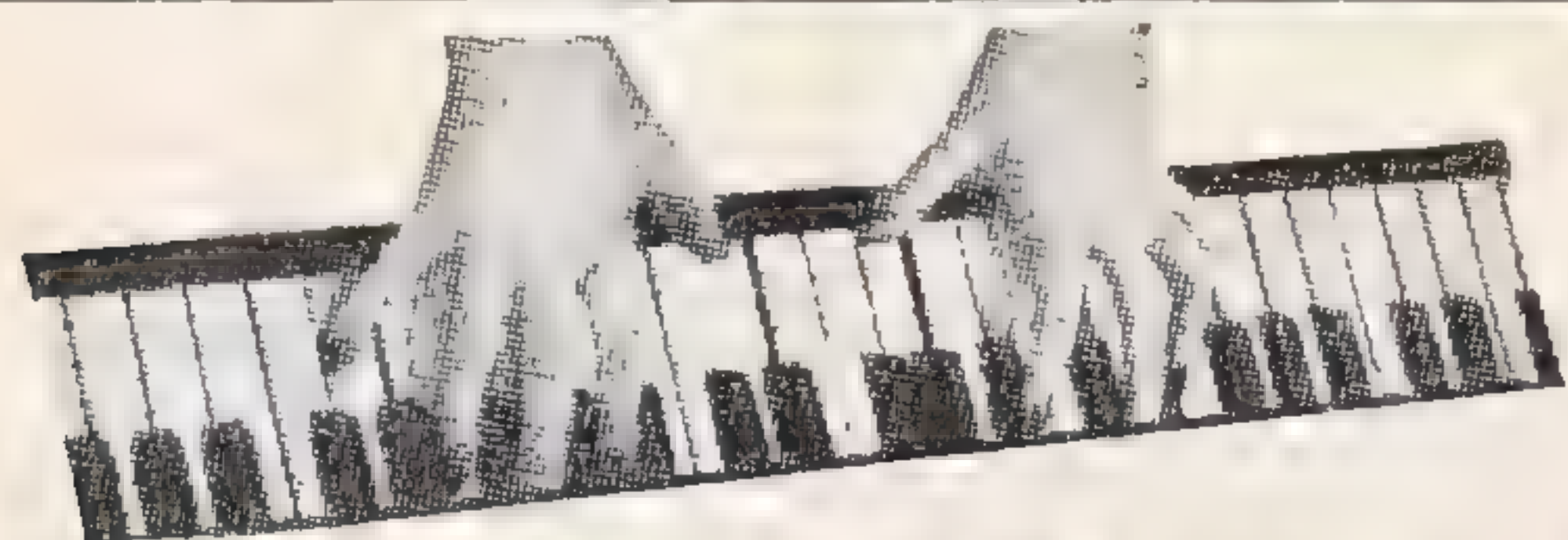
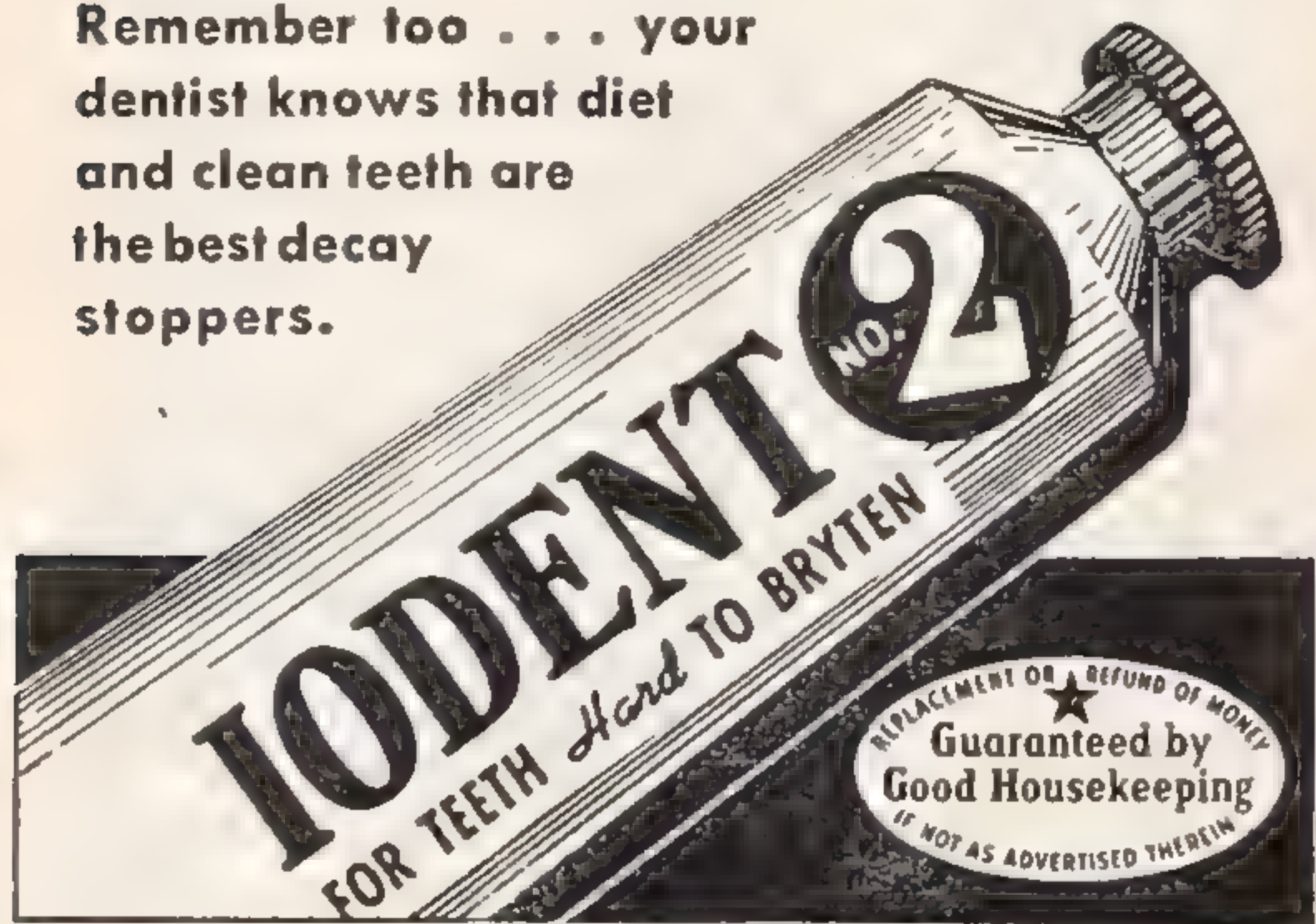
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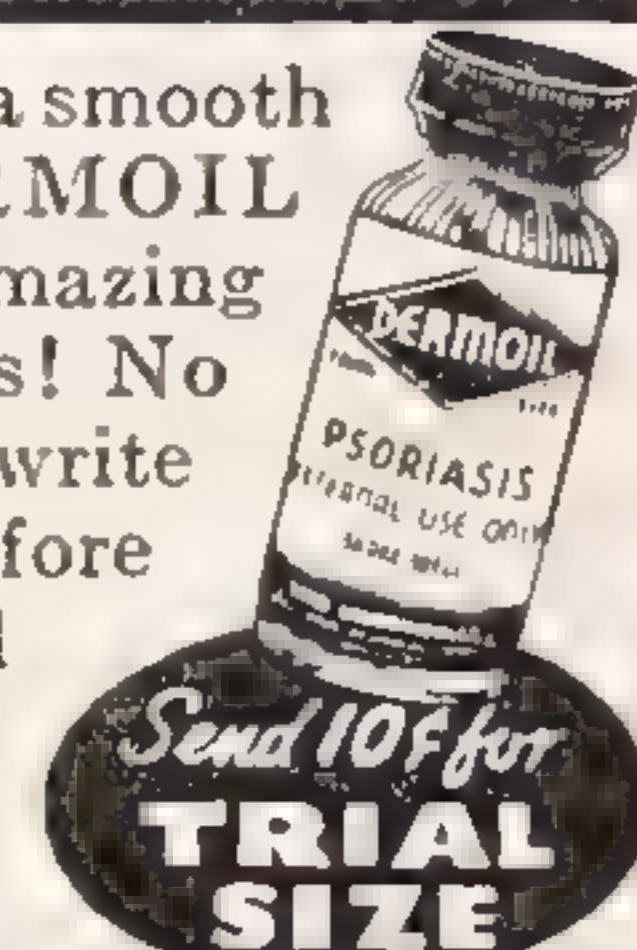
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her. And devastating it occasionally is. Mitzi feels that a marriage relationship should be able to stand honesty. Sometimes it's hard to take.

For example, suppose we're with a group of friends and I'm recounting an incident. She lets me tell the whole story—for who likes to be interrupted?—then when I'm finished, she says, "Honey, it didn't really happen in Carmel. It happened in Monterey."

She doesn't do it to stab me or to deflate me, she just likes accuracy. Not that Mitzi is completely accurate herself, but she tries to be.

She asks my opinion about everything, from whether a certain dress is becoming to the way a scene should be done. But she doesn't ask just to defer to me as a husband.

She says she values and respects my opinions. But she doesn't always follow them! She doesn't believe that anyone can possibly be right all the time—not her director, not myself, and not herself. Since no one's opinions are always correct, she would feel foolish following anyone's slavishly.

Once we were going to a big gathering, at which there would be present a group of important businessmen and their wives. Twirling around in a dark purple wool dress with a matching coat, Mitzi asked me, "How do you like my outfit?"

"Fine," I said, "but I think a lot of the women there will be wearing hats. It's just a suggestion, but don't you think you might wear one?"

That particular evening Mitzi didn't feel like wearing a hat. But finally, she gave in.

When we arrived at the party, she was swept about a hundred feet away from me. There were about 200 women present, and about 198 were wearing hats. Mitzi winked at me, a wink which said, "You were right."

On the other hand, when she had a recording to make for "The Birds and the Bees," she asked me how I thought she should record a particular number. She also asked a musician on the set the same question. Each of us gave our opinion. When we had finished, she told me, with that flawless Mitzi honesty, "I agree with the musician, darling."

Not that Mitzi is undiplomatic. If a casual acquaintance asked her, "How do you like this tie?" she wouldn't say, "Oh, it's horrible," even if she thought so.

She is never critical in the early hours of the morning. She feels that the day should always start right, with zest and fun. She believes that if you start the day on a blue note, you may go through the rest of the day feeling blue. She always wakes up, sunny side up.

I'm amazed by her because much of the time, when she's working on a picture, she will wake up at 5 A.M.—which is a feat for anyone. Even Mitzi would rather sleep till 8, like the rest of us. But she has such verve. She looks forward to going to the movie studio. She loves a regular schedule.

The minute the alarm goes off, she shoots out of bed like a cannon—and starts singing.

Sleepily, I try to shush her. "Maybe the neighbors won't like you singing so early."

"If they don't like it now, they'll never like it," she says cheerfully. And she goes on singing.

For breakfast, she has a small glass of orange juice, two eggs, either poached, scrambled or boiled, half a glass of milk. Sometimes she has bacon. It is a protein-laden meal; which she needs for energy.

Throughout the day she has boundless reserve. She gives all of herself, then collapses happily.

She loves work, thinks movie work is great fun, and the harder she works, the more fun she thinks it is.

Mitzi's picture of life is a smiling thing but periodically she is unhappy. She is sometimes moody within herself, but she never shows her moodiness to other people.

When her father needed a serious operation, she was worried, a little quiet and kept to herself a bit. I said to her, "I'm something I've done bothering you?"

"No," she said, "it has nothing to do with you, really."

On the set, she appeared almost as gay and effervescent as ever. She gives all of herself to her movie scenes and leaves the moody part of herself at home.

She can throw off a mood, when the need arises, as easily as other women slip off a dress. Even if Mitzi has an argument with someone before a scene—she will argue for what she believes in—she walks into the scene the next moment, completely free of any resentment or brooding.

She is very sentimental. She hates to be surprised herself, but gets fun out of continually surprising others.

She will say to me, "Your birthday in two days. I'm going to give a little party for you, just a couple of intimate friends."

The day of the party, you find out that she has invited forty people. Somehow she manages to make them all feel at home.

She will go to endless trouble to surprise and please me, or anyone she loves. Nothing is too much work for Mitzi when she wants to surprise you.

She loves to buy gifts. She has given me gifts for every occasion except Mother's Day. I've received gifts from Mitzi on my birthday, Washington's birthday, Lincoln's birthday, Valentine's Day, our yearly anniversary, and all the monthly anniversaries.

She spends a lot of time choosing gifts. Mitzi would never be guilty of giving a phonograph record to someone who's too deaf or costume jewelry to someone who wouldn't wear it. Her gifts are carefully chosen.

One of the most appreciated (by me) and unusual gifts Mitzi has given me is a long, bone English shoe horn. She knows that when I wake up in the morning, I'm still drowsy, and I'm averse to reaching down to put on my shoes. I can barely see them, that early in the morning. Knowing all this, Mitzi figured out that the shoe horn would help a lot. Who but Mitzi would ever think of giving a shoe horn as a gift?

Delightful as Mitzi is, it took time to get accustomed to some of her quirks. And no doubt, it was tough for her to get accustomed to some of mine.

Mitzi is probably the Number 1 radio fan in the United States. No matter what chores she's doing at home, she likes to have a radio on at the same time. We have radios in the kitchen, bathroom, dining room, and in the master bedroom.

When she's not working in films, Mitzi listens to every daytime drama on the radio. Is Stella Dallas going to her daughter's wedding? Is John's backstage wife going to marry Larry? Mitzi wouldn't think of missing an episode in any daytime drama.

All day long, when she's not working in the studio, she has all five radios going all tuned in to the same program. This is in case someone phones. If she steps into the room where the phone is, she would want to miss the latest episode in the life of any radio heroine. Somehow, even while she's talking on the phone, she manages to keep one ear cocked to the sounds pouring out from the radio.

This was one fact about Mitzi of which wasn't completely aware, when we were first married. So, shortly after our marriage, I came home one night, to be greeted by Mitzi with great exuberance.

It had been a tough day at the office, and I was delighted by the sight and sound of my bride. But not by the voice on the radio! I couldn't hear myself think above that din.

"Yummy," I said, "can't you turn off the radio in the kitchen? It's piercing my eardrums."

She obligingly turned it off.

A second later, I noticed that the very same voice was coming from the bathroom. In fact, the voice seemed to be coming from everywhere! That was when I discovered my bride's predilection for having five radios on at a time.

I think she still likes to have them on, all five of them, when I'm not at home. But she obligingly turns them all off when she's expecting me.

Not that I have anything against radio. I like to listen to certain programs when we can concentrate on them. But I can listen to only one thing at a time. Mitzi can do four or five things at once, and all against this background of blaring radios.

Another problem that came up between Mitzi and me was the question of what is a messy drawer.

Mitzi is a great housekeeper. She loves cleaning closets and drawers. I have my own system of putting away things. The system may not be entirely logical, but I can always remember in which drawer I have placed something.

One morning, I couldn't find my cologne. It probably wasn't put away in an orderly fashion, but I remembered where I had put it, and looked there for it. I couldn't find it.

"Where in the world's the cologne?" I asked.

"Just pull the drawer out," said Mitzi. "The colognes are where your handkerchiefs used to be."

"But why, Mitzi?"

"It's more orderly that way."

It probably is, but I could find what I wanted more easily under my own sloppy system. At least, that's what I thought at first. Now, Mitzi practically has me converted to her ideas on the arrangement of drawers.

I've heard a lot of people try to describe my wife, but it's difficult, since she's at least three different people.

For instance, if she is being interviewed by a reporter, she knows she's expected to perform, and she will give the best story she can. She won't show any temperament, even if she is asked exasperating questions, as reporters sometimes ask, to stimulate conversation.

Then, when she's on the set talking to a director, she's doing business, and she's Mitzi Gaynor, the business woman.

At home, she's still another woman. There's a very nice comedy writer who lives next door to us. He's bright and witty, but a little shy. He first met Mitzi sitting in the sun near the swimming pool, being beautiful in the sun—which, of course, is no effort at all for Mitzi. They got to talking.

Several times they met at the swimming pool, and always Mitzi was her beautiful, immaculate self in a gorgeous bathing suit or sun suit.

One evening, when she met me at the door, she said, "Jack's a nice fellow and very intelligent. Why don't you ask him to come up?"

So I did. I didn't tell him we were going out later that evening. Mitzi whooped open the door when he came. There wasn't a bit of make-up on her face. It had all been washed clean, and her hair was in curlers.

Jack looked startled. "Mitzi!" he said. "What's this? You knew your husband had invited me to drop in, didn't you? Is it all right to come in?"

Mitzi smiled her serenest smile and said, "Of course."

Later, Jack said that he had never been more complimented than by Mitzi's willingness to greet him when her hair was in curlers. "This girl is really a friend of mine," he said. "I was completely unprepared to find her so relaxed at home. I'm tired of people who are always formal, always set, always prepared."

I know that there are writers who have hinted that there will be a domestic dirge in any family if the husband ever sees his wife with her hair in curlers. But I feel that if Mitzi couldn't be relaxed around me, ours wouldn't be much of a marriage. And any marriage that would break up over such a trivial cause wouldn't be my

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ANSWERS TO CROSSWORD PUZZLE ON PAGE 73

Across

1. Bhowani
7. J E (Joan Evans)
9. bus
12. Oaken
13. L T (Lana Turner)
15. Widmark (Richard)
17. R R (Ronald Reagan)
18. Sonia
19. Emmy (award of the Television Academy of Arts and Sciences)
20. GI
21. G D (Gloria DeHaven)
22. T T (Tom Tryon)
23. Axel (Stordahl)
25. Ten
26. New
28. Hodiak (John)
29. nor
31. Irene (Papas)
33. dais
34. Sir
35. R B (Richard Burton)
37. eats
40. U.P.A.
42. leer
44. actor
46. Maria
47. These

48. Ann (Sheridan)
49. Hasty
50. gas
51. directors
56. Jones (Jennifer)
57. year's
61. April
64. Ryan (Robert)
66. cut
67. Not
68. Preston
71. Dena
72. "It"
73. Hell
74. N. Y.
75. Sr.

Down

1. Borgnine (Ernest)
2. Harder
3. OK
4. West
5. Another
6. Iliad
7. Jim (Dean)
8. Edmond (O'Brien)
9. B. A. (Buenos Aires)
10. urge
11. Skin

14. "Taxi"
15. Welk (Lawrence)
16. My
24. E A (Edward Arnold)
25. tributes
27. Westerns
30. oar
32. Nisei (Japanese-American born in the U. S.)
36. Carey
38. Alana (Ladd)
39. Kathryn
41. Post
43. Randolph (Scott)
45. chase
46. Magnani (Anna)
52. in
53. Rebel
54. E S (Everett Sloane)
55. Tryon
56. J I (John Ireland)
58. Ace
59. runs
60. Star
62. Pot
63. R T (Robert Taylor)
64. R T (Russ Tamblyn)
65. Any
69. R E (Richard Egan)
70. S L (Sue Ladd)
71. D R (Donna Reed)

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idea of matrimony nor Mitzi's, either. I'm delighted that Mitzi has no inhibitions with me. Whenever we meet, after being parted for a few hours, she throws her arms around me, completely without inhibition, no matter who's around.

When she gets home later than I, she has a special rap on the door. It's very rhythmic, and sounds exactly like a Bay Rum commercial. Then, even though it's been only four hours since I last saw her, she's as effusive as if she hadn't seen me for three weeks.

She greets everyone she likes with exuberance. She adds a diminutive and affectionate "i" or "ie" to the names of almost all her friends. She calls George Gobel "Hotsi" because that was his name in their picture, "The Birds and the Bees." She calls Paul Jones, "Paulie," Donald O'Connor, "Donnie," Jeanmaire, "Zizi."

Like most affectionate women, Mitzi loves pets. Her preference is for a real dog, not a lap dog. Until recently, she always had a dog. Now there's no room in our apartment for one, but I'm sure that when we buy a house, she'll get a dog immediately. She's also had spurts of being interested in tropical fish. She doesn't care much for birds, though she's not afraid of them. There are very few things Mitzi really fears.

I have heard that she is terribly afraid of heights. Recently, when we were in Reno on vacation, she was chosen Snow Queen. As such, one of her duties was to take a ride on a ski lift.

We got on this thing, and suddenly we were seventy feet up in the air. I'm not supposed to be afraid of heights, but when I saw how high up we were, I turned pale.

"What's the matter with you?" Mitzi said. She was looking over the side, waving at the people behind her, and having a wonderful time. She was just as relaxed as if she'd been standing on the ground instead of being wafted into the air.

So is my wife afraid of heights? All I can say is that Mitzi is certain things in certain situations. Up there on the ski lift, fear never entered her heart. But me—well, I was scared to death that she was going to slip off any minute!

Mitzi can be very superstitious. She never puts a hat on a bed, never walks under a ladder, never talks about a deal until it's signed and delivered, never says who her next co-star is going to be until he's signed. She will never start anything of great consequence when the minute hand of the clock is on the down sweep. She always starts everything on an up-beat.

If the director asks if she can be on the set at 9:25, she says it will take her about five minutes longer. She manages to appear on the set exactly at 9:31 A.M., when the minute hand of the clock is definitely going upward.

Still, she can be flexible about some of her superstitions. Once when she broke a mirror, I said, "I think it's ridiculous to believe you're going to embrace seven years of hard luck because of one broken ten-cent mirror."

She smiled up at me. "Yes, it is pretty ridiculous, isn't it?" she admitted. Immediately, she put the superstition out of her mind. That's what I call an accommodating superstition.

Both Mitzi and I have tempers. However, she has a thermostat she uses on my temper. When I explode, she says, "Why not relax about this?" Of course, when her thermostat doesn't work, we have an argument.

When I'm moody or worried, she's very thoughtful. "Can I get you anything?" she asks. "Is there anything I can help

you with? Or would you like a little peace and solitude? What is best for you?"

There is a great deal of give and take in our marriage. When Mitzi has to go to work early, I wake up with the birds, too, and make her breakfast for her.

On the other hand, she delights in keeping the house spotless—with the help of a cleaning woman just once a week—and in creating exotic dishes for dinner. When we are expecting friends, she will make a big roast beef, goulash or fish dish with sauterne, and bedeck the whole thing with mushrooms.

People will ask incredulously, looking at Mitzi, who appears to have just stepped out of a handbox, "Did you make this?" She will bask in this. She loves the sunshine of approval, and spreads it generously, whenever she can, without being dishonest.

Some people who don't know Mitzi very well have intimated she's a madcap. She is witty, there is plenty of sparkle about her, but I don't see her as a madcap. I see her as a very sensitive, bright, searching person, who is curious about everything. She will take nothing for granted. She wants to know the whys and wherefores of everything.

After she saw Frank Sinatra in "The Man with the Golden Arm," she was so impressed by his characterization of Frankie Machine that she asked everyone she met who had seen the picture, what they thought was the significance of the character.

She wanted to know, "Why was he dependent? Why did he depend so much on Kim Novak?"

She also wanted to know not only the motivation of all the characters played by the stars in the film, but how the actors produced the effects they did.

Yummy feels as if she used to pass over things, take them more or less for granted, and now she is looking into everything in a very searching way. Originally a very sensitive girl, she has become more intuitive about people than ever before, due to this searching attitude of mind.

Once when we entertained a large group at our home, I noticed she wasn't circulating with a lot of people. I felt she should be talking to everyone, acting the part of hostess, and I told her so.

"Why do you feel that's so important?" she asked me.

I gave her eleven fast reasons.

She listened to them all very politely, then said, "There are four people at the party who know no one. I have been trying to shepherd them around so they'll get to know the others."

Instinctively, Mitzi had sought out the people who needed her most. Pretty soon everyone knew everyone at the party. Her fine feminine instincts had led her to do just the right thing.

Sometimes, looking at my lovely wife, I think back to the evening I first proposed to her. I had always hoped to make that proposal under very romantic, glamorous circumstances. I had rehearsed the words I would say, with the moon gleaming overhead in a sky dotted with stars.

Then one night Mitzi and I went out for dinner.

The dinner was horrible. The service was impossible. The waiter spilled things all over the table, and even on Mitzi's lap.

In the middle of all this confusion, I said to Mitzi, "I'd like to marry you."

She beamed back at me. "Wonderful," she said.

And in that one word she summed up everything. In spite of the adjustments, the problems, the five radios, our marriage has been just that—wonderful.

THE END

chedules.... A good way to get clobbered is to mention Rock Hudson's so-called marital problems. "For five years," says Rock grimly, "the gossips tried to force me into marriage. And now after a few happy months they're trying to split us up." Tongues first started to wag when Rock walked out on a night spot and left Phyllis at a table with friends. "I had an early morning call," Rock explains, "but there was no reason why Phyllis' fun had to be spoiled, too!"

Mail And Farewell: Jacques Sernas, disappointed because of lack of work, decided to return to Europe. Confident that he'd lost his French accent, Jacques tested for "Tammy," opposite Debbie Reynolds. But alas, Leslie Nielsen got the role. Discouraged Jacques loves Hollywood, but there are no jobs for him. He'll continue to perfect his English, and we predict Hollywood will eventually bring him back—at double his salary!

Leading High: Tab Hunter rode his own horse in "The Burning Hills," and it was a proud moment when he collected "Switzerland's" paycheck. "Swizz earned seven hundred and forty dollars, and that ain't hay," beams Tab, "but it will be!" When he started "The Girl He Left Behind," the studio tried to talk Tab



Audrey Hepburn gets an encouraging word from co-star Fred Astaire, top with daughter Ava. With no movies ahead, Jacques Sernas returned to Europe with wife—but not for long! Van Johnson's tribute made tough Jim Cagney blush!

out of wearing a close-cropped haircut. "But if I'm playing a GI, I should look like a GI," Tab protested. "Your fans won't like it," said the studio. "But the Army will!" replied Tab—and he stuck to his guns.

Perfectionists: There's a reason why top people are tops. Take for example Marlon Brando, who learned a speech in Japanese for a local press conference in Japan. The rest of the cast of "Tea-house of the August Moon" just stood around with that well-known egg on their faces!... And Audrey Hepburn, making "Funny Face" with Fred Astaire, begged him to rehearse their musical numbers on a Sunday. "I've never danced for the camera before!" explained little Audrey, "and when you dance with the master, the most you can hope for is to come off looking second best!" Fred says she has exactly *nothing* to worry about.

Most Wanted Man: Ask any Hollywood hostess and she'll tell you that Bob Wagner is the best-mannered male guest at a party. Nancy Sinatra hosted an evening of fun recently and she invited Bob, who without being asked, served drinks and saw that everyone was comfortable and happy. The next day, Nancy received a note of thanks and *ten* dozen red carnations. What a welcome relief from the dungaree-sweat shirt type!

Star Dust: Van Johnson, who always eats his lunch in his dressing room, is Hollywood's number one fan. At U-I, making "Kelly and Me," Van heard that Jimmy Cagney was in the commissary and rushed over to meet his screen idol. When they were introduced Van charmingly dropped to his knees and salaamed the "master." Tough guy Cagney actually blushed as he grinned his appreciation.

The Great Healer: Time takes care of everything. After the Barbara Stanwyck-Robert Taylor marriage backfired, the mere mention of his name upset her. But recently, when she made a movie at M-G-M, Barbara laughed all through lunch with Bob, in the studio commissary.... About this time last year, when Dewey Martin was in the Virgin Islands making "The Proud and Profane," he whispered sweet nothings to Bill Holden's eighteen-year-old daughter, Virginia. Now Dewey's married to the sultry singer, thirty-three-year-old Peggy Lee. Permission granted to write your own comment!



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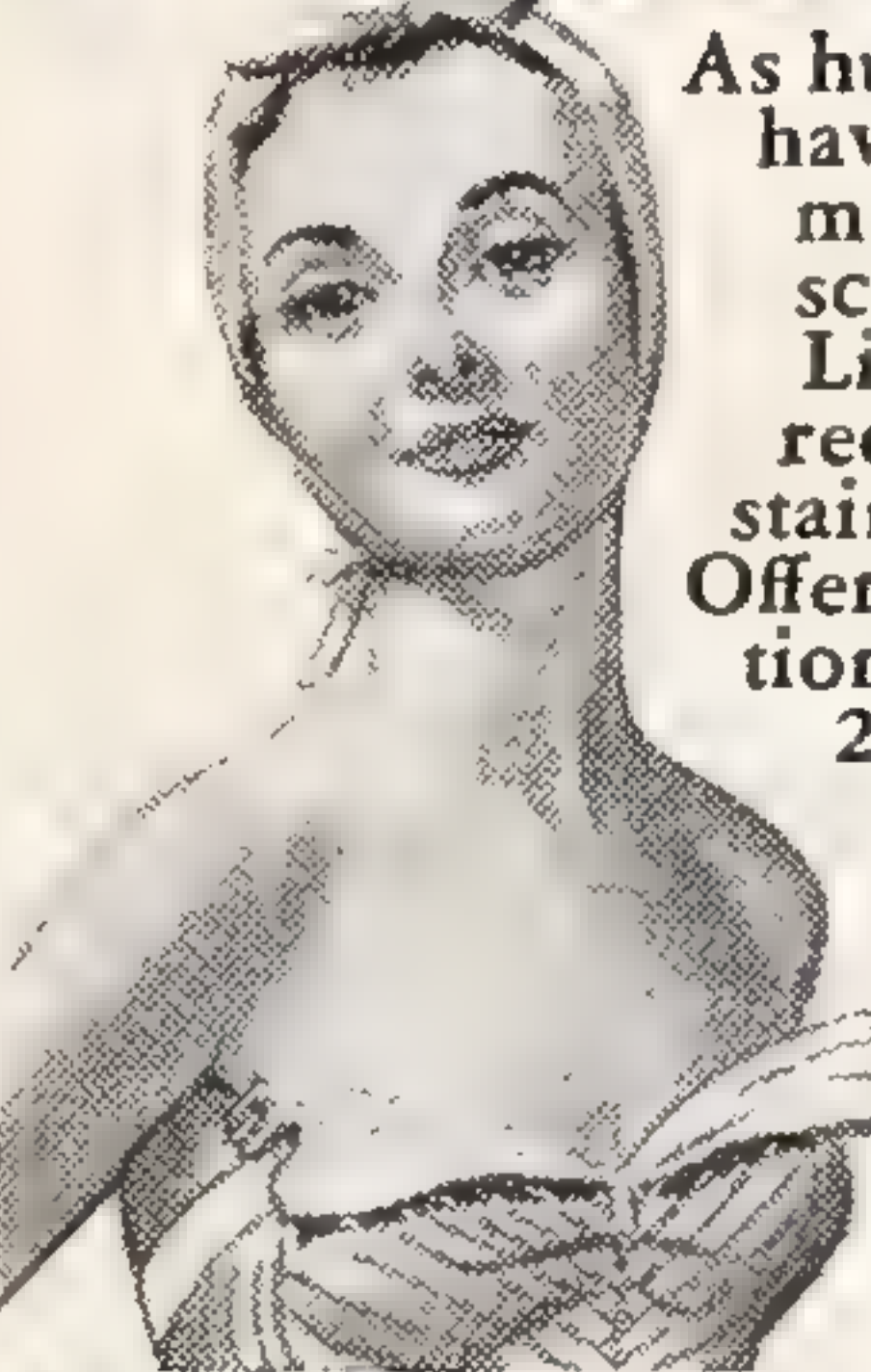
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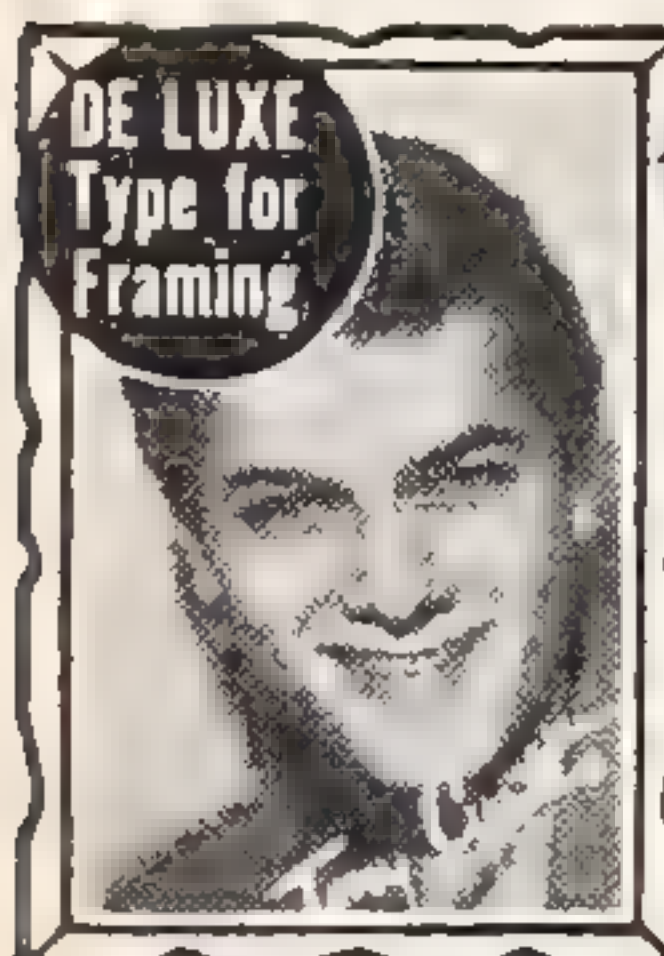
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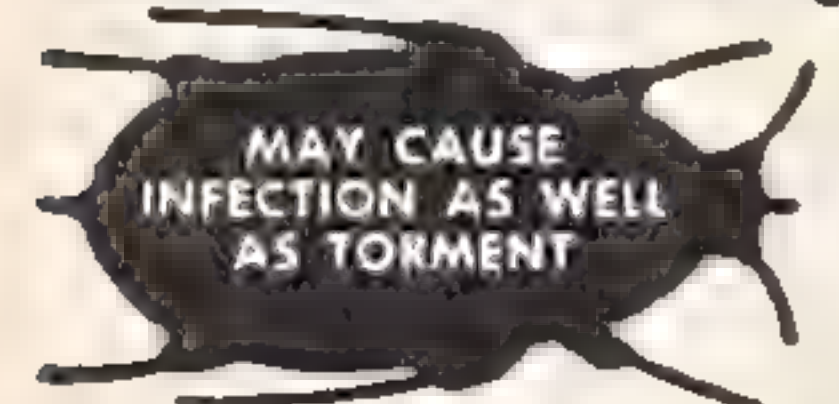
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(Continued from page 41)

view wasn't marred, since there was only a brick wall to see anyway. My little daughter, Dawn, was 3000 miles away, and her only Christmas present from me was a long, loving letter. I was \$8.52 from being flat broke. The producers of the Broadway musical, "Hazel Flagg," had decided to omit the dance I'd come from Hollywood to do. When they'd asked me not to report for rehearsal, I'd hit bottom. Now, tears of loneliness for Dawn trickled down my cheeks. Taxi horns sounded outside; inside, the quiet was broken only by a boiling coffeepot.

My roommate, Chris Carter, who'd come with me from Hollywood, opened the door, shaking the wet snow from her coat. "Well, I got the yogurt and the coffee," she said. "And now for our Christmas dinner." In the electric coffeepot, plugged into a light socket, were two potatoes. Chris stabbed at them with a fork. "They're done," she said, fishing them out. From a suitcase she got two plates and cups, then she spread a towel on the dresser for a tablecloth. "Now, I'll make the coffee," she went on. "Gee, I hope we don't blow the fuses again until the coffee is finished." From a dresser drawer Chris extracted two stale rolls, sprinkled them with water and put them on the radiator to soften. Then she opened the window to retrieve the yogurt bottle filled with Jello, which she'd made by the simple expedient of adding hot tap water to the powder and leaving it out on the window sill overnight.

The phone rang. It was a friend in the "Hazel Flagg" cast, calling to say that the producers had finally decided to leave my dance in. Jubilantly, Chris and I drew up chairs to the dresser. I surveyed the dinner, murmuring, "Well, no rich wine sauces to give us the gout." And just as the coffee bubbled in the pot—bang—the fuse blew and our light went out.

I began to hum, "There's no business like show business..." and Chris and I doubled up with laughter while angry hotel guests in the hall yelled, "Hey, what's with the lights? They're out again!" Almost every night at dinnertime they went out—thanks to our contraband coffeepot.

Fortunately, Chris and I had the saving grace of laughter, which helped us through those rough days. My dance—a burlesque of Salome and the Seven Veils—received wonderful notices, and from then on that wolf outside the door fled to greener pastures. My name went up in lights and my picture was put on posters. It was exciting, but after the show I still had to soak my aching feet. The papers called me an overnight success. Take my word for it, thirteen years—hungry, frightened years of dancing—make one long, lonesome, heartbreaking night.

But before that, Chris—a luscious, off-beat, red-headed character—and I had learned to make do. We had utilized all our courage and mainly our battered senses of humor to keep our heads up during that gloomy period in New York. I hadn't wanted to leave Hollywood when Robert Alton, the choreographer, had asked me to give up the safety of my \$42.50 hoofing job at the Macayo, a little night spot, and try my luck in New York. I fought against leaving my little girl again, and in fact, I'd about decided I was a failure at the work I'd loved and been studying since I was six. I was ready to turn in my tap shoes for a typewriter. Toward that end, I'd been saving a little each week to take a secretarial course. I even had the promise of a job at Hughes

Aircraft and planned to change my name to something less flamboyant than Shere North.

But Robert Alton kept telling me what a great future I'd have on Broadway. I succeeded, so finally I agreed to go, and Chris could go along as my understudy. By the time I'd left two weeks board money with the mother of a chorus friend to care for Dawn, bought a cheap suitcase, golashes, a thin, full-length gray coat for \$12 at Lerner's (which was laughable against the icy winter in New York), I found I had just enough for train fare and expenses to last a week until payday in New York. In the matter of a winter coat, Chris was worse off than I. She'd found a remodeled old mouton coat at a rummage sale and considered herself rather chic in it. But the first time she wore it in the rain, it smelled like a Chicago meat-packing house, and poor Chris had to shell out \$15 from her dwindling supply for another coat.

And dwindle the money did. We thought we were a couple of hep characters when it came to show business, and we expected to go on rehearsal salary right away. When we discovered it would be five weeks before we got paid—and then only \$30 a week—the news rocked us like a small-sized atom bomb. In addition to that, the job meant so much to us we couldn't risk being late for rehearsal. So the first morning we took a cab. It seemed like a long ride, and the fare was \$1.50. Tired after we were through, we didn't feel like a long walk, so we took a cab back to the hotel. Fare: \$2. It was only by accident, that days later, we learned we were only two blocks from City Center and that the cabbies had played us for suckers, with trips through Central Park and back.

We didn't want to tell anyone how broke we were, so we made a game out of merely existing. Since we only had summer dresses, we wore Levis under our coats to keep warm. In California, Levis are fine, but not in New York. So we rolled them up, put on high heels and got to a cheap restaurant for breakfast. Naturally, we couldn't take our coats off. We placed the tables to see which one had the biggest pile of rolls in a basket, the order coffee and a ten-cent bowl of mush. And while Chris made up to the waiter like mad, I'd stuff my purse and blouse with the rolls. They'd dry out in the hotel room, so when we'd get hungry we'd pour water on them, then put them on the radiator.

To this day, I believe we kept from starving only because Chris had a lot of boyfriends back in Hollywood. When they wrote, saying they'd like to send her a gift, she'd tell them what she really needed was an electric coffeepot or a hot plate or a broiler. All this gear we'd keep in a suitcase, away from the watchful eye of the hotel maid. When we went to Philadelphia for the tryouts, we had to lug all this stuff with us. And by the time Chris had even promoted a set of Revere ware. For radiator cooking, yes.

Following a year on Broadway, I got a spot in the film, "Living it Up," then, a TV, an appearance on the Bing Crosby show, and finally a film contract. After that, I went around with an expression of permanent surprise at money coming each and every week. I wasn't cast in film for a whole year, and that made my solvency seem even more remarkable. It was the first time I'd ever had a vacation with pay.

My immediate objective was to learn about insurance—from education fund

Dawn to accident policies and annuities—and to invest my spare cash in them. That was the direct result of long years of insecurity—of wondering where money for baby food for Dawn and bean money for myself was coming from. One result of my new financial status was that I was constantly hungry, and I began to put on weight. I'd come back from three-hour dancing lesson, open the well-stocked refrigerator, and eat everything in sight. Partly, it was nervous jittering at the thought of acting in pictures with experts, and partly it was trying to make up for all those hungry years.

Like so many others, I was a Depression baby, born in a fourth-floor apartment in the shabbiest end of Hollywood. Added to that, my father walked out before I was born. I've never seen him or even a picture of him. We moved from apartment to apartment when we couldn't pay the rent. There was Mother, Grandmother Shoard (with a Scottish accent as thick as the oatmeal porridge she fed us), Janet, my half-sister, Don, my half-brother, and a changing cast of hard-up relatives. Sometimes we were on relief; sometimes, in addition to the oatmeal, we managed a lamb stew. I recall that, when childhood hurts brought tears, Grandma never said, "Here's a nickel to buy some candy." Instead, but not frequently, she'd say, "Come

the summer was over and I was out of a dancing job, I lined up at the unemployment office, getting enough money to continue going to school. At fifteen, I eloped to Las Vegas, hoping to give up the struggle to support myself. But a year and a half later, I had a daughter to support and no husband. Marriage is obviously not for children.

I went back to dancing at the less important night clubs. I took the baby with me because I couldn't afford a baby-sitter. Someone has said, "The poor would never be able to live at all if it wasn't for the poor." Knowing what it is to be broke tends to humanize you, to make you responsive to the needs of others. The girls backstage were wonderful to Dawn—and me. With just enough money to see them through the week, not knowing if they'd be working the next week or not, those girls had developed a compassion for the struggles and hurts of others. I, myself, didn't escape this desire to help. If we had a dollar we'd give a needy friend fifty cents of it. When Chris was out of a job, I'd be breadwinner for both of us, and she did the same for me.

I hope I never lose this desire to help others—whether it's with money for a needed operation or illness; help in finding a job, watching a performance and bringing it to the attention of the right people; solving some problem; or just a sympathetic ear when marriage problems are overwhelming. Sometimes, just a good dinner or an understanding letter or phone call can work wonders.

For these are the things that poverty teaches you—the things a child brought up in self-centered luxury doesn't learn unless there are wise parents. And that's why, though I hope Dawn never has to make her way unaided, I still don't want to spoil her. Just the other day I asked her if I might borrow her little record player so the group who come to my dressing room to rest during lunch hour could have some soothing music. I could have bought another record player; however, I wanted Dawn to understand what sharing meant. That's also why Dawn doesn't get an allowance, but she does get paid for keeping the den in order. I don't want her to have to learn the value of money by parking cars at Ciro's during her teens, but I do want her to learn the value of money.

Although I thought I'd learned the value of money, I found that I was frittering away a good part of my salary on non-essentials. The answer was getting a business manager—a hard-hearted man who has put me on a strict budget. If I ask for money to buy new draperies he says, "Why don't you make them yourself? My wife does. Why put a lot of money into draperies for a rented house, when you plan to buy or build your own home?" He was right—after I thought it over a while—and I did make them. They'll never get me admitted to the interior decorators' union, but they're adequate. And, if ever I get a sudden mad yen for an electric blender or some such, I find it easier to save out of the household money and buy it than to go through a session with our business manager.

I'm a realist who only believes in cash in hand. Since my salary checks go directly to my business manager, they've lost their meaning to me. Consequently, when an agent offers me a hi-fi set or an assortment of French perfume in payment for a TV appearance, I'm inclined to grab it. If he offers a check, I'm not so interested—though I could buy a number of hi-fi's and enough perfume to bathe in with the check.

Suddenly finding yourself with more income than you've ever dreamt of isn't



PHOTOGRAPHERS' CREDITS

Color portrait of Anita Ekberg, Debra Paget by Fraker; Vera Miles by Warners; Leslie Caron by Bull; Sal Mineo by Arthur; stills from "War and Peace" by Paramount; Paul Newman by Avery; Deborah Kerr by Mitchell; Victoria Shaw, Rita Moreno by Marshutz.

the kitchen and I'll boil you a nice egg." That was real luxury. Mother worked alternately as a practical nurse, floorwaxer in office buildings, and a pearl-bead stringer and jewelry appraiser when she could find that type of work. In her harassed struggle to support us (and this is the saddest thing about poverty), she didn't have time to bother me. And my older brother and sister were out fighting their own battles. I earned my first dollar when I was five, helping mother string pearls. I figured I'd then be paid for having fun. I soon found that the second dollar was work. But I didn't mind helping to keep a dancing studio clean so I could have lessons. Nor did I mind long walks or hitchhiking to get to the studio for my lessons. When I was eleven, an uncle taught me to drive his truck, and soon I was earning fifty cents helping some boys park cars at the Christian Science Church on Sundays before I went in for the services. Later, I helped park cars at Ciro's and the old Mocadero's for a dollar and a hamburger. Without money, you grow up fast. By the time I was thirteen, I considered myself a professional dancer, ready to get a job, dancing in the chorus at the Greek Theatre during the summer season. The child labor law enforcers wouldn't have agreed with me, so I lied about my age, striped my sister's high-heeled pumps, stuffed my bodice with cotton, and bought a fake hair fall. When you grow up fast, you learn to use your wits. As soon as

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an easy thing to assimilate. The history of Hollywood is filled with tragic stories of stars who earned tremendous sums and, once past their acting days, found themselves in sorry financial state. And there are top film personalities today, drawing huge salaries, who are dreadfully in debt both to Uncle Sam and others. They can't seem to remember that, after taxes, they are not going to receive the figure on their salary checks, but anywhere from fifty to ninety percent less than that sum. You can't buy a closet of Dior gowns, a fleet of Cadillacs, an assortment of houses on ten percent of your earnings—unless you're Rockefeller.

My husband, Bud Freeman, and I are certain that we'll never go into debt; we're not the type who tries to impress the Joneses. Personally, security means too much to me, because I can still remember how my feet hurt when I bought my first high-heel pumps. Having only three dollars to spend, I went to a shoe outlet store on Hollywood Boulevard. All I could find in my size were a dreadfully narrow pair—4 A's. I bought them anyhow, and danced away the night on my first date at the Cocoanut Grove. Ah, youth.

Years of being broke make you not only realistic but sometimes too cautious, afraid to leave the nest of a small security and try your wings. So opportunities pass and memories become bitter. And injustices can rankle deep and corrode when money is involved. I remember when I was dancing in a night club for \$42.50. The management was supposed to furnish new costumes, but didn't. The ones we had were in tatters and we'd spend hours keeping them in repair. There's a union that prohibits that, and once I was caught mending my costume and fined \$50. It seemed that such work should have been done by a wardrobe mistress, but we didn't have one. Did the management repay me? That's a laugh! Two weeks later, they were going to fine us \$50 each again for wearing our own shoes. The ones the management bought us didn't fit and were falling apart. I solved that crisis by quitting.

It's no wonder, then, that money had real meaning for me. With my new contract, the thing I wanted most of all was a home for my little girl. She and I had

never had one. But again caution overcame this natural desire and I rented a rundown cottage thirty miles out in the Valley where rents were cheap. I drove a beat-up 1949 car with holes in the roof, I lugged the laundry to the laundromat, I watched the ads for Thursday grocery specials and shopped around, I saved plastic bags and string and continued to use kitchen matches (my own patented cigarette lighters). It was hard for me to spend money on myself. My clothes came from Ohrbach's, where one serves oneself and saves; I bought a little straw skimmer at the drugstore for sixty-nine cents.

And so I was much amused when I read in the columns: "Sheree North in an expensive cocktail suit and chic hat at Ciro's last night." That expensive cocktail suit was \$39.50, and the hat cost \$5.95. I'd learned to know values and style from constantly reading fashion magazines, and from my model girlfriends, who buy basic simplicity and good fabrics, avoiding loud colors, fripperies and high style.

Although I love and can afford clothes, I find that today I don't need an extensive wardrobe. At the studio I wear rehearsal leotards and tennis shoes. At home I wear treader pants and blouses. And if I must attend premieres or make out-of-town appearances, the studio furnishes the clothing—too fancy, I'll admit, for my own personal taste.

The odd thing, I've found, is that since I don't have to count my pennies, I've become more subdued in my appearance. I don't have to bleach my hair platinum, cover my face with make-up, or wear revealing dresses in order to get a job in a night club. I can be myself. And that means letting my hair go back to its natural brown and grow out—sans permanent—except when I'm in a picture. Then, it seems, gentlemen still prefer frizzy blonds. I like to pull my hair severely back from my face in a chignon and wear smart little hats. I've always loved severely tailored, simple suits, and now I wear them. I dislike costume jewelry, bright colors and too-fancy shoes. Columnists are amazed; they call me the new Sheree. I've found a wonderful Chinese girl who makes me a few basic dresses, well-fitting, and that's all I need for the infrequent occasions when Bud and I go out in the evening. He doesn't care for

night clubs. As for me, they give me the shakes; I've had it from the other end of the room.

Frankly, I suppose that I don't feel like a film star. And, knowing me, I never will. I'm giving a lot of thought to my career and I'd like to have some integrity about my work. But I don't fool myself. I know that girls like me are hired mainly for their legs and faces—visual aids to entertainment. What's more, we're darn well paid. I know that musicals are what I can do best. And I like that nice paycheck coming in every week. Whether you emote like mad or just do something nice and fluffy, the color of the money is just as green. And it sure beats working in the chorus line. I'm realistic enough to know that a dancer doesn't last forever. That's why I want money in the bank, and a home of our own someday, when we've saved enough for it.

Maybe financial security has meant too much to me; I don't know. Maybe it would be better to have a more spiritual attitude. Philosophers have long held that the "best things in life are free"—which by the way, is the title of my new picture—and millions of gags have been written about money not being everything. I admit all that is true. The only thing is that, to appreciate the best things, you've got to have a little peace of mind, and you can't have it when the rent is overdue and baby needs new shoes and even the butterflies in your stomach are starving.

In my youth, I was exposed to the religious beliefs—that one is surrounded by abundance; that worry over material substance is incorrect thinking; that everything one needs for the good life is a hand. I must say this hasn't worked for me. But I've seen it work beautifully for those who can and do believe, waiting quietly for God's good to manifest itself in their lives. But I couldn't do that. I had to scramble around, taking every honest job I could get—from waitress to model to dancer. Jobs sometimes as far away as Texas or Mexico or Las Vegas, which meant leaving my daughter, against all my deepest instincts.

And, although I've read many books on positive thinking, I can't completely subscribe to that method of meeting life's problems. For some people it works wonderfully. They take the positive approach, regard only the good, the plus side of every situation, and reap the benefits of the magic of believing. But that's not for me. I want to protect myself by considering the negative side, too, anticipating what I'll do if the bottom drops out of things.

I don't want that to happen to my career. That's why I take daily dramatic singing and dancing lessons. Symphonists and musicians on vacation carry their instruments all over, because if they cease practicing for even a day they get out of condition. It's the same way with a dancer. My teacher is rather drastic; she just doesn't believe your muscles won't stretch to a certain point and then won't go beyond it. It's torture—but for a good cause. When I'm working, I carefully take my professional make-up off before I get home because I want Dawn and Bud to see me looking fairly normal. Then, when I get home, I have a nice long talk with Dawn about what happened at school and at the playground, next a session in my bathtub with my Whirlpool which takes out all the kinks in my body, then I'm ready for a hearty dinner (I'm on a perpetual-motion diet). If Bud asks me how I feel, I say, "Oh, just medium hysterical."

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